AUGUST, 1947

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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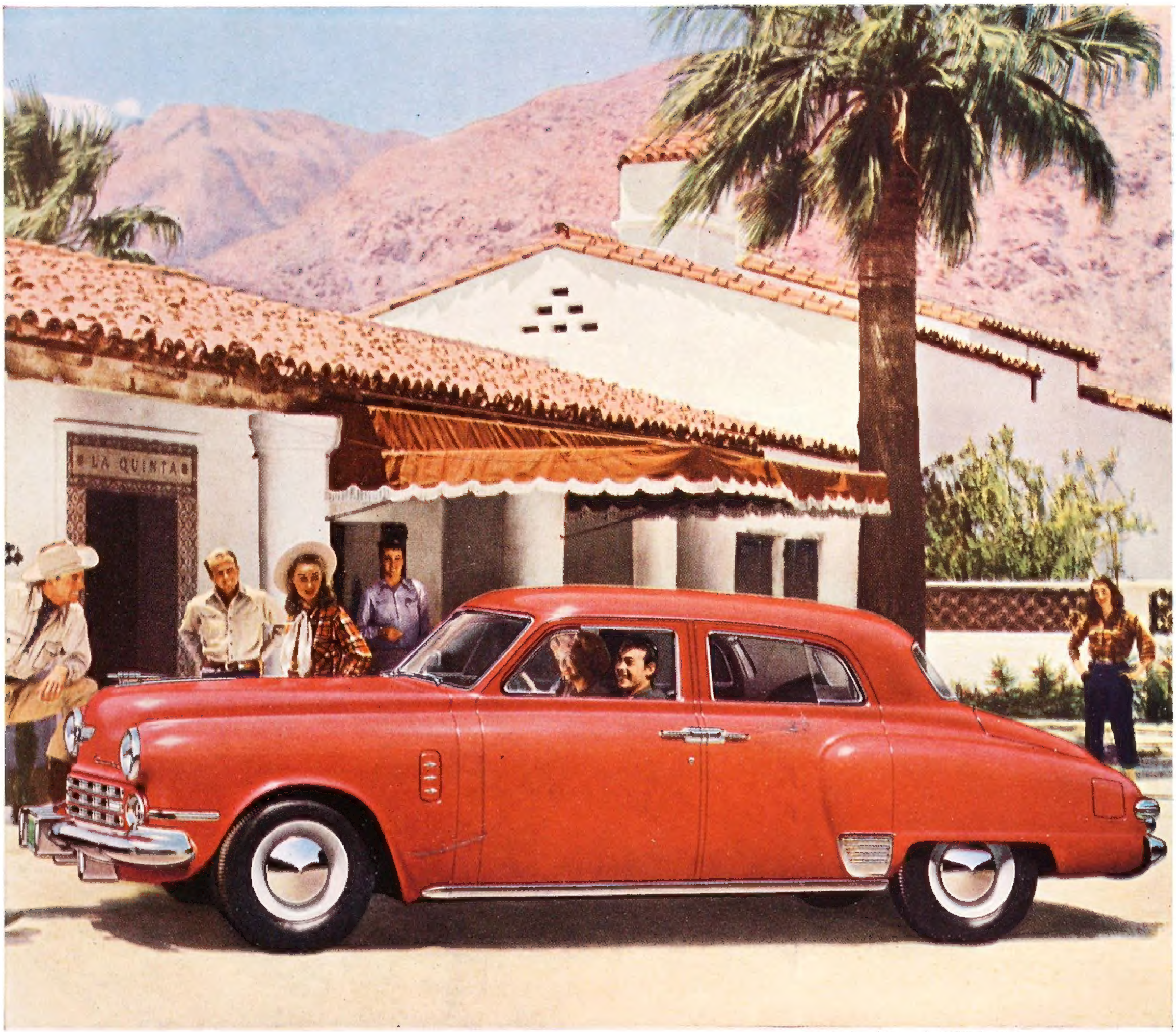

Actual color photograph of 1947 Studebaker Regal De Luxe Land Cruiser

Here's your style leader and star performer... 1947's thrill car... the postwar Studebaker!

Men of conscience as well as competence build long life into every Studebaker—The Studebaker craftsmen pictured are the Millers—S. R. and N. T. A 63-year-old father and 40-year-old son, they're old-timers on their Studebaker jobs. Like lots of their fellow-workers, they're solid family men and home owners. For over 95 years, there has been a steady sequence of these fine father-and-son teams like the Millers on Studebaker's employment roster.

As most people know, there's just one showpiece among today's cars. You see it pictured here. It's the postwar Studebaker.

Here is the fresh, new kind of style that people hoped all 1947 automobiles would have.

It's a car completely new from every view. It's daringly different yet in the best of good taste.

But quite as thrilling as this postwar Studebaker's low-swung beauty is the way it rides and handles.

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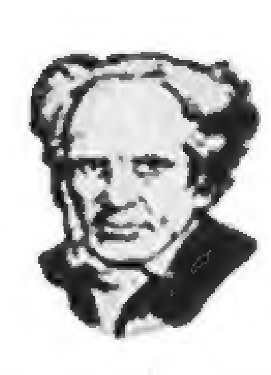
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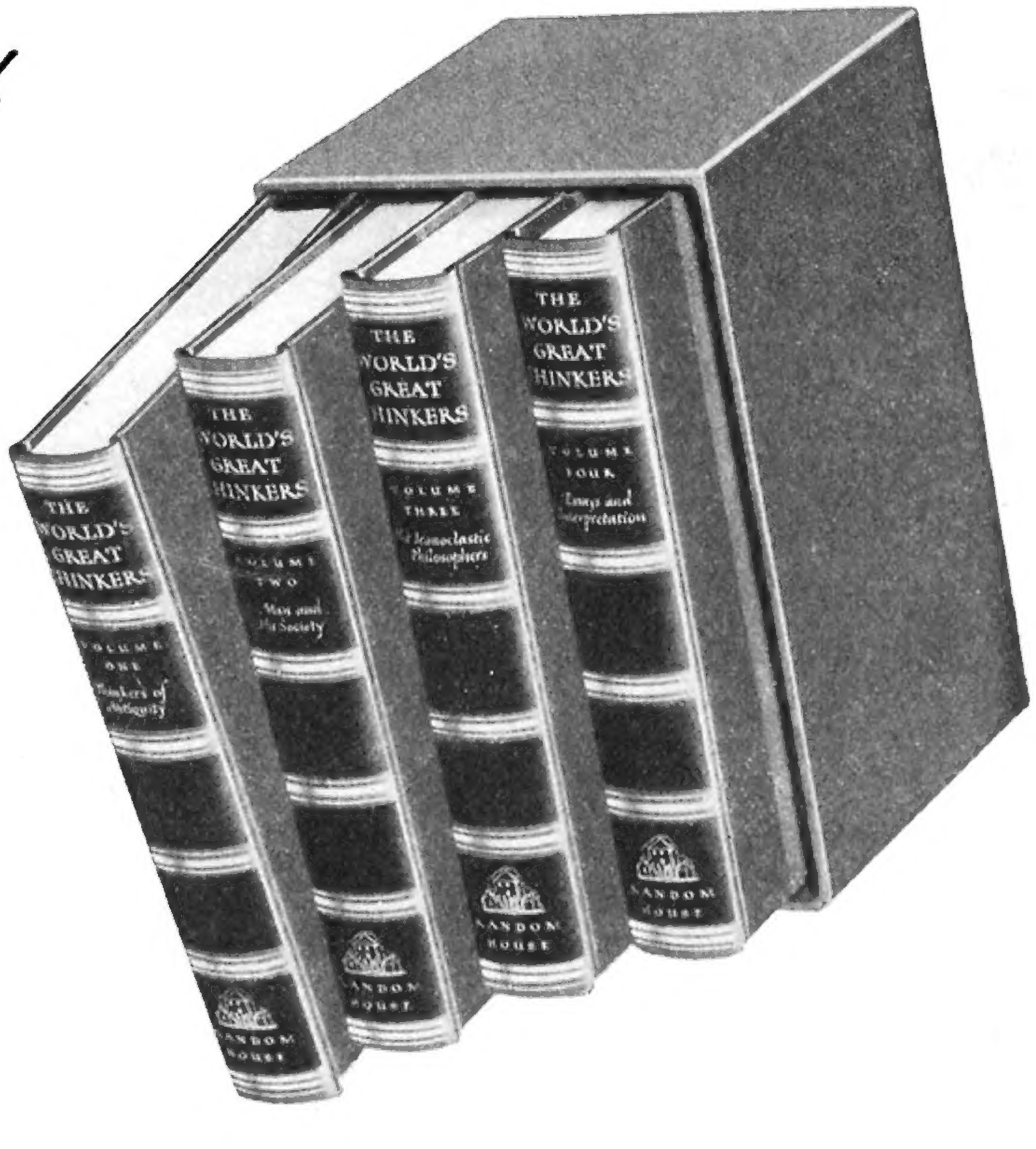
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A Couple of Straight Lefts

It is regrettable that space does not permit us to turn the tables on Mr. Joe Liebling, our own literary critic and well-known reporter on the foibles of the world and its wayward press. For Joe has recently edited and compiled a book entitled *The Republic of Silence*, and we are wayward enough in our own fashion to play with the thought of a book critic's book waiting on the block for the reviewer's words flung from the safe outer circle of pesky nonauthors.

The fact is, however, that space is not really the limiting agent at all. Mr. Liebling's book is truly a quiet classic of scholarship, perspective, and a thoughtful tribute to the sometimes forgotten place of dignity and courage in the world. Any mischievous ideas we may have cherished of tossing a quip at Joe were dissolved as we pored over his book, which contains, by the way, some of his own reporting on the Résistance in Occupied France. We noted with intense pride, basking in the reflected light of the Liebling reviews in Esquire, that the other reviewers of the nation (no charitable lot) have done right by our Joe and uniformly hailed his book. We join them, with a skoal.

Joe, as you know, is a pleasant and restrained kind of fellow, given to chuckling heartily over something he is rolling about in his mind and letting you in on the secret only with maddening and fascinating deliberation. But it's usually worth waiting for from a guy who, among other things, is able to converse in Medieval French as well as tell you the fighting weight of Lou Brouillard in 1932. What Dave Shade said in the dressing room before he fought Mickey Walker is known to Joe. So is how Tommy Shevlin used to throw his right hook.

So we can count Joe in among the probable admirers of our young Mr. Switzer's fine fight story in this issue: *The Big Bout* (page 26). Reporting a fight is tough work in itself, as some of our highest-paid radio announcers demonstrate so dismally sometimes. The sibilant "s" as well as a heavyweight champion whose name ends in the same letter have given rise to a cliché in verbal reporting which must lose many a blow for the unseen audience. For example, Joe Louis' nose catches one. Says the radio announcer, skirting his sibilants like it says in the book, "Conn lands a left on the nose of Louis." Not so our Switzer. His left goes straight and hard, unhampered by possessives. You'll feel it thud into your own ribs.

Congratulations, Mr. Liebling.
Congratulations, Mr. Switzer. —D.A.S.

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Esquire
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T. M. REG.

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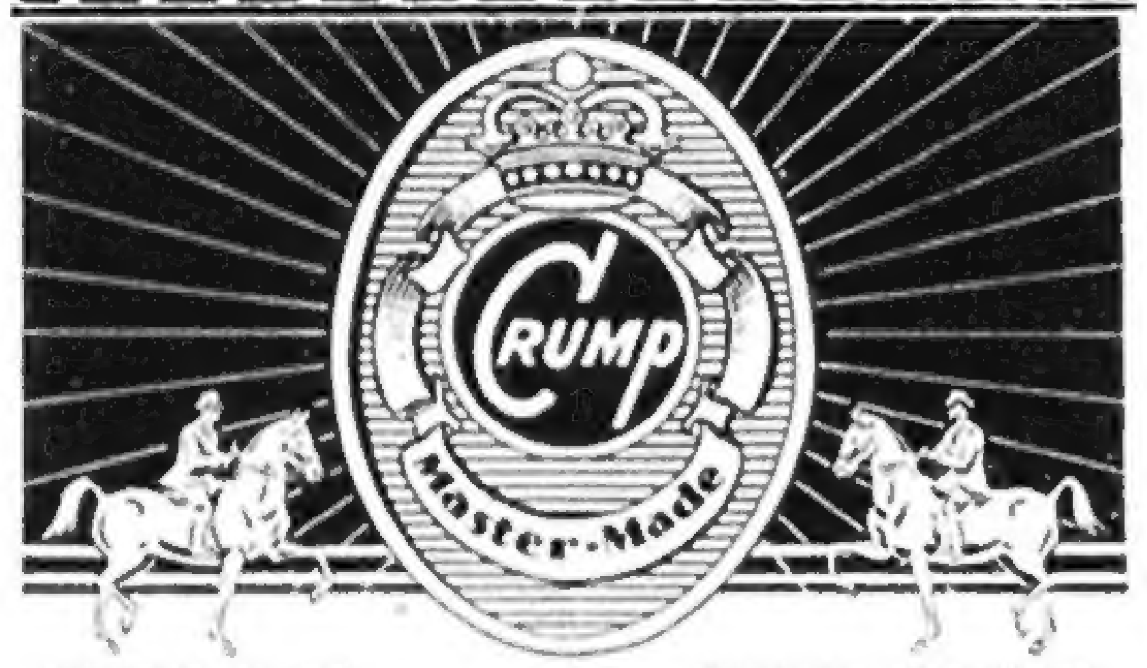

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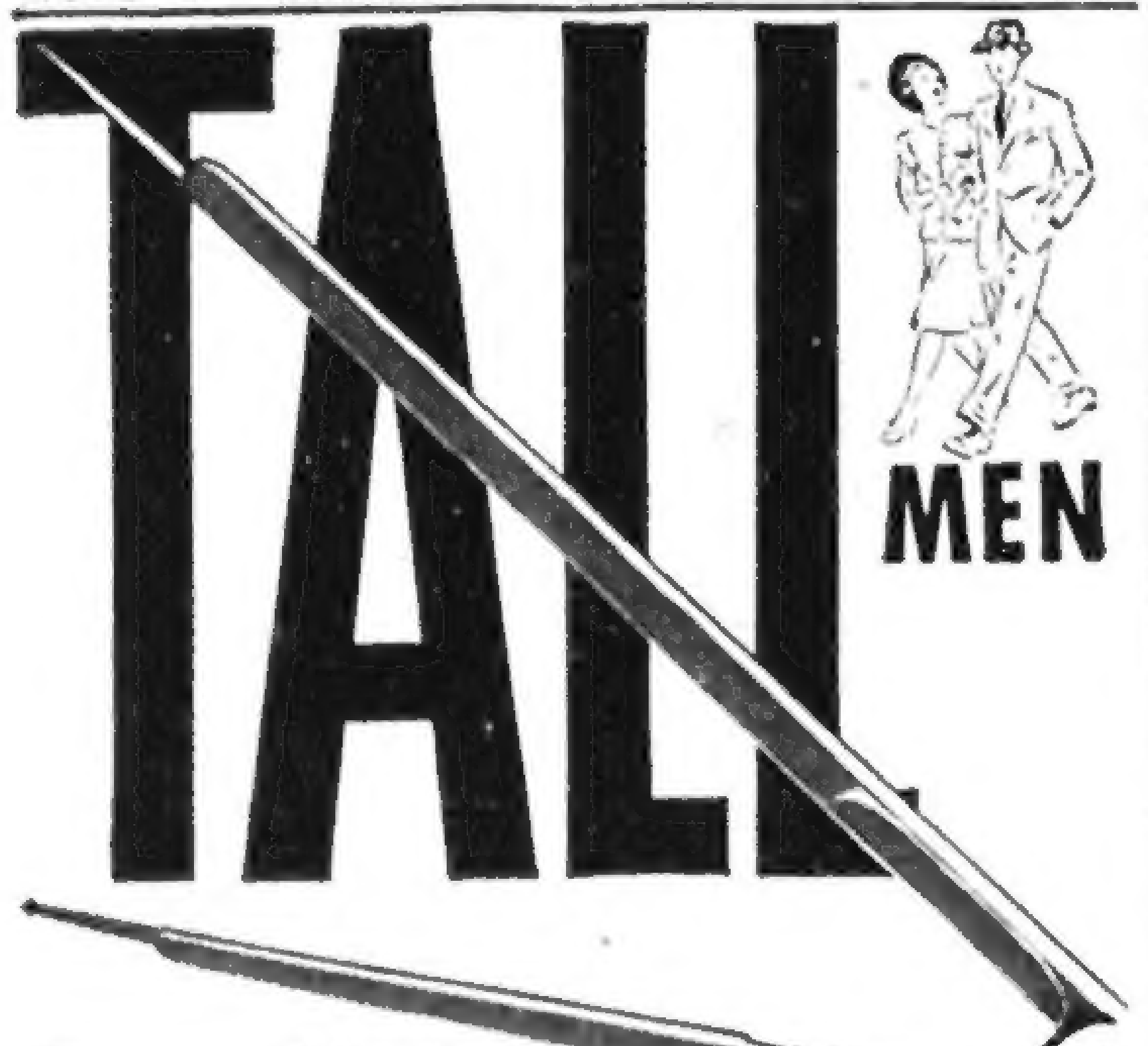

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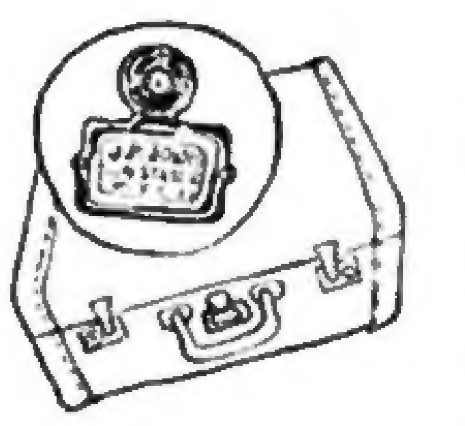
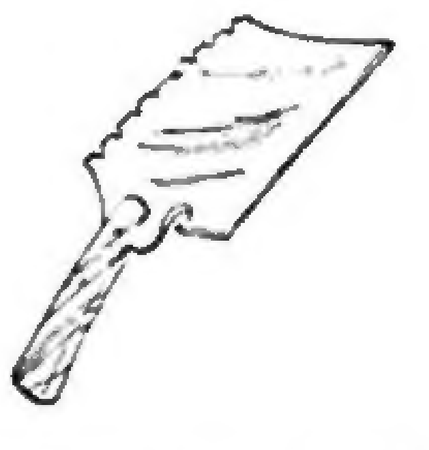
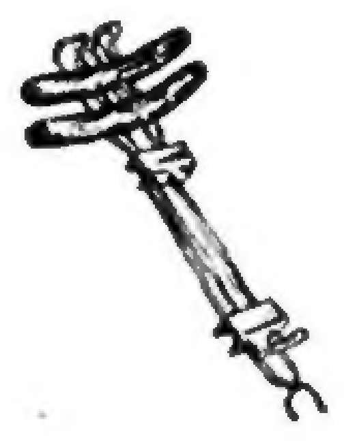


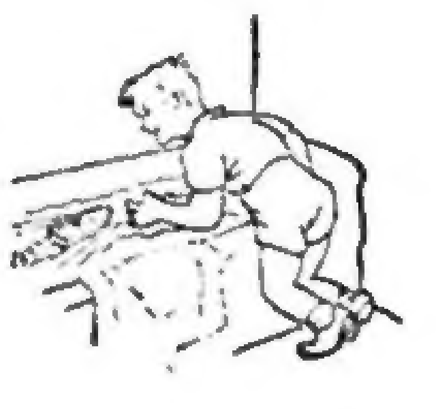
POCKET CLEAVER. If you're going on a hunting or camping trip, slip the all-purpose cleaver into your pocket. Cleaver measures only 8″ and fits into a leather sheath which fits snugly over the blade for your protection. The notched back of the cleaver scales fish, and the stainless steel blade and keen point, opens, cleans and bones fish in rapid time. Also does a job on cutting meats, slicing vegetables, opening cartons, etc.



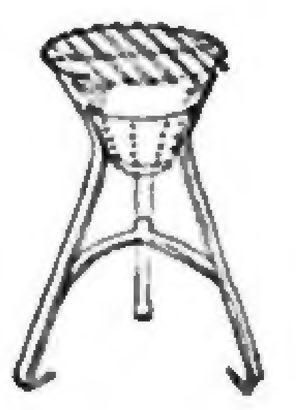
BARBEQUE ROASTER. If you have trouble trying to grill small items like cheese or sardines, this new fork will do it. Sliding tines, when loaded, hold food securely so it can't slide off. The bumpers on the end also help to prevent accidents, and a special, locking feature further prevents little tidbits from landing in the fire or on the ground. To release roasted items, simply pull back the retractable tines and the food slides onto the waiting plate. Fork will take four franks, a club steak or a whole fish.



MIDGET MOTOR BOAT. If you don't own a man-sized cruiser, you can have a lot of fun playing with one of the new aluminum toy motor boats, powered by a tiny electric outboard motor. Motor is attached to the 2-pc. hull and connected to the batteries. The little boat moves swiftly through the water when the on-off switch is thrown. A tiller on the motor allows the boat to be steered.



INDOOR, OUTDOOR CHARCOAL BROILER. We're partial to charcoal broiled edibles. As a city apartment dweller, we have been vainly seeking some sort of broiler small enough to fit in an ordinary living room fireplace, and portable, so we could tote it beachward. Last week we found it. The grill has a conical body with red or green ceramic finish fused into heavy metal base (a cinch to clean), a top grill, middle grate and plate at the bottom. The patented construction permits a *thin bed of charcoal* (only ⅓ bag will do a steak to a gourmet's taste). The grill is portable, easily assembled in a jiffy. Legs fold conveniently so it will fit into your car.



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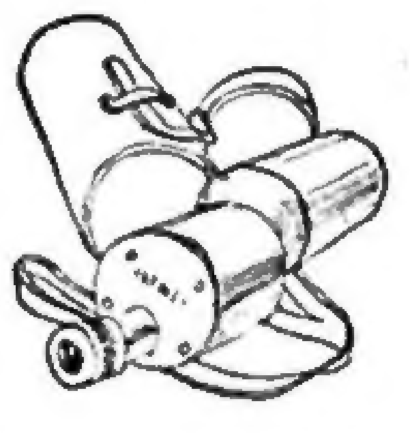

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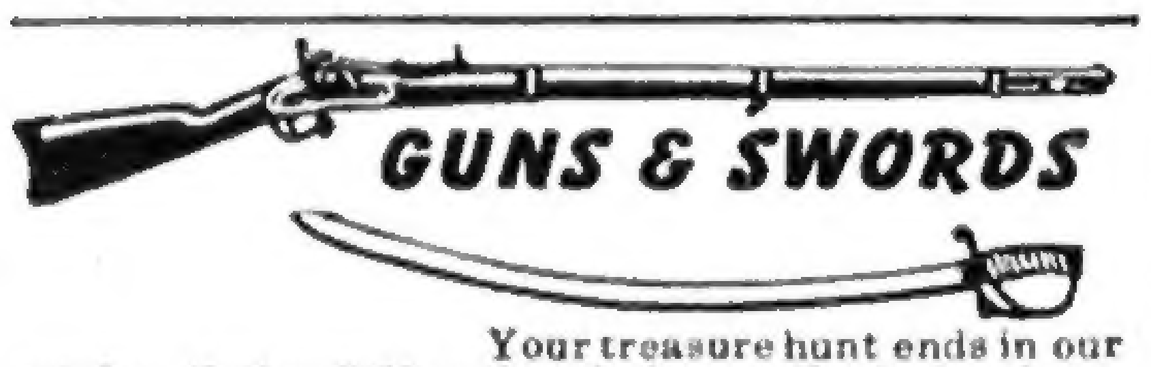

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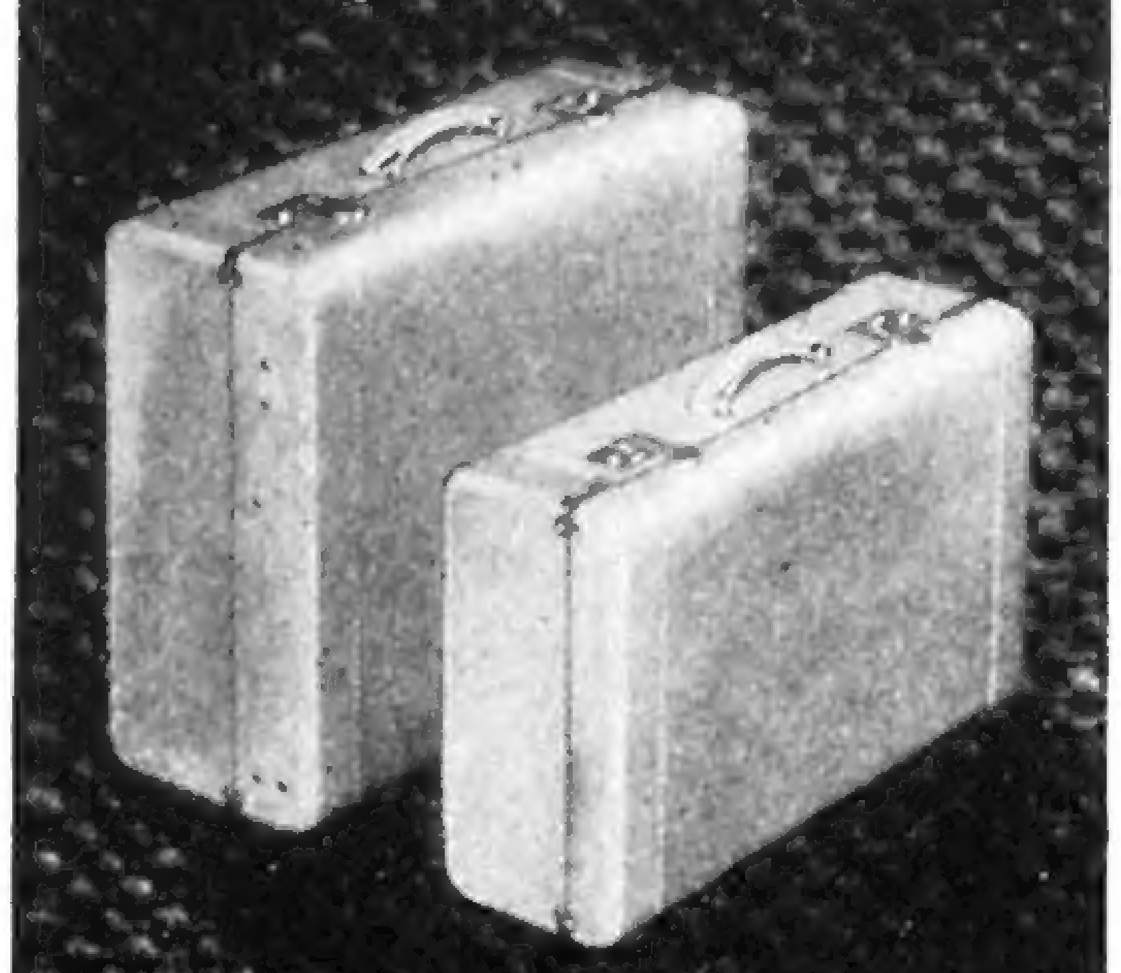

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Talking Shop

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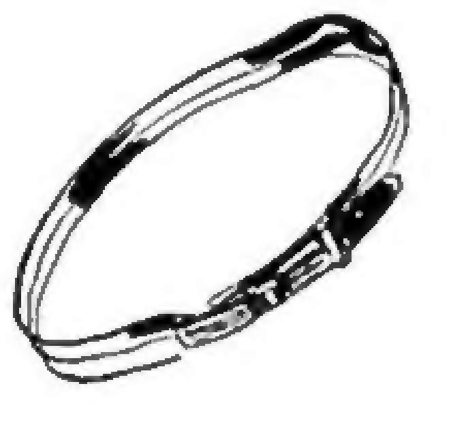

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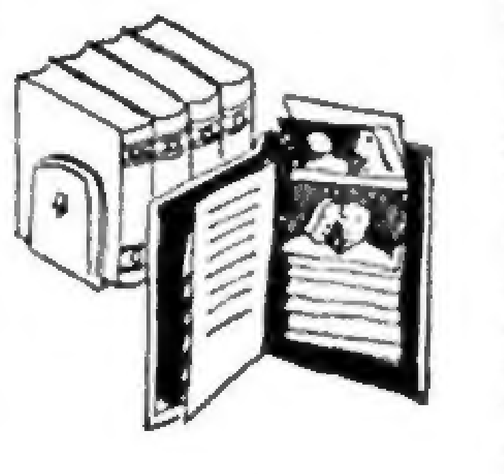

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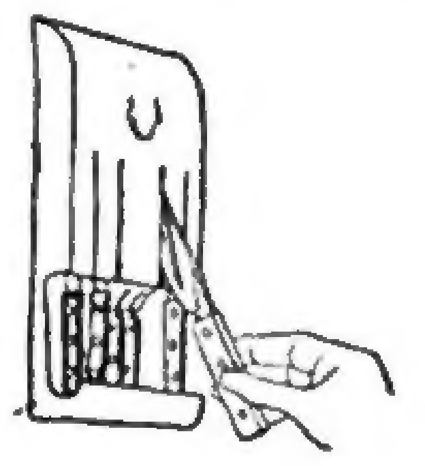

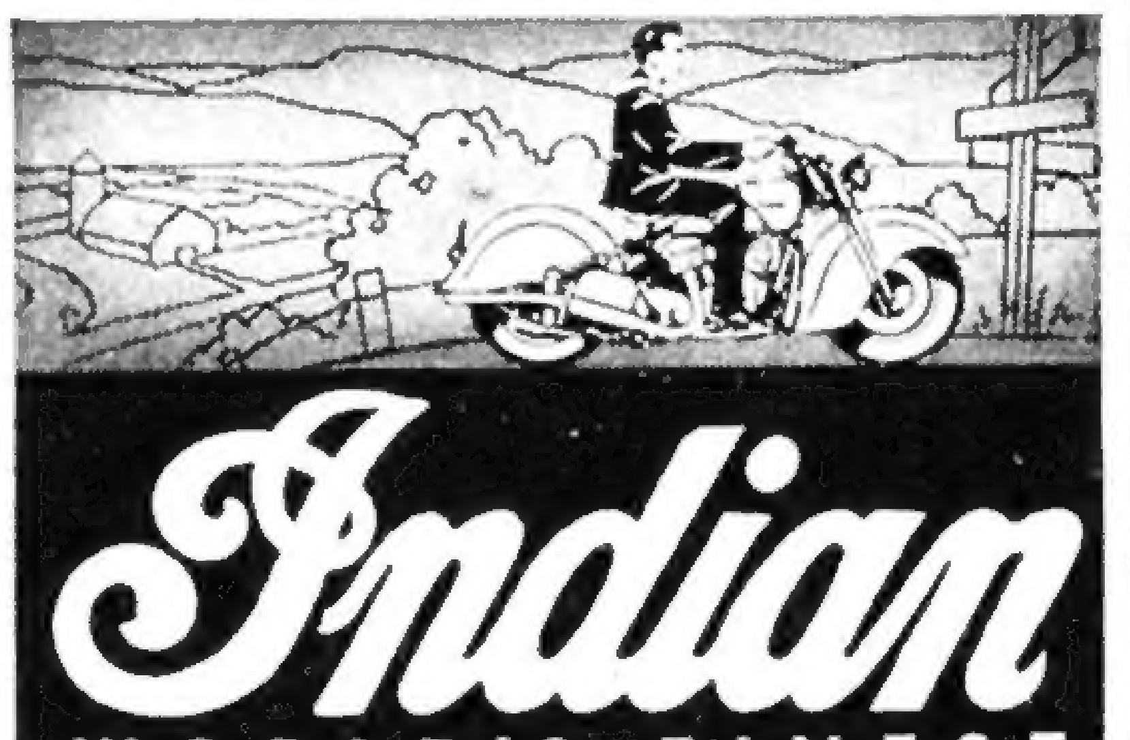

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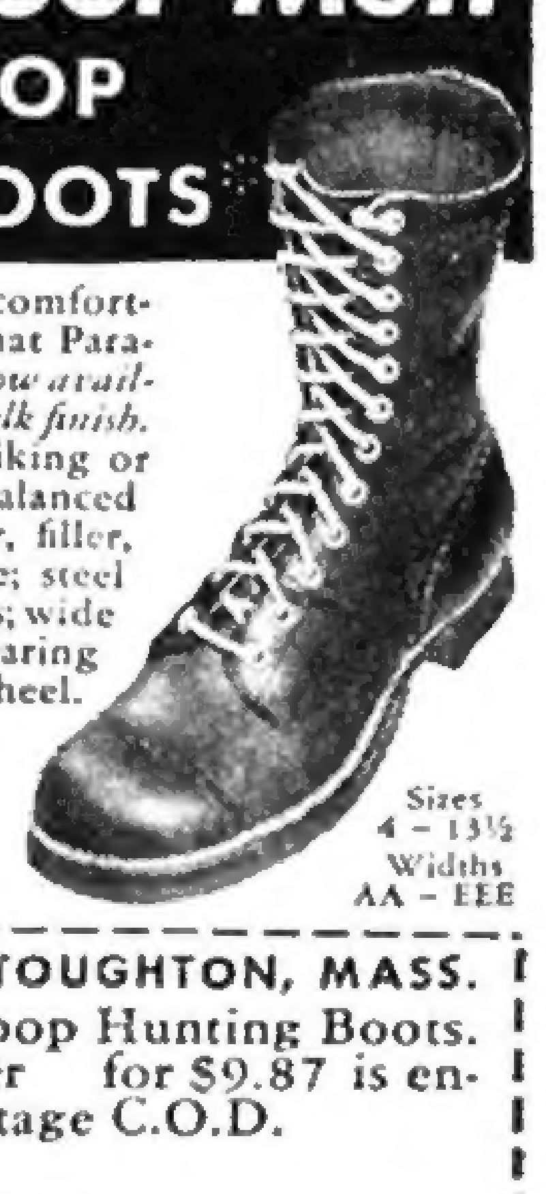

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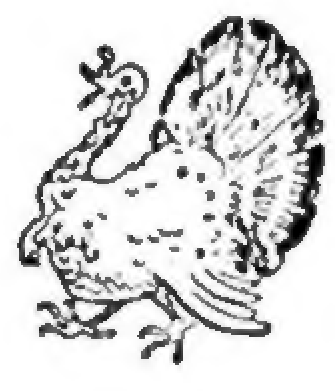
CAMPING FARE. One of the big beaneries has a group of ladies who do nothing but think up tasty ways for the public to serve their beans. One recipe that we gave a try, says to take a can of Boston style oven baked beans, slit frankfurters lengthwise, fill gap with dill pickles; then cut franks crosswise into 3 pieces. Brown frank pieces in fat, in fry pan, then dump into beans when hot. We drool as we hunch over a cold typewriter.



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Ranger

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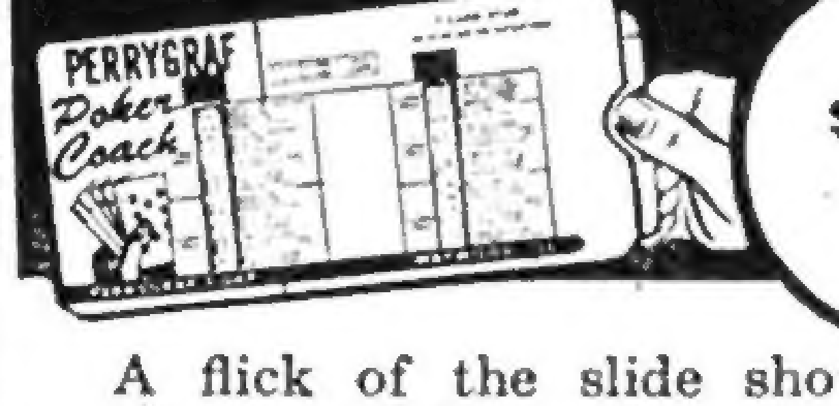

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The Sound and the Fury

puzzle champ challenged

Re David Shulman's article in the May issue, I would like to take issue with him on puzzle No. 7. If, as stated, the reply of the first native was inaudible then the second native must be lying; and ipso facto, he is the half-breed. However, I enjoy puzzles of this nature very much, and I trust we will have some more.

P. J. Norton

Inkster, Mich.

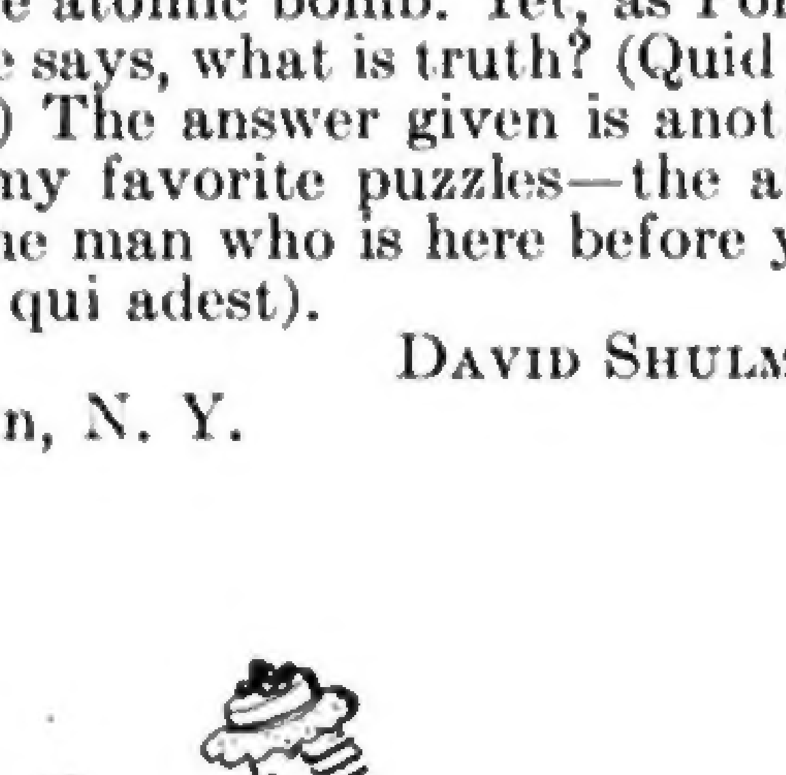
. . . and still champion

Other readers have made similar comments about the inaudible reply of the first native. Therefore, they have concluded that the second native must have lied. But, at this point, there is a very clever distinction that is the crux of the entire problem: Even if the second native did not hear the first native's remarks, is it not possible that he could have *guessed* the truth? Moreover, it is implied that the remarks of the first native were inaudible to the visitor but not to the second native. And, by the very condition of the problem, the only reply that the first native could have made is "I am pure-blooded" regardless of whether he is a half-breed or not.

This problem is not my brain child though I have given it new swaddling clothes. I may have introduced the idea of audibility to make it somewhat subtle to grasp, if you recall the paradox about the atomic bomb in the middle of a desert where it is exploded and nobody hears, thereby becoming an inaudible atomic bomb. Yet, as Pontius Pilate says, what is truth? (Quid est veritas?) The answer given is another one of my favorite puzzles—the anagram, the man who is here before you (vir est qui adest).

David Shulman

Brooklyn, N. Y.



Peter was great

Kindly permit a mere worm to point out some facts concerning the latest *fruto del toro* of your production:

1. Catherine II of Russia over a 44-year period had exactly 12 lovers, one by one, never letting her boy friends overlap. One boy friend per 3⅔ years isn't such a remarkable record for a foot-loose widow in the high society of the XVIII century. And she proved a far better ruler and more competent politician than the late Czar Nicolas II, whose family life was blameless (Hollywood versions of the latter notwithstanding). Better investigate the life of Empress Anna of Russia, or better still of another Anna, the regent for John VI of Russia. Anyhow, Peter the Great left the House of Romanovs behind the eight ball in such matters.

2. Mme. du Barry hardly could render anyone speechless with her looks when she was beheaded, because her hair, as was the custom, was shorn for the executioner's convenience. No witness to her death mentions any "silence," two of them, on the contrary, state the audience howled "Vive la republique"—that being another custom.

Wulf Jankelowitz

Bryte, Calif.

DP's S. O. S.

Occasionally I have received from some American soldier an old copy of your magazine which I have read with great interest. The only trouble is that it is very difficult to obtain American magazines and other reading material.

Would it not be possible that Americans save their old copies of magazines and instead of throwing them right away send them to Germany to the DP Camps. I am sure many DPs here would appreciate very much such an action, as we are very keen to get some insight into the life in the U.S.A. but have no way to obtain American books, newspapers and magazines.

Ilmars Rutenfelds

Latvian DP Camp
Germany

perfect tribute

We wish to take this opportunity to congratulate you on the excellent work that your art department manages to put out. We particularly refer to the drawing *Recapitulation* which appeared in your May edition. A copy of this masterpiece graces the cold, grey bulkhead in our Ship's Office and manages to dispel the gloom that we sometimes, accidentally of course, run across in said office. To give you an idea of how partial we are to the drawing by Euclid Shook, the only other piece of art in the office is an Elsie the Cow calendar. There is no doubt about it at all; Mr. Shook's representation leaves much to be desired.

Ensign J. Kaplan
Seaman 1/c J. V. Wenderoth
Seaman 1/c M. Fisher
Seaman 2/c W. B. Van Etten
USS *Herbert J. Thomas*

then toll the bell for lovely Nell

Oxford University is well known as the home of lost causes, but for once we feel we are espousing a cause which is far from lost. At least it is apparent from your May edition that Mr. J. Frederick Smith considers her still to be very much alive. While appreciating his ability as an artist we are horrified to see that he has portrayed Nell Gwyn with raven hair, whereas her hair was in fact auburn, or, as stated in the British *Dictionary of National Biography*—reddy brown.

We know that Nell would turn in her grave at the thought of being daubed raven-headed, especially as that was the colouring of her great rival, the Duchess of Portsmouth.

For, sir, she, unlike the wenches of today, retained the admiration of her own and subsequent ages without the tinctorial artifices of her hairdresser.

Courtenay T. G. Blackmore
Anthony Cheetham
John M. Rankin
Keble College
Oxford, England

kitchen chemistry

I'm interested in hearing the answer to Jackel's problem for Ph.D.s. I've been trying to figure that out myself for the longest time but, being no chemist, have obviously not succeeded. Please tell me whether coffee will keep warmer if you pour the cream in as soon as the coffee is served or just before drinking.

Sally Klein

Bronx, N. Y.

Q. E. D.

The answer to the April cream and coffee problem depends on circumstances and individuals. If the cream is served at room temperature, adding it to the coffee at once will keep the coffee warmer. This is so because the cream cools the coffee and the smaller the temperature differential between the coffee and its surroundings, the more slowly it will cool. This reasoning also applies when cream at icebox temperature is served, except that its effect is opposed by the decreased cooling power of the cream as it warms up on standing. The answer depends on which of these opposing forces is larger and this, in turn, depends on whether the meal is eaten quickly or slowly. A slow eater, in this case, should add the cream at the end of the meal whereas a rapid eater should add it at once.

Simon S. Jackel

Bronx, N. Y.

murder in the mind

W. W. Chambers, the subject of *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* in your May issue, seems to be too good a businessman to pass up an opportunity.

Since he inters "Washingtonians in quantity at cut rates," would you mind having Mr. Hart ask him what quantity he gives the best reduced rates on? I have in mind a few Washington characters who might be of more service to their country underground.

Derwin Nelson

San Francisco, Calif.

superman's slip

In your November last issue Mr. C. T. H. Webster retaliates Mr. Vick Knight's ungracious statement regarding the escape of the British army from Dunkirk by saying that "the masterly retreat and evacuation" was "as great an achievement as its subsequent victories."

I dwelled on the same idea with as much pride as Mr. Webster does now, until I read Capt. Liddel Hart's account of the other side of the story told by Hitler's leading generals like von Rundstedt, von Kliest and others. In Capt. Hart's own words, which I take the liberty to quote:

"Hitler's intervention saved the British army—nothing else could have done so. A sudden order from him over the telephone stopped the panzer forces just as they were in sight of Dunkirk and held them back until the retreating British army had reached the port and slipped off their clutches."

Incredible? I agree. As to whether the monster of World War II was nuts, I would suggest that Mr. Webster read Capt. Hart's article to draw his own conclusions.

Armen Apcar

Macassar, Celebes, D. E. I.

misunderstood Esq.

I received my first copy of Esquire (April edition) this week, and was very disappointed to find that it is a magazine for men. You see I ordered it through a British agent who sent me a list of American magazines and no particulars about them. As the name Esquire had a familiar ring, I naturally took it to be one of America's leading magazines, as indeed I guess it is —but not for women. Surely you publish its female counterpart.

Don't think that your magazine is not appreciated, though—all my menfolk simply pounce on it and the pages are getting quite worn. But why should I treat them—and listen to their longing "Ahs" on seeing your advertisements for pipes and clothes—unobtainable here—to say nothing of your Esquire Girls.

Hoping that my sad plight can be remedied.

Mrs. Freda J. Emmett

Nr. Windsor, England

trade agreement

I am an ex-serviceman who lived 3½ years with American troops in Africa, and darned lucky I was too!

I saw your excellent magazine regularly whilst serving abroad, but now I'm dejected at my fruitless efforts to get a copy. If any of your readers have old copies which they are thinking of ditching, I would be glad to send British magazines (such as they are with the shortage of newsprint) in exchange.

Just one last reminder: when you parcel them up please make them look like anything but Esquire; otherwise I will never see them!

Bob Webb

London, England

Cooling idea

IT WAS 7 years ago that America's most famous cake of ice made its first appearance.

Here it is once again, to remind you that a Four-Roses-and-ice-and-soda is *still* the most gloriously cool and refreshing drink you could ask for on a warm midsummer afternoon!

We're certain, once you savor the matchless flavor and mellow smoothness of a Four Roses highball, you'll thank us for not letting you forget what keen enjoyment awaits you.

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If they gave medals for slacks... these would rate top honors. They're unsurpassed for quality—from their fine Cricket Cloth and masterful tailoring to their incomparable Talon slide fastener. Yet this same Talon fastener, a quality feature of these $65 slacks, is so inexpensive—so widely used—that you'll find it in slacks at $4.98. Actually, it adds extra value to each.

Talon
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

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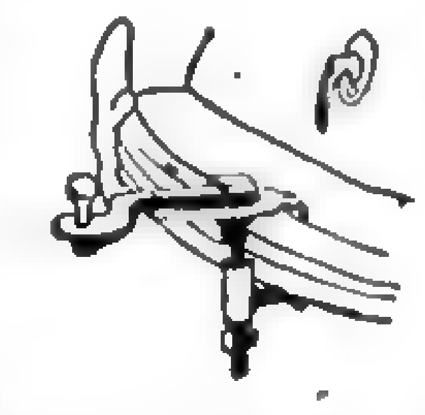
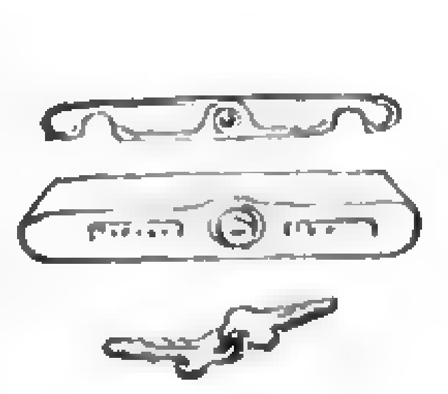
Talking Shop with Esquire

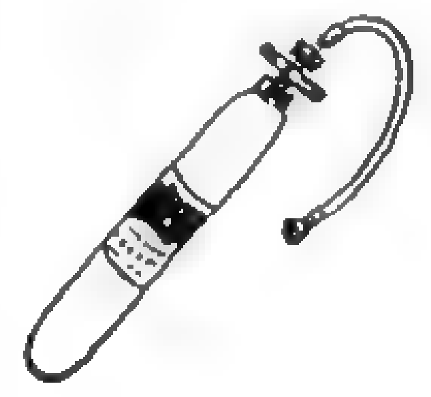
"HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR" now becomes "hitch your trailer to a car" with the new improved trailer coupler. All steel construction, the crocket is easily adjustable to any type of bumper. On and off in a jiffy, no eyesore on the back of the car when not needed. A neat contrivance for campers, hunters, outboard boat owners, etc.



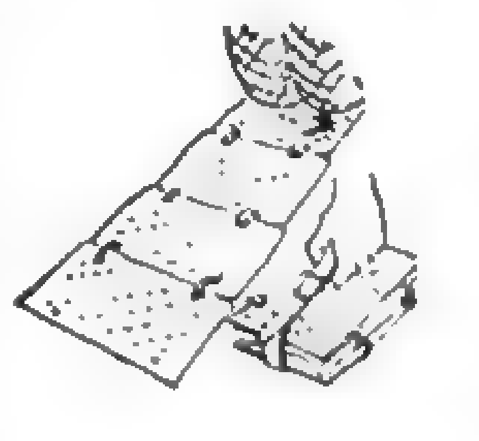
DOOM TO MOTOR THIEVES. Theft of outboard motors is becoming more and more prevalent. One way to help lick pilfering is to install a safety plate and motor lock to keep your motor *in* the boat. This combination makes it impossible to steal the motor without cutting up or taking the whole darn boat. The lock attaches over the motor's mounting studs after a simple fitting adjustment. Fits all motors up to, and including 22 h.p. The safety plate keeps your motor from jumping off when you take a sharp turn.



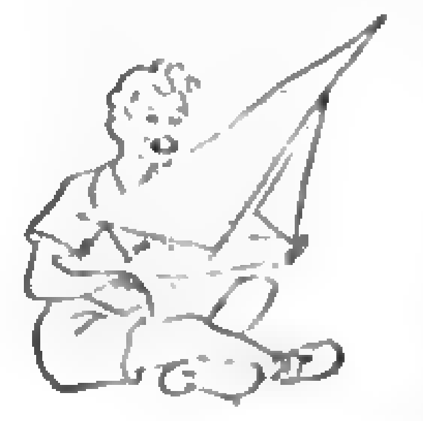
FLATS FIXED. You've got on that new light colored gabardine suit. You're driving your car. Miles from anywhere you get a flat. What do you do? Ruin your suit groveling in the dirt? No, just grab your tire inflator from the back of the car, and in a couple of minutes, your tire will be inflated again. And further more, should you have an oil, gas or electrical fire in the car, the trusty steel cylinder will extinguish it, pronto. Each unit consists of a steel cylinder, valve with handwheel, and detachable, flexible tire hose. Holds 10 oz. of carbon dioxide under pressure, enough to fill 3 average size tires. Complete weight, a little over two pounds. In extinguishing fires, the hose is removed.



DON'T GET STUCK. Ever try to pry your car out of deep sand? Ever get imbedded in mud? It's a good idea to fortify yourself with a small package of "traction insurance". Winter or summer, when traction fails, the tire-track forms an effective bond between slippery road surfaces and spinning wheels. The tire-track is made by a plant which turned out landing mats for AAF air strips all over the world. Plates are two-ply steel, rust-proof and firmly joined together with sturdy, steel links. Upper studs grip tire tread, lower studs grip the roadway. The series of metal tracks fold up into small space and fit neatly into your tool kit. Can be used folded as a wheel block when stopping on grades, or to form a handy base for a jack on soft shoulders.



DREAM BOAT. Model yacht racers will get a kick out of a 28-inch Atlantic Class racing sloop made entirely of plastic, and selling at a surprisingly low price. Completed sloop weighs about 3 lbs., has a length overall of 28 inches, and a 5-inch beam. With a 36-inch mast and an 18-inch boom, the model comes equipped with balloon cloth sails. Gracefully sheered hull lines are achieved by molding the unit in one piece through a combination of what is known in plastic engineering, as the low-pressure molding process with high pressure technique and equipment. Hull is similar in construction to lifeboats dropped from airplanes in wartime rescue operations. Boat is easily assembled, and can be ready for launching in a jiffy. Easy too, to carry to and from the water, because the spars and all the rigging can be removed easily.



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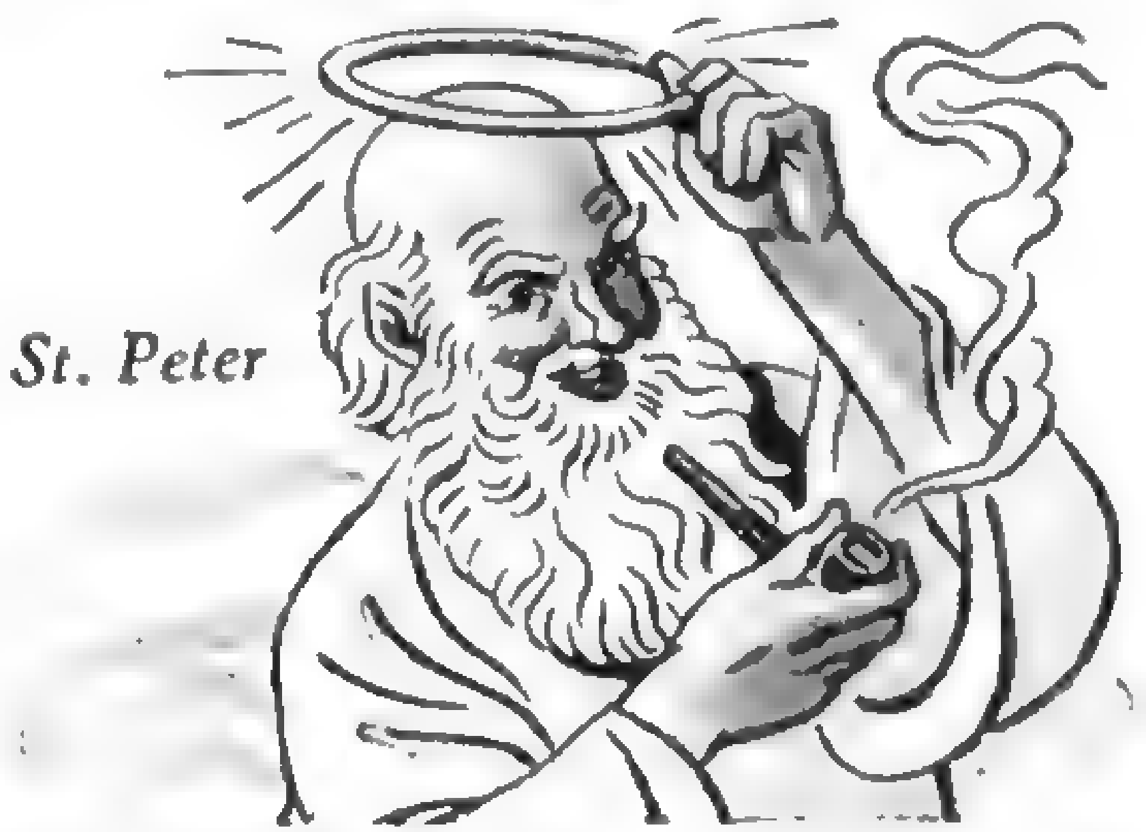

St. Peter

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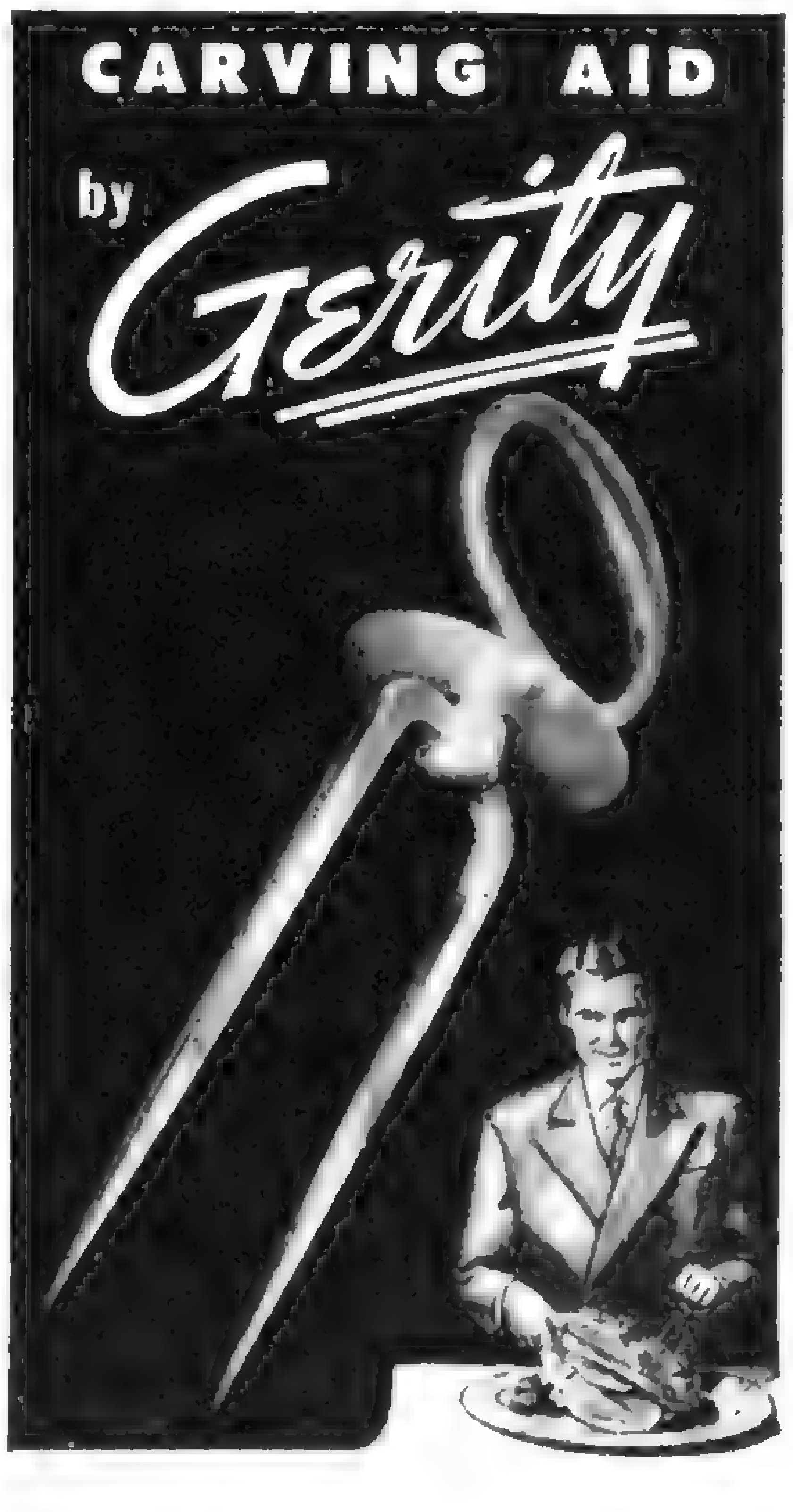

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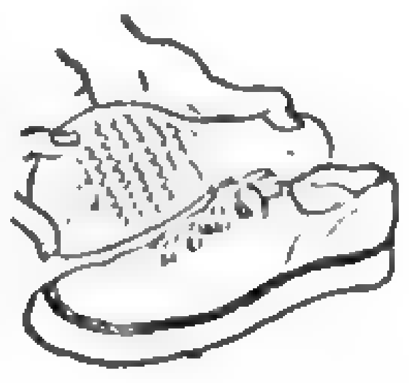
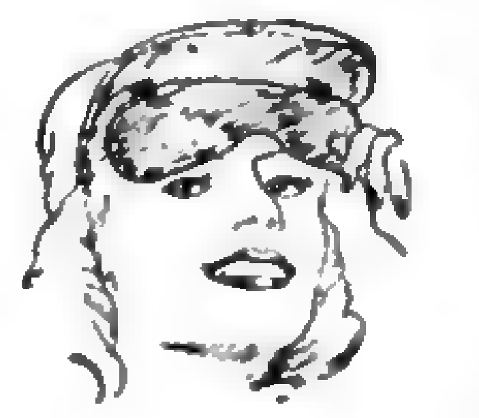
Talking Shop with Esquire

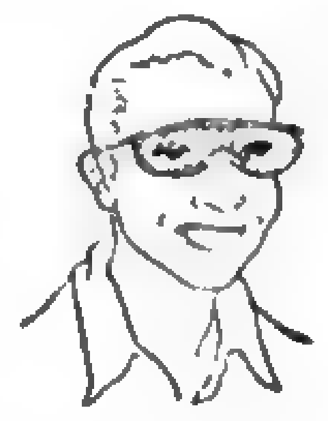
"MUSTS" FOR YACHTSMEN. A little shop on Long Island Sound has specialized in yachting equipment for years. These skippers really know what's what. Non-skid deck shoes, for example. White or navy blue canvas uppers with white top-sider soles to hold to the wettest, slickest deck. Sizes for men or for yachtswomen. Or folding rigging knife with spike which locks in place, with lanyard. Husky sheath knife for rope work; small steel marlinspike and leather sheath, and so it goes. Steel blades are plated to resist rust, of course.



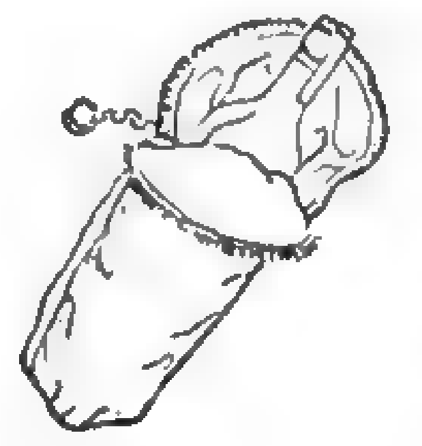
IN YOUR HAT. Wear your sunglasses fitted right into the visor of your cap. The cap has a built-in glare shield to guard against both direct and reflected sun glare. The light-plastic shield fits comfortably over ordinary glasses, and on cloudy days or at night, can be snapped back neatly under the cloth visor. Quite an idea.



FULL VIEW SUN GLASSES. Sportsmen like these new lightweight sun glasses (less than an ounce in weight) with a curved one-piece non-shatterable plastic lens that filters out reflected glare, protects against ultraviolet rays and is specially coated to make it scratch-resistant. Secret behind the unique reflected glare-removing property of the glasses is in the lens. A beam of sunlight is composed of light waves that vibrate in all directions. When reflected from a horizontal surface, most of these waves are changed into dazzling horizontal glare waves. This lens, containing in effect an optical picket fence that allows vertical light vibrations to pass, filters out the horizontal glare waves. Thus, useful light reaches the eye.



BOTTLE GUARD. Experienced bibblers have found that wrapping precious $8 stuff in the shirt or pajama top, doesn't always prevent leakage or breakage when a suitcase is left to the tender mercies of a red cap. Keep your bottle in a specially padded case, suede-like fabric on the outside, zipper closured, and a unique, heavy padded construction on the inside. The guards come in quart, pint and half pint sizes, or to fit thermos bottles.



MOSQUITO CHASER. One of the newest suntan lotions contains an ingredient which, they say, discourages hungry mosquitoes. In addition, the lotion is resistant to water and perspiration, and even in a blistering sun, by applying on the exposed skin, you can acquire a tan without irritation. They tell us that this product has successfully met the tests of tropical suns and reflected actinic rays in high altitudes.

Ranger

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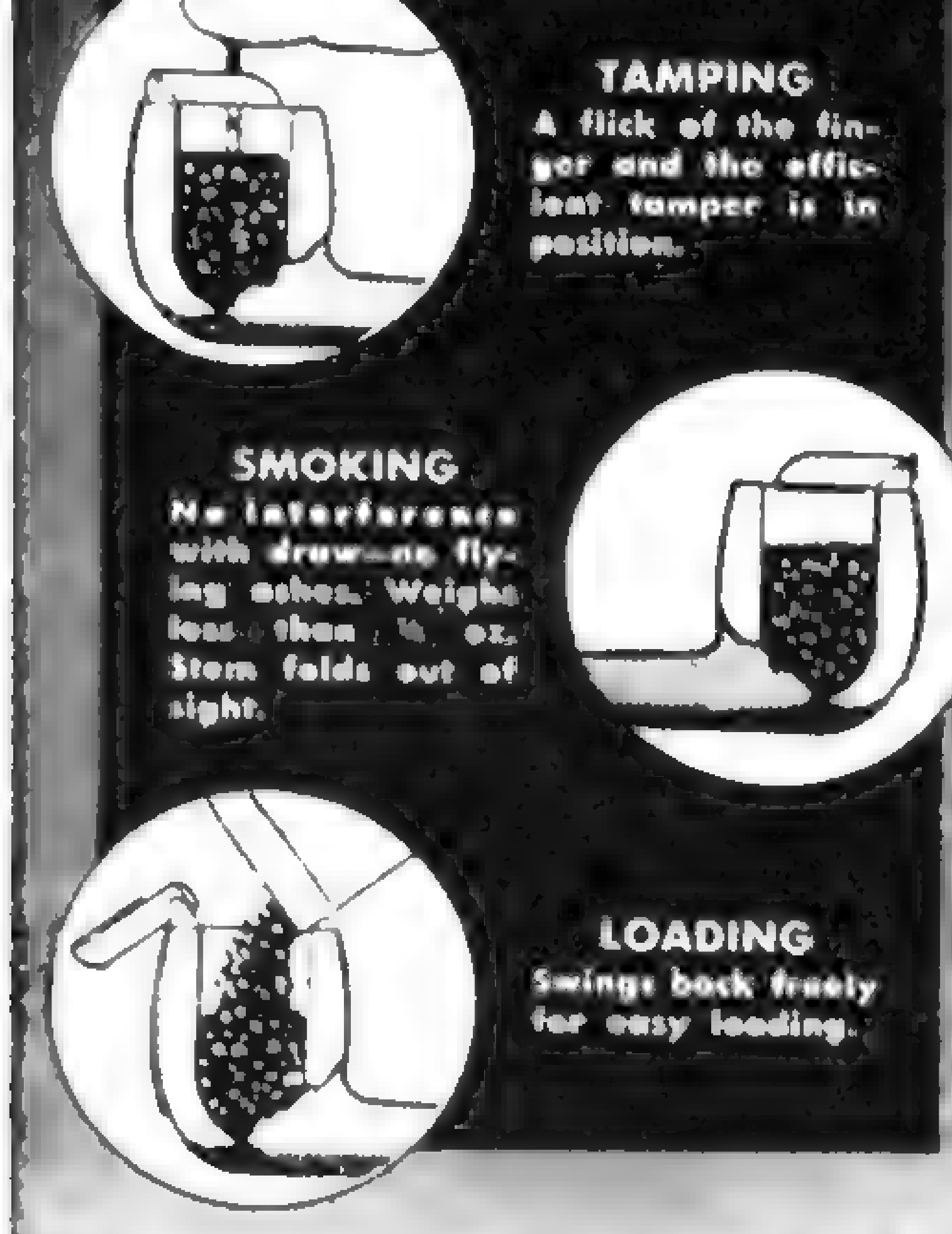

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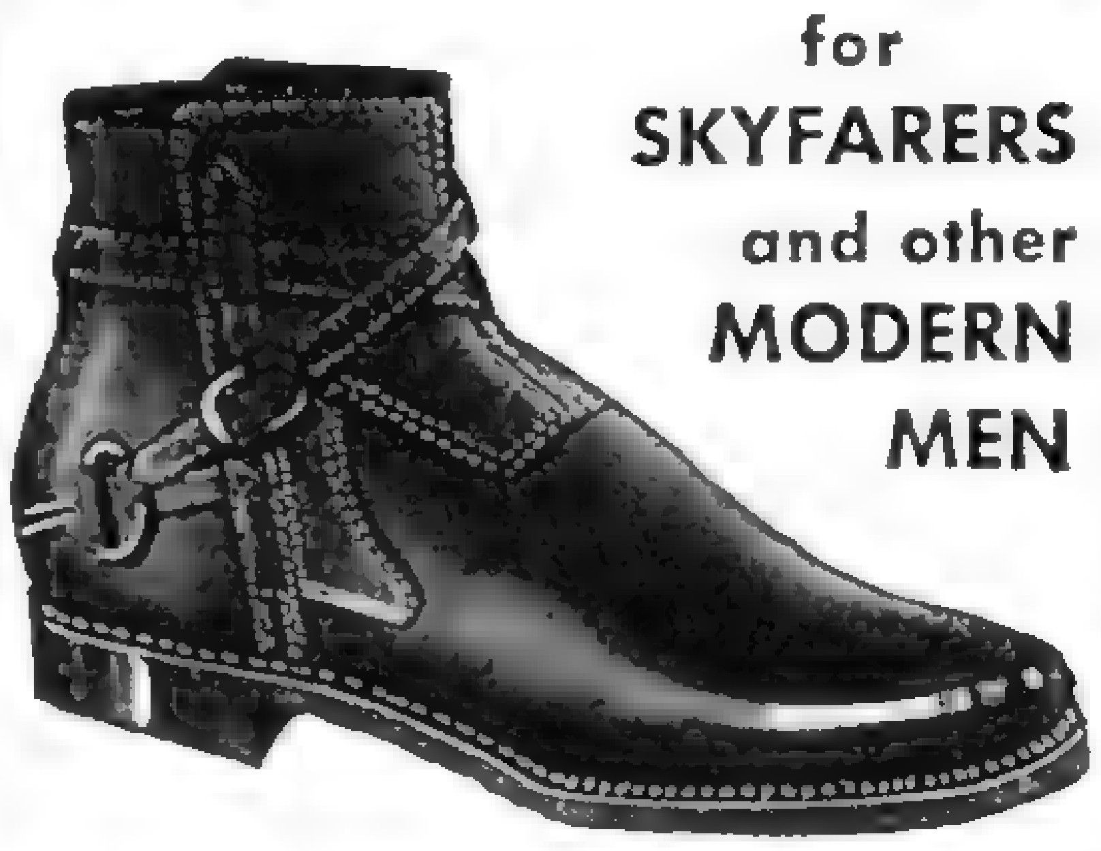

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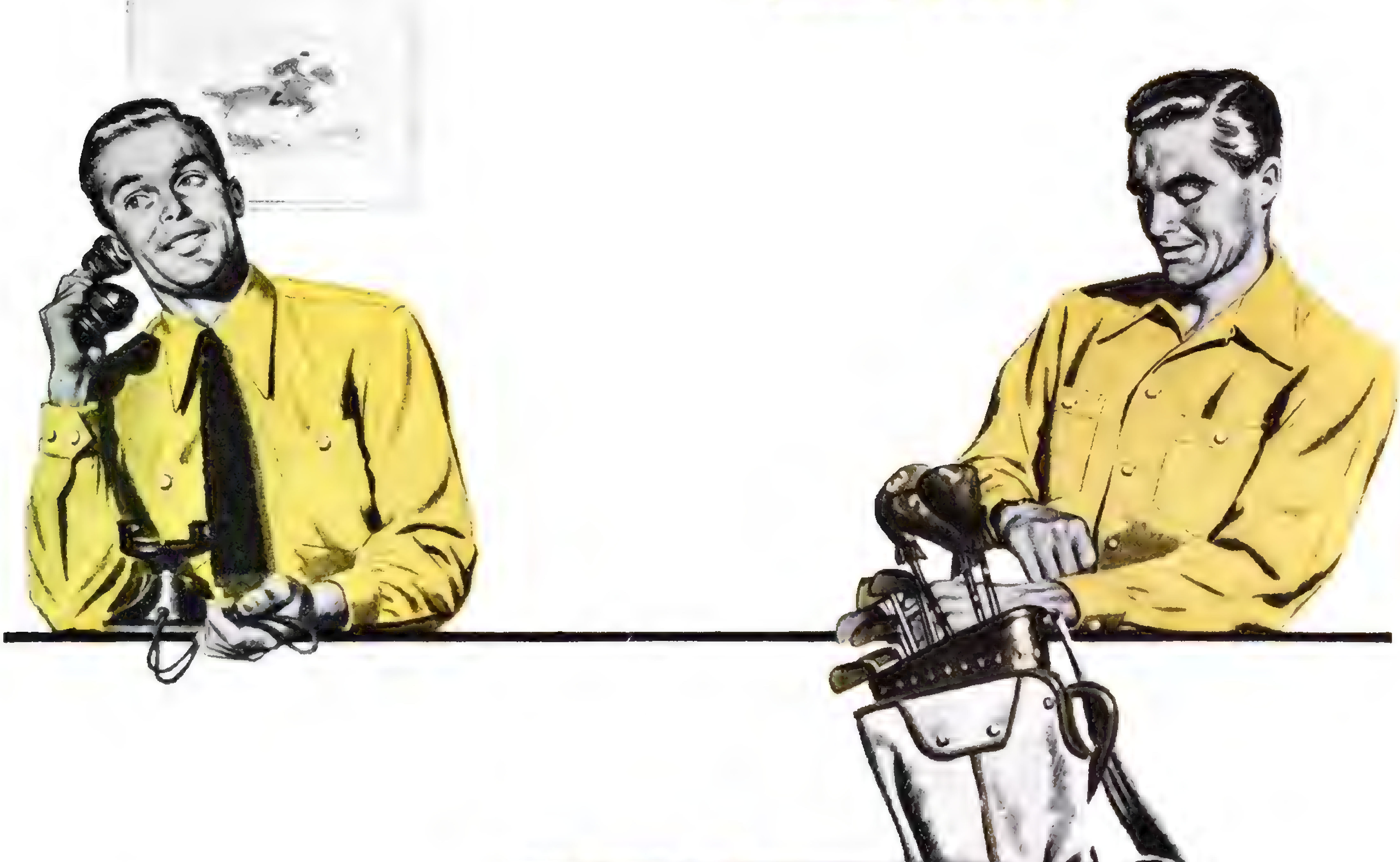

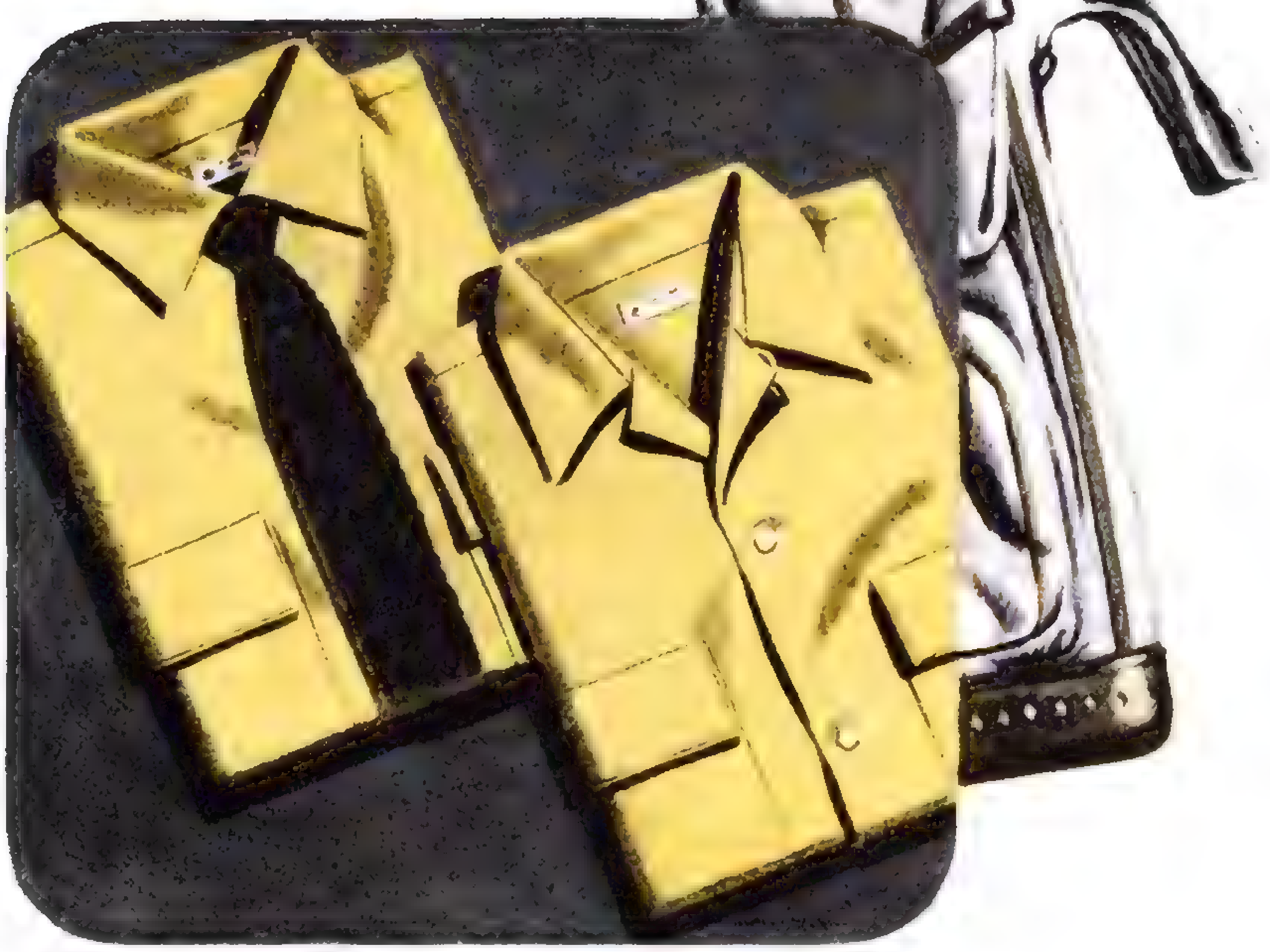

This quick-change artist knows how to make one shirt add up to *two* . . . whenever he quick-switches from casual to dress-up! With Van Heusen's California Lo-No sport shirt, he's right wherever he goes, whatever he does. Its exclusive double-personality collar—developed by Van Heusen—is *right* open-at-the-neck, and right *smart* and correct when you button it up and slip on a tie! The fade-away Lo-No collarband does the trick! It's Van Heusen's contribution to a well-dressed appearance, right around the sport clock! The California Lo-No comes in a wide variety of uncommonly smart colors and fabrics.

The California Lo-No* model comes in two handsome collar styles: Wide-spread (in panel above) and Long-point (on figure at top).

Van Heusen
sport shirts

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MAKERS OF VAN HEUSEN SHIRTS, TIES, PAJAMAS, COLLARS, SPORT SHIRTS

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Backstage with Esquire

Robert Switzer

ROBERT SWITZER, twenty-four-year-old author of the fast-paced boxing story, *The Big Bout*, page 26, recalls: "Five years ago the Army doctors found I had t.b., gave me a year and a half in a sanatorium to think it over. Apparently I didn't do much thinking because I wandered into several pointless jobs, all having to do with boats. The first was on a sight-seeing boat in Miami, where I learned there are actually people who like to go boat riding in a pouring rain and who care where a punk named Capone lived. Then I went to sea on a small freighter running between Miami and Havana, eventually became bored with cockroaches stronger than I was, and went to work in a boatyard, scraping and painting the bottom of cabin cruisers. To do this you assume a position as if you were looking through a midget's keyhole and heave away at masses of mussels and barnacles with a long-handled scraper. Mussels smell like fish and so do you. Then you hose the bottom to make sure it's nice and clean, which naturally converts the ground into mud. Now you are ready to paint. You climb under the boat, stretch out in the mud, reach up over your head and slap on the red paint. The paint comes down from above and the mud soaks up from below. At night you bathe with turpentine and steel wool. So I started writing stories."

Ren Wicks

REN WICKS, whose lovely Esquire Girl, entitled *Versatility* is on page 63, has achieved the perfect pattern for work and play, with studios in New York and Los Angeles, and a home in Beverly Hills, California. His wife has often modeled for his illustrations, which you've seen in popular magazines and on billboards —smiling maidens receiving their engagement kiss, eating oranges, drinking milk, wine or coffee, wearing bathing suits or cooking with gas. Mr. Wicks, who studied at the Massachusetts School of Art, the Cornish School of Seattle and the Los Angeles Art Center School, was Art Director for Lockheed during the war. His many awards include five first prizes in the annual Max Schmidt Memorial contest for the best Pacific Coast Poster; and the Pacific Coast Art Directors' Medal for 1946.

LEE SOMERS is well equipped to attack the New York drama reviewers, as he does in *A Critique on the Jukes Family*, page 71, after having served on the dramatic desk of the Washington *Post* and the Washington *Herald*. He has also done considerable writing for the stage and radio as well as for magazines. His wife is an attorney and their home is in Bethesda, Maryland.

William Valrick

WILLIAM VALRICK tosses off his combat service as "the usual Army career, as a P.R.O. overseas, mostly in England." Aside from *Sullen Water Dripping* which you'll find on page 80, he has written, during the past six months, a whodunit, two novels, two children's books, a nonfiction volume on witchcraft in the Southwest, and has blocked out two more novels. With his wife, a commercial artist, and his year-old daughter, Chris, he lives in a log house in Colorado's San Luis valley.

A Discovery of the Month is DONALD HEINE, a native Californian who says: "I spent the prewar years going to college, working on a yacht and title-searching for an escrow company. In 1941 I joined the Merchant Marine and, after some trips to Australia and the South Pacific, wound up at the Merchant Marine Academy on Long Island, doing some work for *Polaris*, the cadet monthly. On graduation I decided to join the Navy, shipped on a tanker and was eventually commissioned executive officer of my ship. Now I'm a junior at the Redlands U." His first published story is *The Sad Lady*.

Stanley Gold

STANLEY GOLD describes himself as twenty-six, sketchily-educated, well-married and singly-heired. He says: "In 1937 Esquire returned the second short story I'd written, with some words of encouragement and the specific advice to double space my copy. I've been double spacing ever since, but *The Way to Play Edna* [page 50] constitutes my first sale to a major magazine. Since leaving the Army I've been living in Neptune City, New Jersey, selling paper in New England and upstate New York."

JOHN D. MACDONALD says: "I'm old Ben Jonson's man—I write because I like the money." Aside from stories like *North on the Parkway*, he writes mostly history. After attending the Universities of Pennsylvania, Syracuse and Harvard, he worked at what he now recalls as various dull jobs prior to the war. He went into the Army as a lieutenant and came out as a lt. colonel. His service included a couple of years in the China-Burma-India theater and then "the Cloak and Dagger Boys," or Office of Strategic Services. With his wife and seven-year-old son he plans to live South in the winter and North in the summer.

HENRY BAERMAN was reared on a New Jersey farm near Bob Fitzsimmons' estate, acquiring a strong interest in physical culture which, he says, "led me to experience some of the thrills and pain of professional and amateur athletes, impressions which I set forth in sports articles." An ex-teacher of high-school English, he is now Educational Correspondent for Rand McNally & Company; with his artist wife and three sons he lives at Crystal Lake, Illinois.

Jim Buford

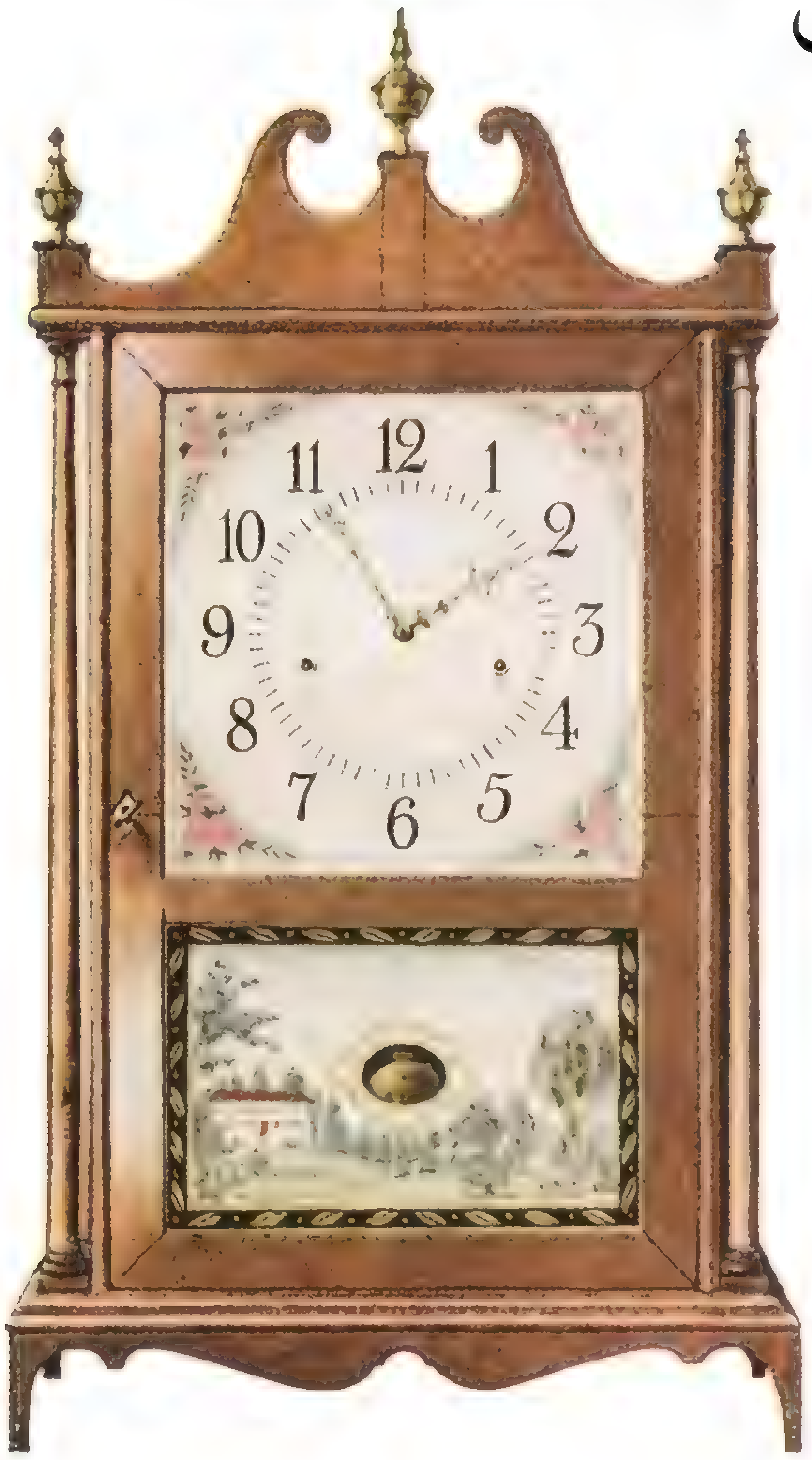
Another Discovery of the Month is JIM BUFORD, who wrote *The Quest of the Old Conjur Tail*. He claims "a wife, two beautiful children and thousands of in-laws who love me dearly." His favorite author is Ernest Hemingway and his ambition is to visit again the lowlands of the Carolinas, "where I acquired many beautiful memories of the swamps at dusk, the odd cypress knuckles jotting the marsh for miles on end, the great cranes and game fish, the hanging moss and dogwood blossoms, the quiet dignity and politeness of the people, rich and poor."

CECIL CARNES is a former newspaperman (New York *World-Telegram*) and radio writer, who recently collaborated with his brother, Fred Carnes, in preparing a guidebook called *You Must Go to Mexico*, which tells the tourist everything he should know, including where to stay and to dine, what to see and what to avoid, how to read Mexican road signs and how to ask the way to the rest room. He admits to violent likes and dislikes, feels this country suffers from too few assassinations, and is morally worse off than Mexico. He is a bullfighting fanatic, as you'll learn from *The Mad Matador*.

John Henry Cutler

After getting his Ph.D. from Harvard, JOHN HENRY CUTLER taught French and Spanish at Dartmouth (also bridge at the Hanover Women's Club—at which point his interest in women waned fast). The first Dartmouth person selected in the war, he edited the *VI Army Corps Courier* and drew a week's KP for writing an uncomplimentary editorial about war. As a private, he wasn't supposed to get married, but did—to Roberta Rand Sumner, daughter of the Cornell biochemist and Cid Ricketts Sumner, the novelist. He returned to Dartmouth for a semester, received a Navy commission, and was sent to Brazil, where he became successively officer in charge of an advanced naval aviation base and historian for Fleet Air Wing Sixteen. Since returning to civilian life in the Fall of '45, he has been free-lancing.

American Originals



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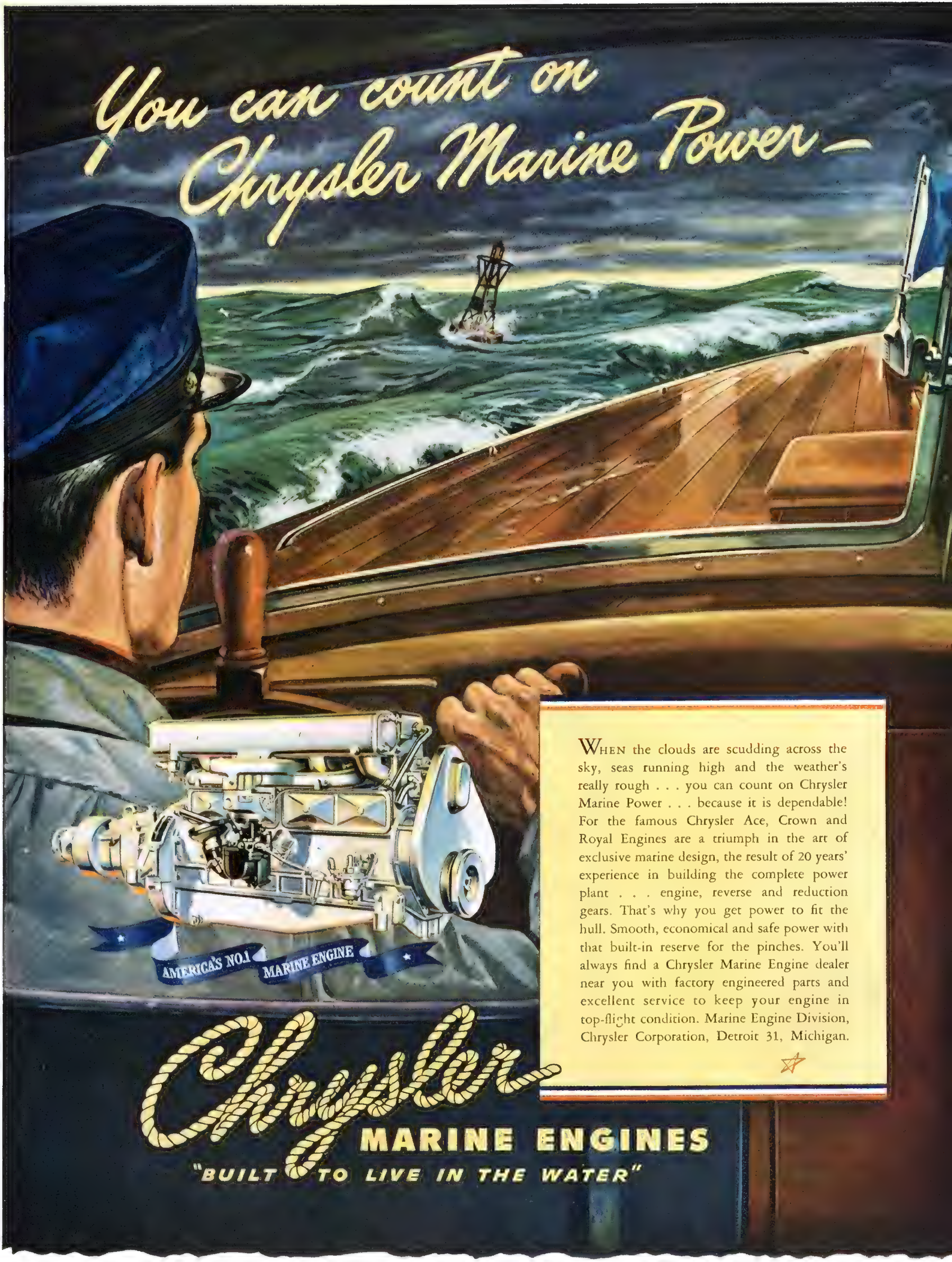
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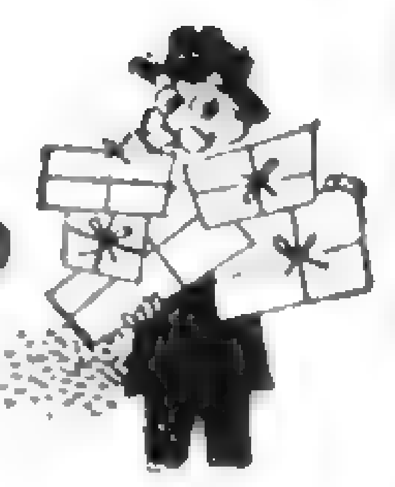
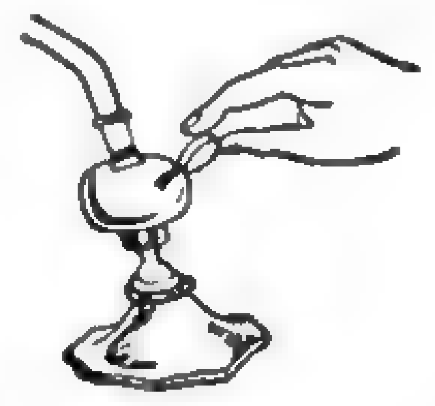
Talking Shop with Esquire

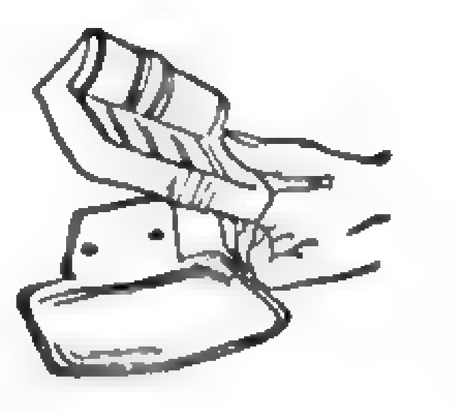


CONFIDENTIALLY . . . IT SMELLS . . . but good. Did you ever consider the effect on your morale of standing under a shower which pelted *pine scented* water on your tired torso? 'Tis a fact, gentlemen. Two veterans thought up the idea of screwing a plastic slotted container between the shower head and the pipe. Into the slot you feed a pine tablet. Turn on the shower and the water emerges, pine-laden. Simple, isn't it? Ladies can douse themselves with an apple blossom scented shower. Crazy idea you say? Don't be silly. It's selling . . . and plenty of men are buying.

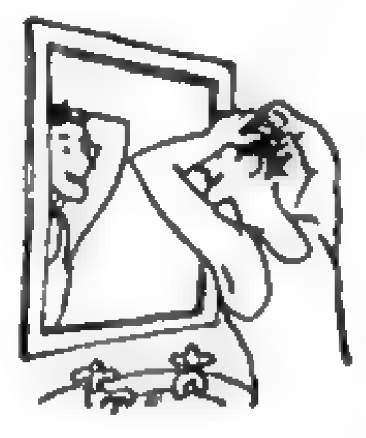


TOO LANGUID TO BRUSH YOUR HAIR? Then buy an electric hair brush which massages the scalp and helps the circulation. The high speed action of the nylon bristles is rotary in character. Just plug into AC or DC current and let the brush do the work. And while we're on the subject of hair . . . here's a gift to give a fisherman. A tortoise shell comb, shaped like a fish, fins and all. Made from genuine tortoise shell, tastily hand-carved by natives in the West Indies. If you know any Pisces characters born in March, this is for them. Another brush idea: lustrous transparent lucite military or club brushes, equipped with interchangeable, plated metal slip-on initials to give that personal touch.

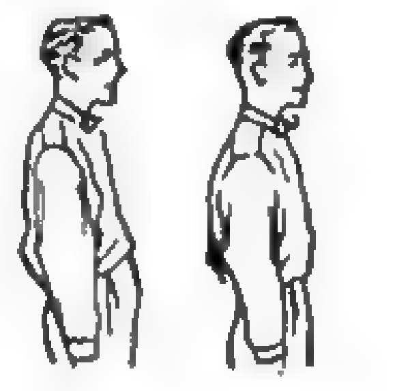
SOAP PRESERVER. If you get fed up with using soap which has become mushy and gelatinous in the soapdish, try one of the new plastic dishes. Comes in two pieces, the base is attached to the wall, the holder part slips on it. There's air space between the two. Good clean, drying air circulates beneath the soap, keeps it dry and pleasant to handle. Comes in white, ivory or black for exotic bathrooms.



SILVER THREADS AMONGST THE GOLD. If you resent the intrusion of graying locks, and the danger of falling into the old man category, cheer up. You can fool your public, and right in your own room. There's a tube of white cream which you apply to the roots of graying hair. Result should be a gradual, almost imperceptible return of the natural color whether it was blond, brown or red. The lady inventor of this remarkable cream, has been selling the stuff for years with success, and numbers many big names among her "life begins at forty" clients. She'll treat your head in her salon in New York, or you can buy the cream and stall off wintry pates yourself. Theory behind the cream is that the ingredients (including a small percentage of metallic salts) sink into the roots of the hair and effect the pigmentation at the very base. First week or so, you apply the cream every night. After that, you should be able to hold the line by weekly application. Perfectly safe for amateurs to use, and shampoos don't spoil the good work.



DON'T BE A SAG SACK . . . and we do mean "sag". Ever notice the protruding pouch on a lot of guys over 35? That tired stomach sag in the equatorial regions? The army made 'em "suck it in", but civilian slouch can be combatted with the new ten-inch-wide supporter belt which aims to take the *middle* out of *middle* age. This dearth of girth is accomplished by firm, two-way stretch elastic webbing, tailored to fit the male figure, and to make it look and feel fit, where it has lost staying power around the midriff. The belt offers protection for golf or other sports. Because it supports internal organs so they function in a position Nature intended they should, it helps the wearer feel better, look better.



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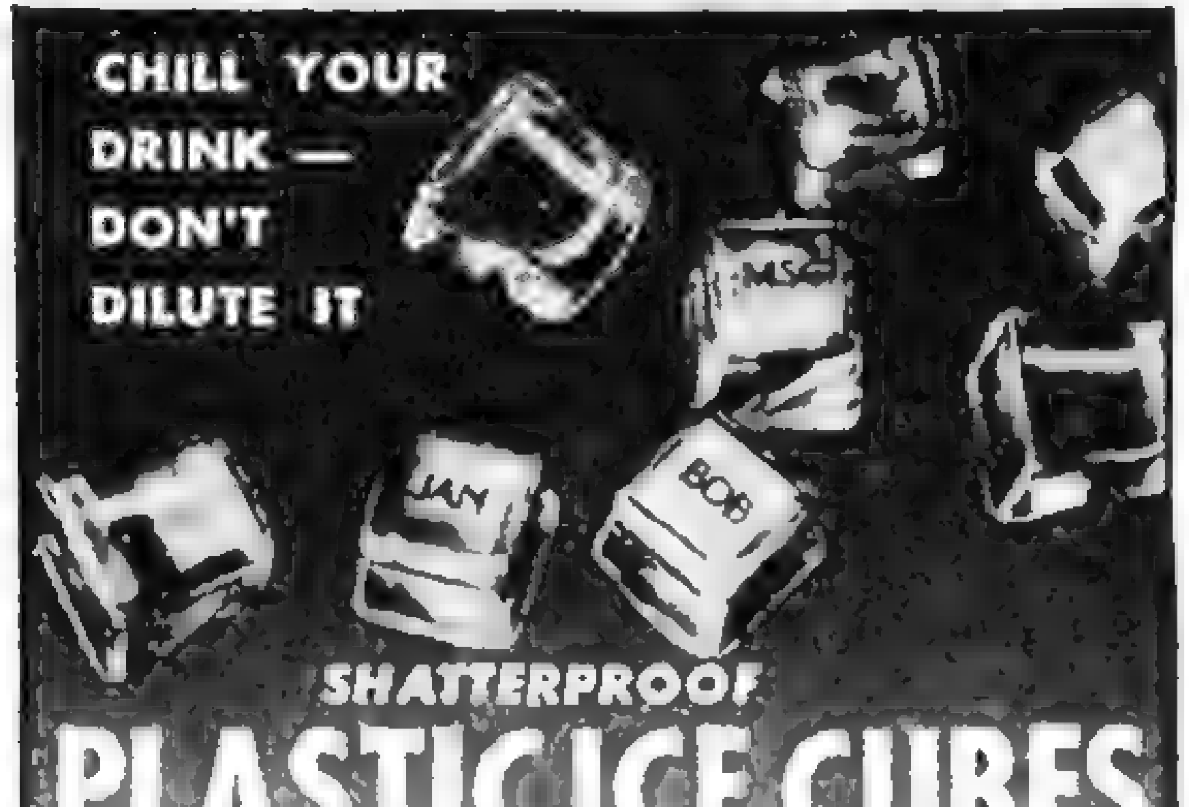

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Painting the Town

FAT-OF-THE-LANDERS at the festive Versailles keep hungry for the singing and guitar-twanging of romancer Carl Ravazza. When he hasn't the floor, it's yours, and a lot of other nice people's, to the music of Bob Grant and his orchestra and his alternate, Panchito de las Rumbas . . . Handy eyrie for giving the United Nations site the bird's-eye: Top o' the Tower cocktail lounge and terrace, 26th floor of Beekman Tower, 49th St. & 1st Ave . . . Modes in costume jewelry are modeled at Jimmy Kelly's, so don't stop to squint at beadwork in the art shoppes on 8th Street, you're only wasting valuable time.

IN CASE you weren't around when Mary Murray fed drinks to the British redcoated officers, thus detaining them at her farm on Murray Hill so that General Putnam and his Patriots could slip by out of the trap that had been set for them, you can visit the site of her orchard, Park Avenue and 38th Street. Here you will find the tall Town House hotel with a mighty agreeable bar, muraled with the scene of the imbibing Redcoats getting hoodwinked and high. Naturally no such carousing occurs in these seemly days in this decorous joint. One sips one's cocktail or highball—or, better still, two do so side by side—beguiled by the mood music of Joan Sawyer who also plays at dinner in the terraced dining room, where the menus handed out by maître Arthur Block are broadsides of good news and the wine list full of Beautiful Thoughts For To-day. The whole setup is a snare laid by manager Peter Grimm to trap his *bon vivant* residents into eating in. And does it work!

TOIL-DODGING memo to newlyweds who keep writing to ask us to suggest a small, intimate, dimlit spot where dishes eat easy and tariff is mild: Blue Canopy, 152 East 46th, operated by Jack and Angelina. He mixes the drinks and she prepares and assembles the special antipasto à la Angelina . . . Central Park South hack steads could find their way blindfold to the Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park West, just inside the 67th St. gate. Soon after old Sol takes his evening dip, the dance music strikes up.

"NA ZDROWIE!" – meaning "Good Health!"—is the theme of the colorful little Polish Inn, 163 East 66th, hosted by Stanilas Cemkiewicz, who was Deputy Commissioner of the Polish Pavilion of the New York World's Fair and, before that, president of the Gourmet Society of Warsaw. His vodka cocktail, instead of knocking your hat off, merely tips it politely. His Pomeranian smoked eel and his smoked salmon are subtle instead of crude or salty, and his Polish beef in juniper sauce à la Prince Radziwill, cuts with the side of the fork and makes your taste-buds pop out of their hiding places like gophers. "This isn't really a restaurant," he apologizes, "it's just a sort of club without dues." On that basis we have proposed, seconded, and elected ourself a member.

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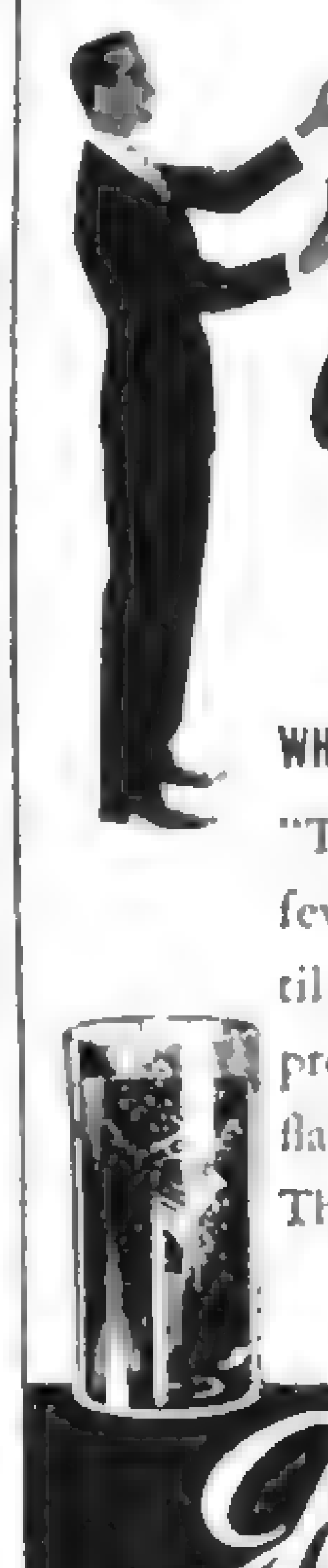
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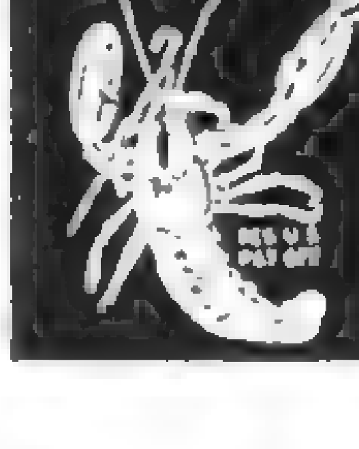
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with Esquire

NO SOAP. We've tried prying with everything but a crowbar, yet that suave strolling encyclopedia Charles Hackl, who runs the Mayerling restaurant in Palm Beach and the offspring thereof in Manhattan at 133 East 54th, just won't come across—won't give us the recipe for his Champagne Sour, made on specifications used at Frau Sacher's in Vienna where Crown Prince Rudolf used to lap it. For a buck you can sample this enigma. It's the right springboard for a plunge into chilled Vichyssoise soup and then on to his gulyash (his spelling, not ours), which contains no water, just the juice of the meat; or his chicken paprika, which is something your tonsils will gab about to each other. For dessert, a verified copy of Sacher torte is to be had; or crêpes Suzette Franz Josef; or Salzburger Nockerl, Viennese ancestor of vanilla soufflé. This small restaurant isn't much huger than a hole-in-the wall but every detail about it is choice and calculated to curry one's ego as one sits ensconced in wall-banquetted ease, with a good bottle beside one. The hard part is trying to think up a sound reason for uprooting oneself.

THE GREAT White Way has the swing and sway of Sammy Kaye roofed every week day at the Hotel Astor, hive of hospitality à la Christenberry . . . Beltward bound sliced beef at the Hickory House, 144 West 52nd, is bon voyaged with a sauce hush-hush in character and lush-lush in flavor . . . Central Park after dark is looked down on to the rhythms of Ford Harrison at the Sky Gardens of S. Gregory Taylor's Hotel St. Moritz . . . Out at New Rochelle, the hoof-scuffed Glen Island Casino, where Glenn Miller, Ozzie Nelson, and Claude Thornhill upped their fames, is now 'neath the direction of Shep Fields, with name bands booked right through summer, and chairs and chow for 1,250 on chance anybody might care to sit down.

PEOPLE who speak of Sherman Billingsley's filtered-aired glamor foregathery, the Stork Club, as though it were a night club and nothing else but, are malarkey mongers. It's a *morning club* — open and in full strut from eleven in the morning to four in the morning.

BACK-TO-NATURE NOTES: The White Turkey, antiqued to the eaves, is deep dishing beside Route 7 above Danbury . . . Fine French cuisine is grist for gullets at Cobb's Mill Inn (Raymond, miller) in Weston . . . On Long Island's Jericho Turnpike there's happy halting at Westbury Manor (props., restaurateur Pierre of East 53rd and his brother-in-law Auguste) where cold brook trout is jellied, chicken bosom creamed and curried, and veal cutlet cheese-dreamed with Gruyère. Home raised veggies. Eggs to the Manor born.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

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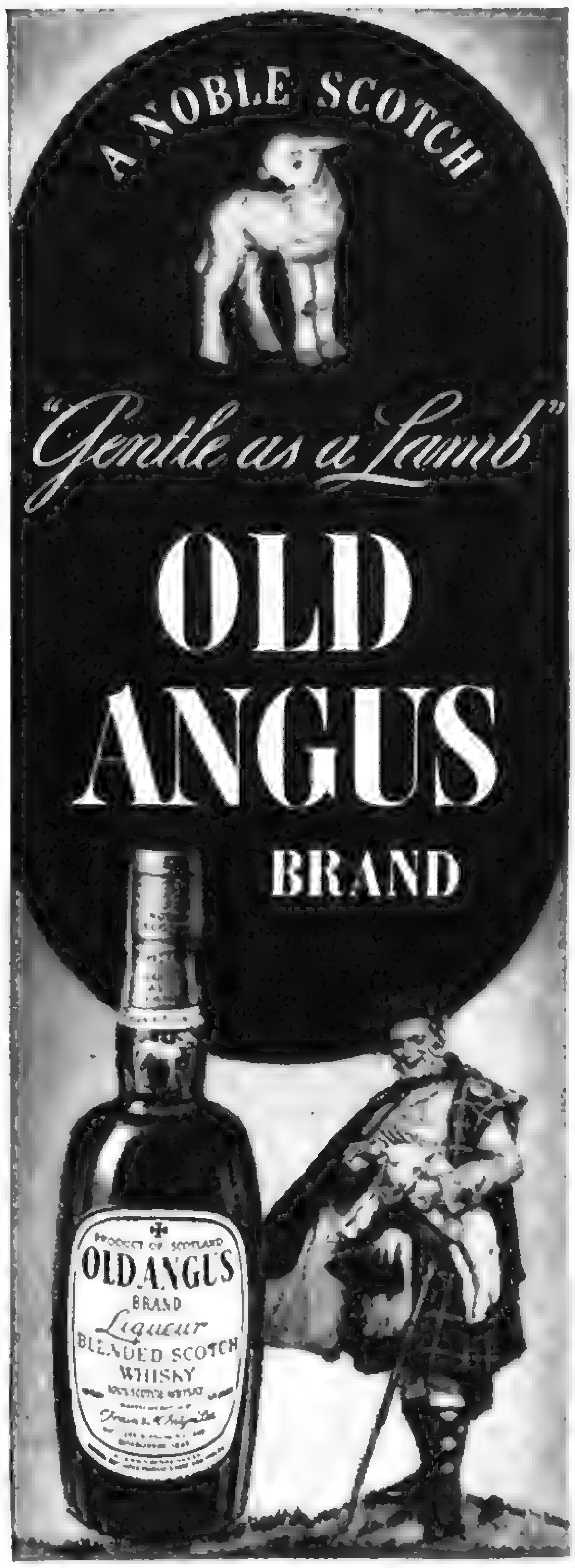

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Painting the Town with Esquire

MIRTH'S OLD master, Willie Howard, has them hysterical at Lou Walters' Latin Quarter these nights. As that big stage is rather a loose fit for a fellow cheery Willie's size, the management has added pulchritude to fill, making him look selfish. Caper-saucy Gloria LeRoy does terp travesties, and the Mazzone-Abbotts score crash-bango in an Apache game of Amour at its orneriest. So dine early at the Latin Quarter (innkeeper Lou sets a good table) or you'll forget to eat. Supper show takers-in have actually been known to neglect their drinks. Courteous policy is to raise your glass to performers every time you recall it.

IMPRESSIVELY chin-spinached à la Mephistopheles and possessing a devil of a lot of lore about fodder and wines (not to mention having been through assorted hells on the route to Murmansk), Charles de la Motte is quite a guy to be greeted by as one enters La Fontaine restaurant in the Hotel Alrae, 37 East 64th. Approach is via the raftered Moorish bar lounge equipped with the fountain in question. The dining room itself is Venetian-elegant and not large, yet allowing scope for expansive lunching and dining: breast of guinea hen on ham with peach fritter, sweetbread and pineapple Havanaise, cold Kennebac salmon, curry of chicken with risotto, rummed soufflé omelette with fruits, etc. Sunday breakfast is staged from one to four to the tune of eggs Benedict, broiled lamb kidneys with broiled tomato, and such, preluded with suitable moistenments.

CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN is closed for the summer so that host Barney Josephson and star Lucienne Boyer will have a chance to count their not too grim winter's cabbage crop before she reopens there in September. Meanwhile in the dizzy depths of Café Society Downtown, Ann Hathaway is demonstrating that she hath a way with a blues song; James McCall is doing caustic impersonations and sophistications, and Buck Clayton is leading much band for its size.

YOUR mint julep, suh, awaits you at the Circle Bar of the Hotel Dixie, and there's Southern fried chicken, hot off the fire, ready for you to draw up a chair to in the Plantation Room . . . It's femmes frappées for eye refreshment at the Terrace Room of the Hotel New Yorker, whose prexy Frank L. Andrews has packaged a pack of pretties in an ice show called "Summer Promenade". Aboard the bandstand Victor Lombardo and his men emit music easily glidden to even without skates.

THE GAPING charm in nocturnalism that we've been staring into despondently since sepienne Lena Horne forsook this town, has finally been filled in by the lady herself, singing at Monte Proser's Copacabana—orderly palm grove where you aren't allowed to pick dates, you gotta bring them . . . We are a soft touch for the soft shell crabs at Dick the Oysterman's, 65 East 8th . . . Cool proposition: Patio (oversized) of the Henry Hudson Hotel, 353 West 57th, with garden pools, fountains, beach style umbrellas, and a breeze coming in through the Ferris Wheel Bar. Some diners gulp and get out but they are a small minority, frowned upon by listeners to the linger longer music of pianist Gregory Franzell.

DISMAY gripped eminent stomachs when Cavanagh's, dispensary of prime provender at 23rd Street and Eighth Avenue, celebrated its seventieth year by blossoming out with rearrangements, embellishments, and enlargements including elbow parking facilities—now possessed for the first time in Cavanagh history. Much as they begrudge to, the old habitués are admitting that traffic is smoother, service appreciably better, and the food, comprising virtually every viand the male animal goes for—roast beef, planked swordfish steak, broiled lobster, corned beef and cabbage, finnan haddie au gratin, London broil, grilled English mutton chop, green apple pie, homemade cheese cake—as noble as always. If you've never contacted a Cavanagh fresh green turtle steak, it isn't Cavanagh's you've defrauded, it's you.

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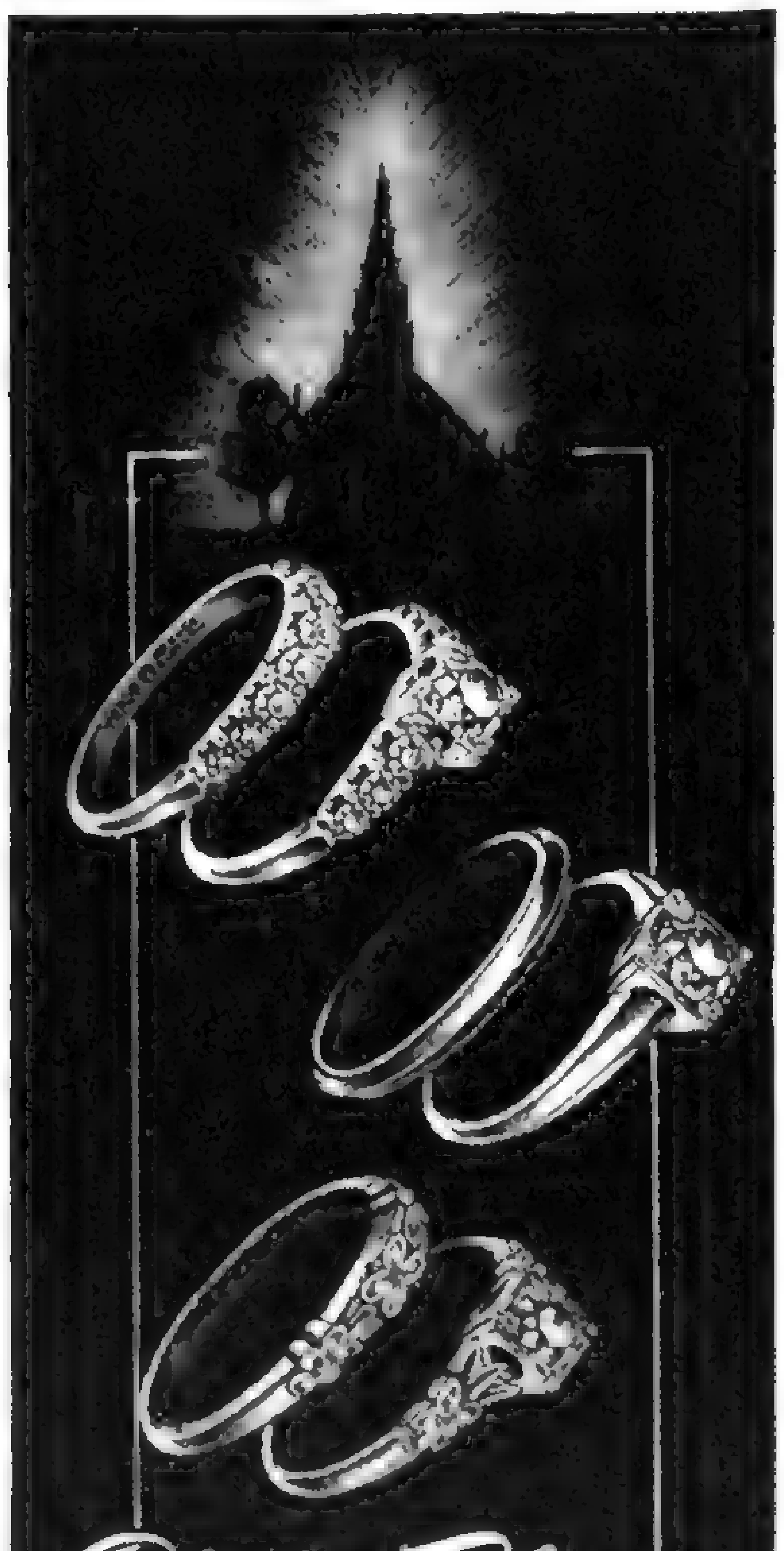

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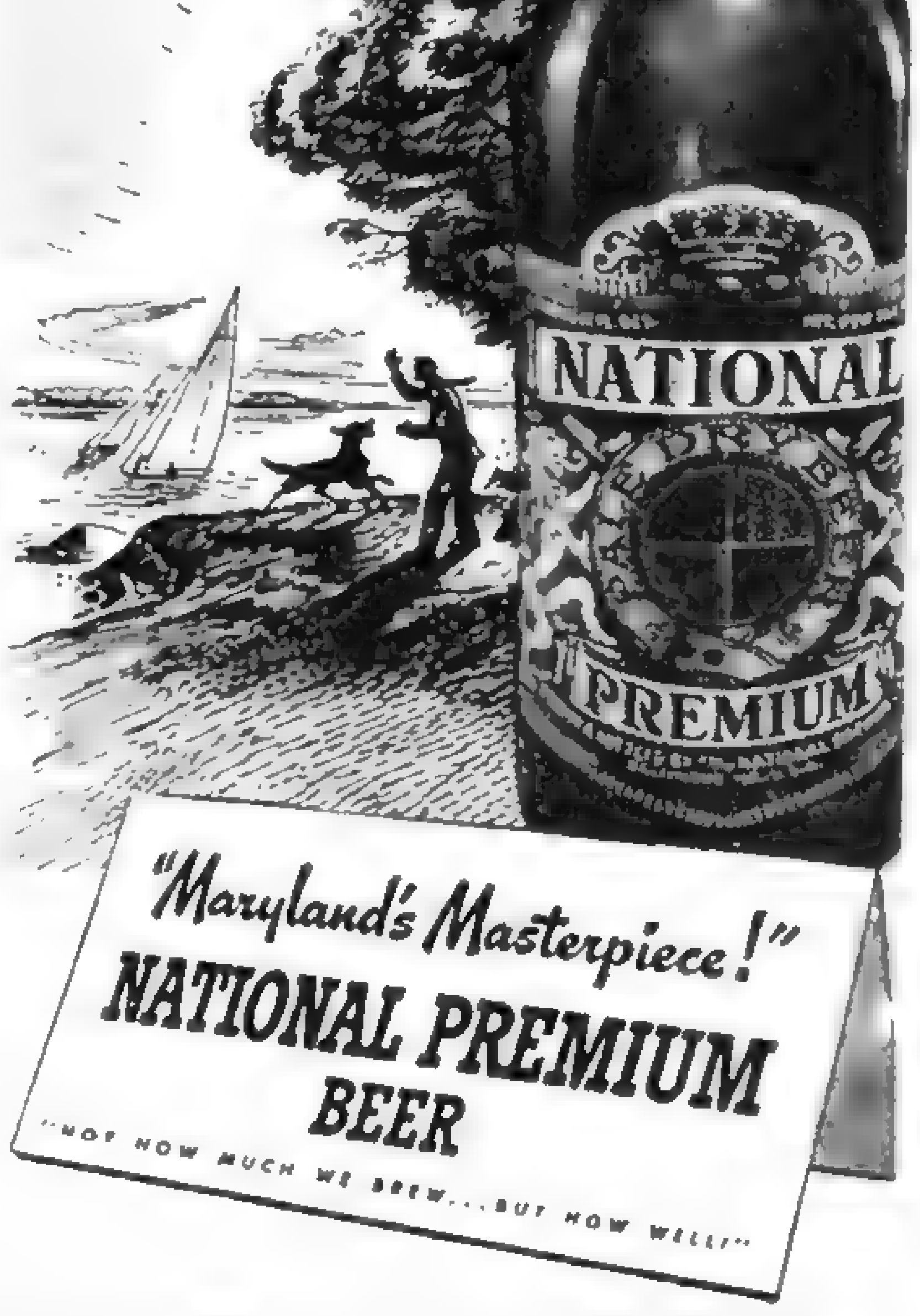
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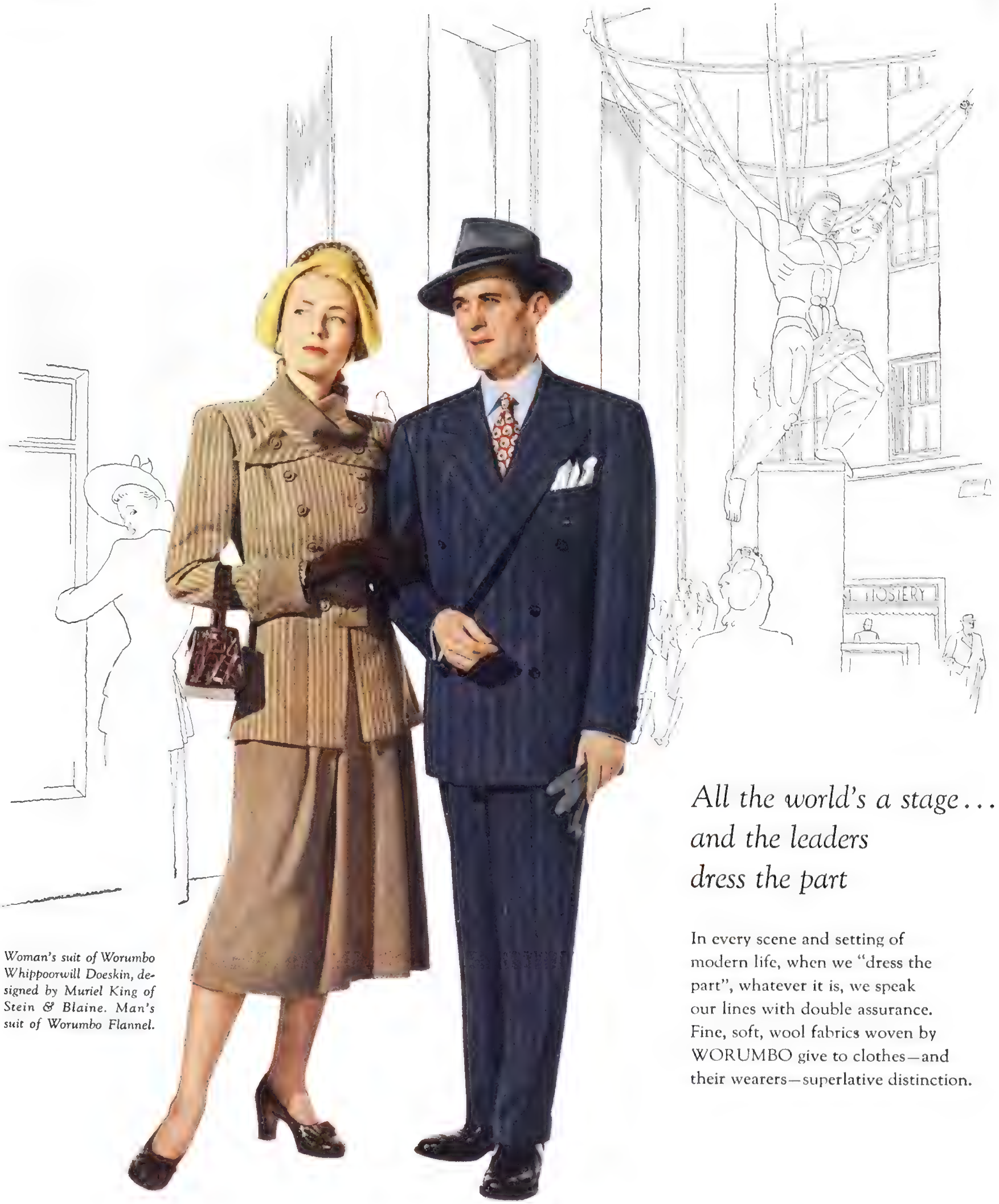

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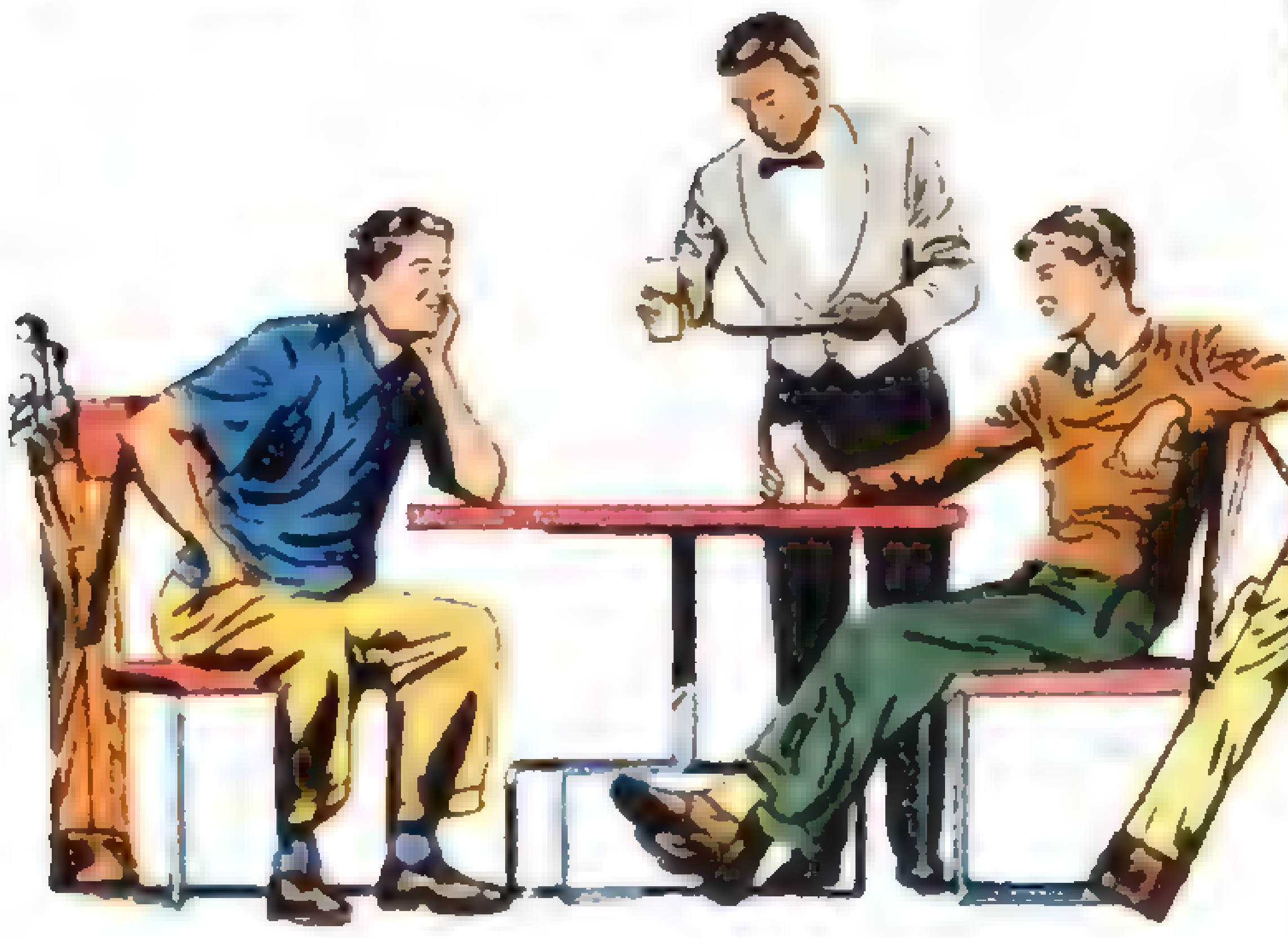

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

This Man's World

Comment on a changing world where youth goes amoral and cheesecake dies, but the American success story is vibrant as ever

by **PAUL GALLICO**

FAULKNER

Quite the most interesting development that grew out of my operating a short-story course and clinic at Columbia University last spring was the demonstration of an appalling lack of simple ethics and moral probity on the part of the younger generation. If the world is going to hell in a handbarrow, maybe that is one reason why.

Not that these young writers lied, stole, cheated or misbehaved, but, by George, their characters did with complete cognizance, permission and apparent admiration of the authors, and quite often I found myself in the odd position of having to criticize the weird amorality of the writers rather than their technical deficiencies as storytellers.

The young people of today do not seem to know the difference between right and wrong.

Now, as a reader of fiction in this and other magazines and as a free individual, you may very well question what business it was of mine *how* these fiction characters of my students behaved, or what they did as long as it was a good story, and was I running a literary seminar, or a Sunday school?

And yet the fact does remain that ethical considerations do enter into the teaching or criticism of writing—at least for the modern magazine market. When a young writer consciously sets out to write a portrait of a heel, a crook or a cheat with intent to hold the mirror up to life, or a gal feels impelled to perpetrate a study of roundheel or pushover, for the realistic, art-conscious or stuffier magazines, I am the first one to egg them on and say, "Go to it, kids. Life is real, life is earnest and there are all kinds of people in it and they are all there to be written about."

But when they come up with the story of a male louse, or a sexually promiscuous lassie, and obviously do not know that these are wrong people and, in their writing, treat them as legitimate heroes or heroines, that is where I must pull up and inquire, "Hey, what gives? Ain't you had no bringing up?"

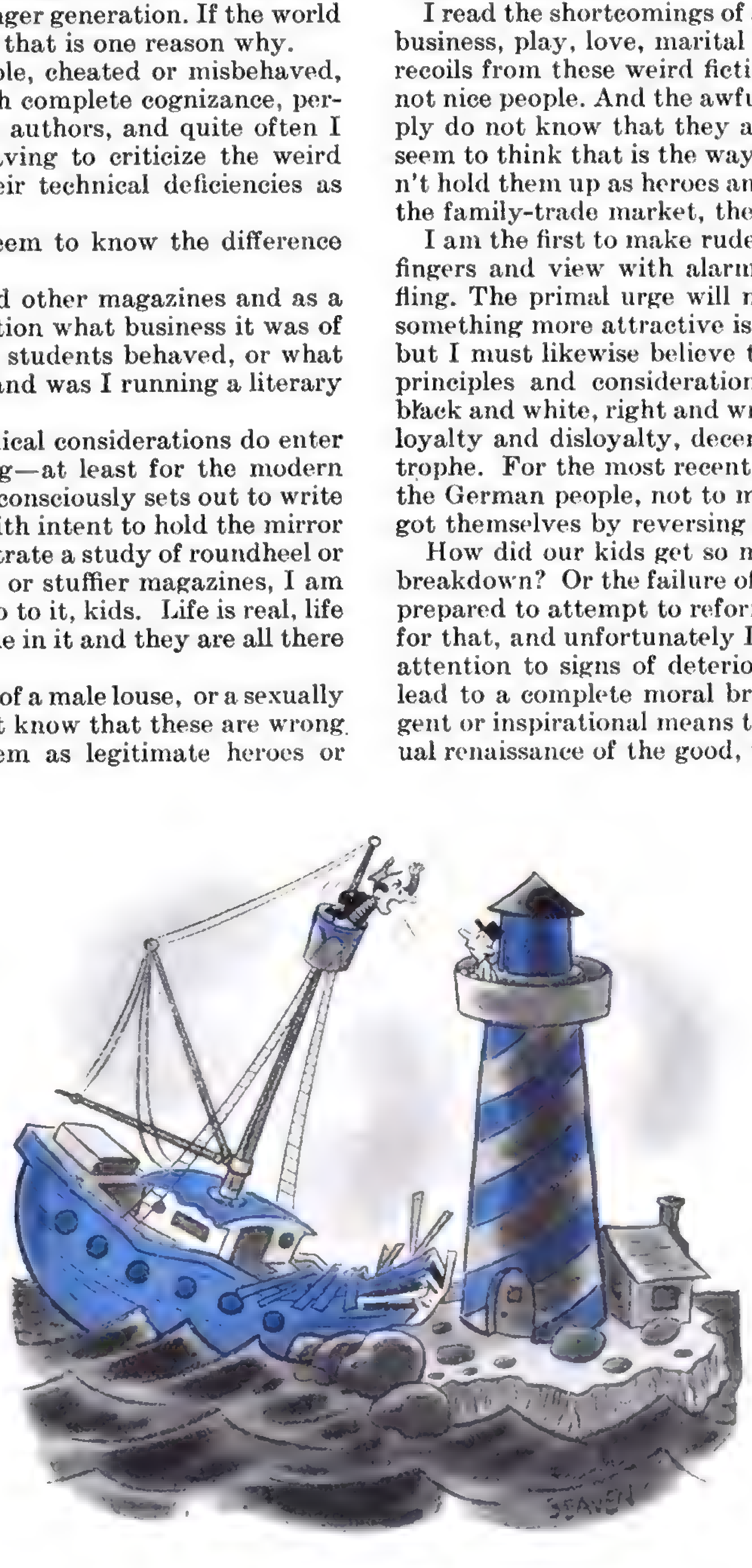
From time to time I seem to catch glimpses into an abyss peopled by bitter, disillusioned and confused ex-soldiers and panting, dissatisfied females prepared to abandon all the old tried-and-true virtues as a guide to living. They are not bad or wicked people; they just don't seem to know any better.

From the point of view of a teacher, literary critic and pre-editor, I must say, with the rumpot served with a glass of water by the bartender as a potable for him to identify, "I don't know what it is, but I do know it won't sell." When a student just barely out of teens hands me a story based on the attempt of a cheap wolf to seduce a willing baggage who has just concluded an affair with another and which revolves partly around the problem of finding a joint where they can climb into the hay together, and these parties are treated like normal and admirable people, I will be pardoned if, after criticizing its literary and market failings, I spare a moment to wonder what kind of a family the writer will create in the years to come, and based upon what beliefs.

I read the shortcomings of story heroes and heroines in the fields of business, play, love, marital relationships, and inside me something recoils from these weird fiction characters and says, "But these are not nice people. And the awful truth is that the creators of them simply do not know that they are not nice, or decent, or honest. They seem to think that is the way people ought to behave or they wouldn't hold them up as heroes and heroines of fiction stories designed for the family-trade market, the high-priced slicks."

I am the first to make rude noises when sourpusses point accusing fingers and view with alarm when the younger generation has its fling. The primal urge will never be frowned out of existence until something more attractive is found to take its place, which I doubt, but I must likewise believe that a society that abandons all ethical principles and considerations, which fails to distinguish between black and white, right and wrong, honor and cheating, good and evil, loyalty and disloyalty, decency and indecency, is headed for catastrophe. For the most recent case history, study the moral plight of the German people, not to mention the physical fix into which they got themselves by reversing the rule book of civilization.

How did our kids get so mixed up? Is it the usual postwar moral breakdown? Or the failure of parents, church or educator? I am not prepared to attempt to reform the world at this point—21 is the age for that, and unfortunately I got sidetracked—but I can and do call attention to signs of deterioration which, if not reversed, can well lead to a complete moral breakdown. Unless through some intelligent or inspirational means there is called forth an ethical and spiritual renaissance of the good, the great and the dignified that lives in man, we will all be headed back for the primal slime from which we came. The atom blast won't get here a minute too soon.



"Why don't you look where you're going?"

Success Story

I don't know about you, but me, I am a sucker for a real American success story, especially when it is on the level and involves some of my old gang back from the great newspaper days on the *Daily News*.

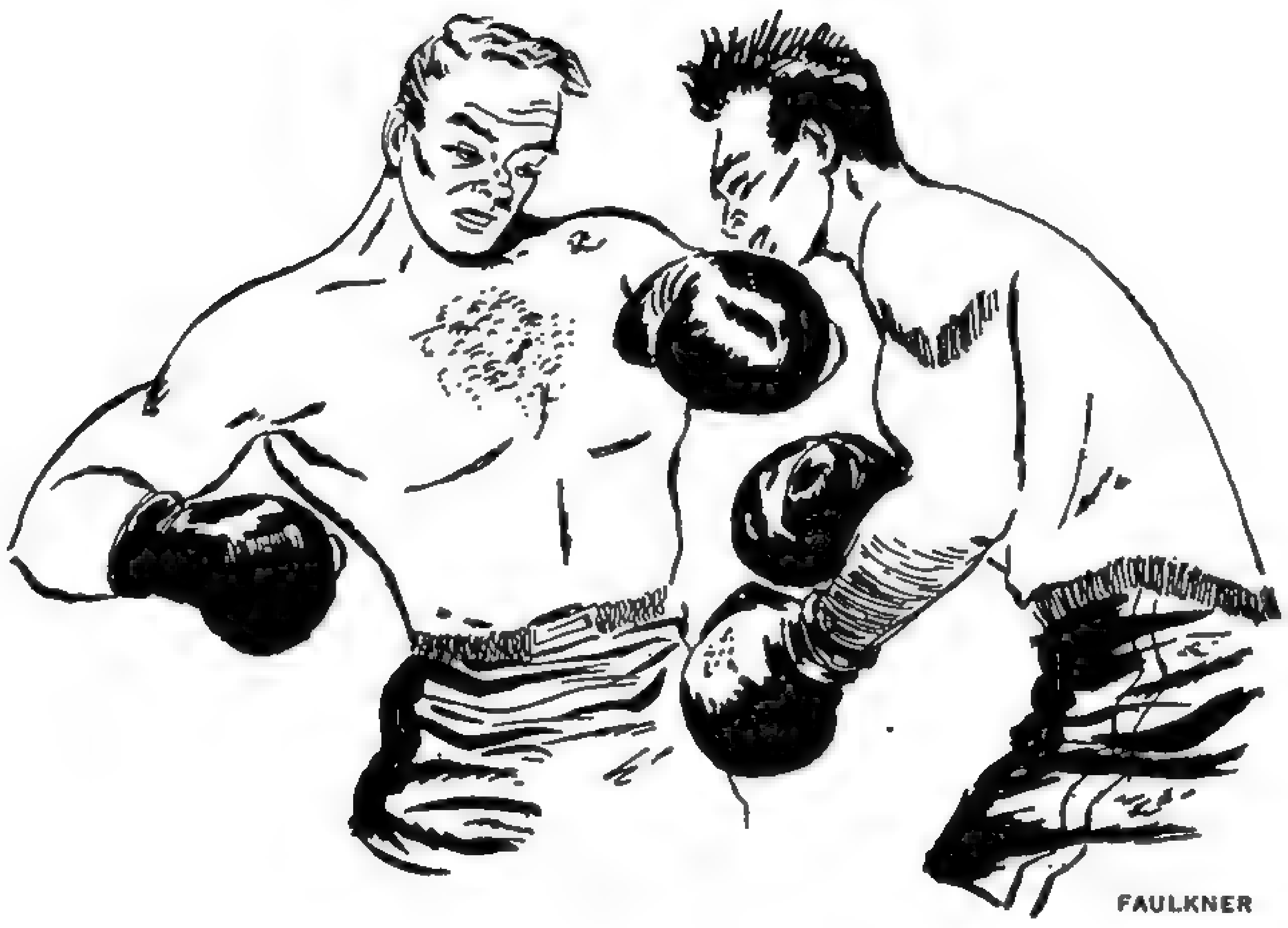
This is the story of the kid's first by-line, and if it reads like fiction, well, why shouldn't it? After all, what is good fiction but holding the mirror up to life—with a little rearranging and dramatization of the facts, it is true. But sometimes in real life they do happen so that you need neither to rearrange nor to dramatize. You just tell, and this is what I propose to do in re the case of life, Eddie O'Neill, a kid with the stuff, and the breaks.

The story really begins twenty-one years ago when Eddie was a shaver of (*Continued on page 137*)

When you’ve been at it a long time, it’s too late to get foxy: you have to fight the best way you know how

The Big Bout

by ROBERT SWITZER


FAULKNER

“I CAN’T get out of it,” Amos, the manager, said. “We’ve got to fight him.” Amos was a little man with a huge nose and hardly any eyes. His hair was wisps of grey brushed sideways across his scalp.

“All right,” Dutch, the fighter, said.

“Everybody’s yelling. You’ve heard the noise. They’re yelling their heads off.”

“Maybe they’re tired of watching me fight bums.” Dutch lay full length on the davenport in his hotel suite. His mouse-colored hair was just long enough to fall a half inch over his forehead. There were white ridges of scar tissue in his eyebrows. His face was square. “Maybe they’ve seen enough of that,” he said.

“It’s the gate. Look at that last one. Lou says the ushers cost him as much as he took in. Lou says he’d like to promote a fight that has something to do with dollar bills.”

“Stop explaining it,” Dutch said. “What’s the matter with you? You scared of this MacLean?”

“Sure, I’m scared of him. The kid’s good.”

“Well, we had to run out of the other kind sometime.”

“Maybe it’s funny,” Amos said. “Maybe I don’t catch jokes any more.”

Dutch raised his arms over his head and stretched too elaborately, the way he yawned too elaborately just before going on.

Amos, sitting in a big chair watching him, asked: “Ever see MacLean?”

“No.”

“He’s on tomorrow night. You better go have a look.”

“Why? I fight them all the same, anyway. I’m too old to get foxy all of a sudden.”

“MacLean isn’t.”

“I hear he’s a slugger,” Dutch said. “He has a left hand he’s proud of, but he hits with both hands. He’s had nineteen straight knockouts, so now he thinks he’s a killer. He won’t get fancy.”

“Go right ahead,” Amos said sourly. “Get it all figured out.” He stood up, jerking his narrow shoulders to settle his coat. “It’s to be four weeks from next Tuesday. How does that sound to you?”

“How did it sound to Lou?” Dutch said, turning his face away.

“That’s right. Four weeks from Tuesday.”

Dutch trained in the city. He had tried training in the country once, but had hated the boredom. He trained carefully, seriously, as he had trained for that fight seven years ago that had made him champion. He knew he was in for something.

On the last day of training, Amos stood beside the ring watching Dutch spar lightly with a colored boy. Tim Hollett, the *Star*’s sports editor, was with him. Hollett was a heavy man with very deep creases in his forehead. He and Amos had been friends for years.

“He looks pretty good,” Hollett was saying.

“He’ll be all right,” Amos said.

Hollett grinned. “Don’t blow your top, Amos.”

“I used to talk tough. I got over it.”

They watched Dutch moving easily around the ring, blocking the sparring partner’s punches, not hitting back, just blocking.

“I remember the night Dutch won the championship,” Hollett said. “Whenever I hear the boys talk about how MacLean is going to take him, I always think of that fight. There was a fight.”

“Henry murdered us in that one,” Amos said.

“You’re worth the price of admittance, Amos. Okay, so Henry murdered you in that one, but who won it?”

“Don’t lean on it, Tim. That was a long time ago.”

“Nobody but Dutch would have kept going long enough to win that one.”

“What’s the point?”

“I don’t know. Maybe there isn’t one. Or maybe it’s that this is going to be a rough fight and there’s nobody any rougher than Dutch, and maybe all the thinkers haven’t bothered about that part of it.”

“Keep going.”

“That’s all.”

“Yes,” Amos said, “that’s all. Except that for five years Dutch hasn’t had to fight anybody worth talking about. Five years is a long time for a fighter, a hell of a long time when he turns up 34 at the end of it. So now comes this MacLean. You know how good he is. He has a left that can kill you, and Dutch never could stop left hands. Win or lose, he’s going to get hurt. Hurt bad. I’m not going to like that.”

“The fans will like it,” Hollett said. “That’s what they’re waiting for.”

Amos nodded.

“It’s that deadpan of his,” Hollett said. “That’s what they don’t like. Take that night he fought Henry. He wore the same expression when Henry was cutting him into pieces as he did when he finally knocked Henry out. That’s no fun. When a boy’s hurt the crowd wants to know it.”

“Maybe this time they’ll know it,” Amos said, and called out: “All right, Dutch. Break it up.”

Dutch came down from the ring and said hello to Hollett.

“Don’t hang around here,” Amos said immediately. “Go get your shower.”

“For ten years he’s been telling me that,” Dutch said to Hollett. “Someday I’ll bet I know enough to do it without being told.”

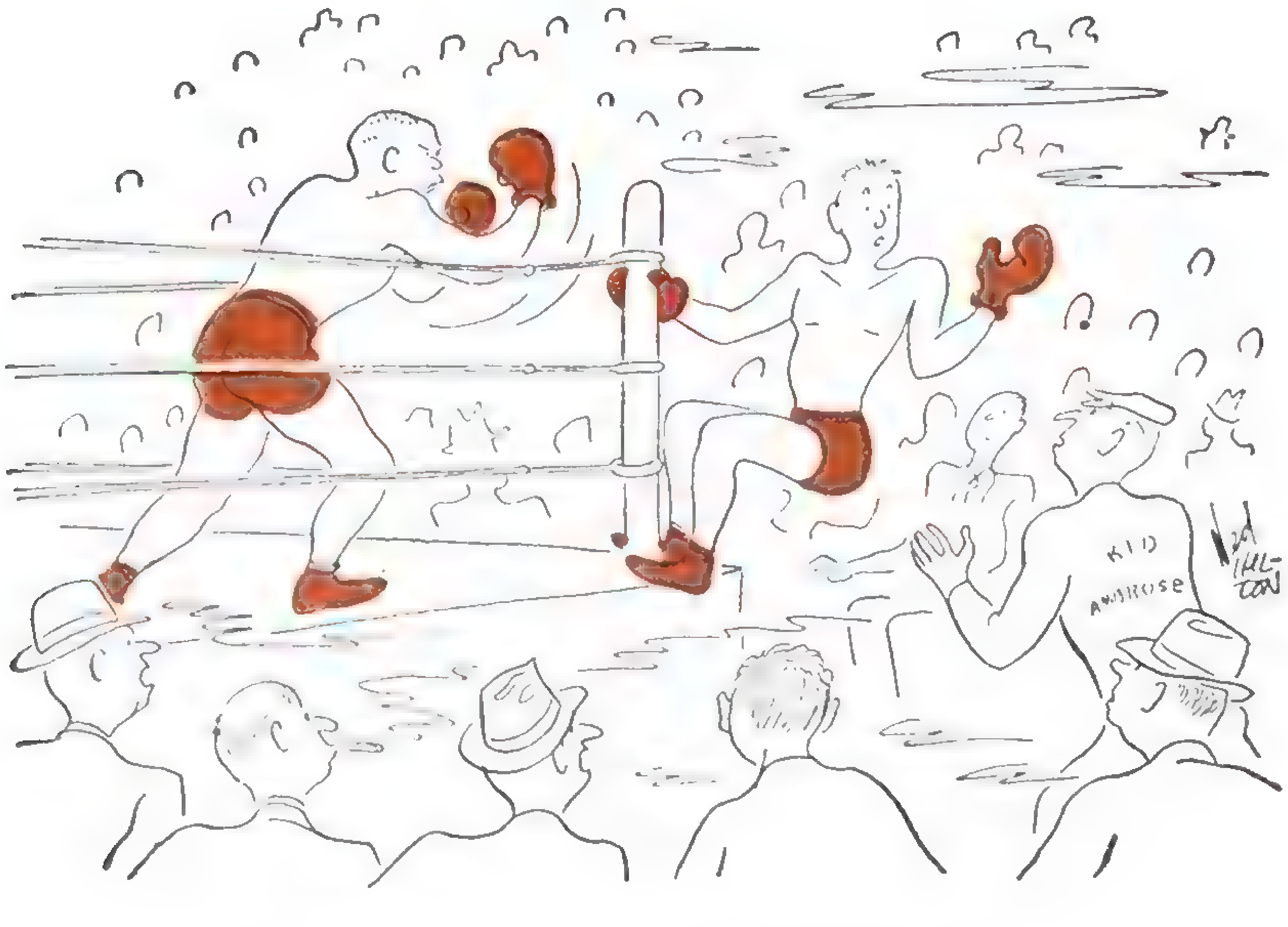
“I doubt it,” Amos snapped. “Beat it.”

Dutch grinned and left.

Amos looked at Hollett. “What’s the laugh?”

“Nothing,” Hollett said smiling. “Nothing at all, Ma.”

Amos left the gym and went four blocks down the street to a little bar. He never saw anyone he knew here and he liked to be alone when he drank his daily beer with an egg in it. He said hello to



“You told me to keep away from him the first round, didn’t you?”

the bartender and leaned forward with his arms resting on the bar.

A man in a beautifully cut grey suit got up from where he was sitting at the corner of the bar and sat beside Amos. He was about forty-five and the tan on his smooth face at this time of the year meant either Florida or a sun lamp. He bet on things for a living and the living he made that way would have kept a good-sized New Hampshire community in food, clothing and shelter. His name was Howard Swales. Most people liked him.

"Nice to see you again, Amos," he said. "How've you been?"

"Hello, Howard. Well, you know how it is. Lately I haven't been so good."

Swales laughed. "You always did worry too much."

Amos sipped at his beer. Gazing into the glass he asked: "What are you doing here?"

"I heard I might find you here. I thought I'd like to say hello."

Amos looked at him. "All right. Throw it."

Swales smiled. "I haven't anything to throw. I just want to listen."

"Sure. What'll I talk about?"

"Anything at all. Perhaps the fight."

Amos rubbed a thumb along the side of his great nose. "What about it?"

"How do you think it'll go?" Swales asked, watching Amos' face.

"I wish I knew, Howard."

"So do I."

Amos was silent for a moment. Then he said: "You know better than that."

"Don't get mad, Amos. It could happen. You're on a spot. This might be your last chance. If Dutch loses this one he's through, and MacLean is favored to win. But it's no sure thing. Folks might want to make it into one." Swales was studying his glass, rolling it between his palms. He sounded apologetic.

"Don't talk like a punk, Howard. When we fight a guy, we fight him. You know that."

"Yes," Swales said, "I know that. I'm not trying to fix this thing. But if somebody is already using a shiner in the game I'd like to know about it. If you're going to make it a good thing, I could make it better for you."

"We're going to fight him."

Swales watched himself in the mirror back of the bar. "Hell," he said abruptly, "it's my business. Everybody has a business."

Amos raised his brows at him. "Getting old, Howard?"

"Nuts," Swales said. He finished his drink, stood up, and punched Amos lightly on the upper arm. "Good luck, Amos," he said, and walked quickly away.

The night of the fight.

"Look at that mob," Dutch said. "You'd think we were heavies."

"They heard there was going to be a fight around here," Amos said.

They were in Dutch's corner. Dutch moved his elbows in little circles to loosen his shoulder muscles but otherwise he was still. His shoulders sloped wide and thick under his dark brown robe. He squinted across the ring to where Joey MacLean swung on the ropes in the opposite corner.

The hoarse announcements:

"In this corner . . . wearing purple trunks . . . weighing one hundred sixty pounds . . . from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania . . . the middleweight champion of the world . . . John . . . Dutch . . . Vanden!"

Dutch took one step forward, turned quickly and came back. The applause was as scattered as ever.

"In this corner . . . wearing black trunks . . . weighing one hundred fifty-nine pounds . . . from Paterson, New Jersey . . . Joey . . . MacLean!"

The roar rocked the Garden as MacLean sprang from his corner, scarlet robe blazing, and spun lightly with hands clenched high over his head. Dutch's face was expressionless as he watched and listened.

The referee made scooping motions with his hands. Everybody went to the center of the ring to hear the speech about clean fights and neutral corners. They went back to their corners and the lights in the Garden went down and they forgot the crowd and the noise.

"No message—I just like girls"

Amos took Dutch's robe, said, "Okay," and climbed out of the ring.

At the bell, Dutch came out and ran into a left hook that tore his brains loose. He felt canvas against the side of his face and heard the referee shout, "Five!" At eight he was on one knee, staring at nothing, and at ten he was up and MacLean was coming at him. He stuck out a left hand but MacLean came right through it and hit him twice in the face, but too high. Dutch fell against him and held on, tasting the familiar salt that was coming down over his lips. MacLean broke loose, swung a haymaking right, missed completely, and Dutch closed with him again. The referee broke them. MacLean's young face was angry. Dutch took a left on the nose that hurt terribly and waded into MacLean, throwing short punches as hard and as fast as he could. MacLean didn't budge. They stood flat-footed and slugged, and neither of them had ever heard of defense. They kept their elbows close to their bodies and punched. MacLean backed up a step. Dutch walloped him across the mouth and went after him. MacLean took a sliding step to the left, threw that hook and crossed over a right. Dutch wobbled, but ducked the next hook and then he was in close again, pumping those short hard ones. MacLean got behind his left and moved back and away. Dutch followed him slowly. There was blood on MacLean's mouth. MacLean seemed to realize suddenly that he had almost knocked this guy out, and he stopped moving away. Dutch was still shaky. He got caught. MacLean drove him across the ring into a neutral corner, trapped him there, and belted him until the bone ran out of his knees and he went down. This time he heard the referee say, "One!" He got up at the count of nine. He backed away from MacLean but he didn't know where he was going until he felt a rope against his back and MacLean was on top of him. He put his gloves alongside his head and tried to get off the ropes, but he couldn't get clear. He was in his own corner taking everything MacLean threw when the bell rang.

The water felt good on his face and chest. The handler was sure and gentle with his broken nose. Amos pulled the trunks away from his belly and fanned air down inside. Dutch took a mouthful of water and let it run out the corners of his mouth and over his chin. Nobody said anything until the warning buzzer sounded, and then Amos put the tips of his fingers against Dutch's chest and said, "Sure, Dutch. Now you hit him."

MacLean came over fast to finish his night's work, but Dutch went down low under that left hook, blocked a right, and swung his own right in an uppercut that snapped MacLean's head back. Before he got over his surprise, Dutch was in there again ripping short punches to the heart. MacLean spread his feet and fought Dutch's fight. The round was a vicious alley brawl. They stayed in one spot and tried to knock each other out. Their gloves became soggy and made mean, splatting sounds. Every howling spectator knew that they couldn't keep it up, but they kept it up. They beat at each other until the bell rang, and when the referee stopped them, they dropped their hands and looked into each other's eyes, their brows wrinkled and their lower lips hanging. They walked to their corners carefully, the way a drunken man walks carefully because it is important for him not to stagger.

The handler worked on Dutch's face, whispering wordlessly to himself. Amos flapped a towel. His face was as white as the towel and his breathing whistled in his nose. There was dry fluff at the back of Dutch's throat. He tried to spit it out. He got rid of some of it, but the rest stuck there stringily and wouldn't come. His head felt a little hollow. He thought if he said something it might help his head.

"He hits," Dutch said, and Amos had to lean close to hear him over the noise. "He hits like he thinks he's tough."

The third round started slowly. Somebody had told MacLean that this was a fifteen-rounder and so for Chrissake take it easy. He kept on the move and for the first minute of the round they sniped at each other from a distance. Then, (*Continued on page 126*)

Even rarer than a husband who takes germs like a man is a wife who can stomach the juvenile vagaries of his intense suffering

Cold Cold Shoulder

by FRANCES GEIGER ADAMS

HANNES BOK

IT STARTED out as an ordinary enough day. I was blowing smoke rings at the ceiling in the luxurious minutes just before the nudging of the alarm clock, when he opened one pale eye and shut it again.

"Good morning, darling," I said brightly, trying to counteract the drizzle outside, already pacing the day in low gear.

"I'm dying," he said.

"What's the matter?" I inquired, a wave of panic surging through me. "Shall I call a doctor?"

"No," he said weakly, "just let me die."

The wail of foghorns filtered into the room as I pictured myself alone, dressed in black, and ever, ever so brave.

"I'll take your temperature," I said crisply. I have cultivated a certain starched-white efficiency for mornings like this.

The thermometer said ninety-nine. I said, "Nothing serious, darling. You're probably getting a cold. Crawl back into bed and I'll get you some breakfast. That'll fix you up."

I hummed just a little off key as I squeezed a double glass of orange juice. It'll be fun, I thought, to have him all to myself for a day in the middle of the week. He'll feel better later on, and maybe we can build a fire in the living room and play gin rummy.

He was sitting up in bed surrounded with books and magazines and my perfumed cleansing tissues when I took in the tray. He looked so wistful I made a solemn pledge that nothing would be too much trouble today to make him comfortable and speed his recovery.

"Now you'll feel better, darling," I said capably, knowing the taste of early morning coffee has produced other major miracles. It did this time too. He mellowed into saying, "You're so good to me."

Furthermore, I decided a couple of hours later, he wasn't kidding. I had telephoned his office. I had listened to his assistant's complaint that three layouts needed my guy's okay before they could go to the engraver, and they needed to go right now to make the deadline. And I suggested that he come to the house for an okay. I had also, with my usual diplomacy and tact, convinced four clients that they could live another day without seeing my man.

Although my figure is not exactly slack-happy, I got into grey flannels and splashed to the drugstore for aspirin and cigarettes.

At ten-thirty he said, "Darling, I think I need a slug of whisky."

"What!" I said aghast.

"For medicinal purposes only," he said stoutly.

"Darling, alcohol is the worst thing possible for a cold. The effect of alcohol is acid, and you need something to alkalize your system. I'll get some fruit juice."

"I'm too weak to argue this morning," he said, not quite docilely. "But when you bring orange juice, will you bring my tackle box too?"

So I delivered the orange juice and the tackle box, hoping that his looking at all those vicious gadgets with sexy names would give me a chance to do the breakfast dishes.

I was just hanging up the dish towels when he called downstairs to me, "What's for lunch, darling?"

I said I thought some tomato soup would be nice, and there's always toast and canned fruit. Maybe an egg too?

"Sounds fine," he said, "but couldn't I have ice cream too?"

"I think so," I said. "But Joe will probably come while I'm out."

"Oh, that's all right," he said, "just leave the door unlocked."

I wiggled into my wet raiment again, and then, with a flash of real intuition, I hid the whisky bottles. If this is a trap to get me out of the house so you can have a drink, I thought bitterly, you will live to regret it.

"What kind of ice cream do you want, darling?"

"Pistachio," he said in a voice just as sweet.

And while I am inclined to think of myself as a wonder girl at finding scarce items, it took me an hour and a half to find that pistachio ice cream. So I was not exactly all sweetness and light as I sloshed down the street towards home and heard a chorus of *Banks of the Wabash* floating out of our apartment. It was off key and it was loud. Obviously, Joe had arrived.

I opened the door and walked upstairs, dripping umbrella and all. And there was my man, sitting in a bed covered with plunking dingers and pet spoons and Hawaiian wigglers, pouring a drink for Joe.

"Hello, darling," my guy said. "Wanta drink? Better speak up now. There isn't much left in the bottle."

"That's obvious," I said. "It's all in the two of you."

"Just offhand," my guy said, "I would say we're in trouble, Joe."

"I wonder why," Joe said, his face all starry-eyed innocence.

"You ought to know," I said. "After all, you brought the bottle."

"The bottle, my dear, was in the tackle box," my man cut in. "And judging by the looks of you, it's a good thing Joe and I have already made plans to go fishing over the week end."

"What's my new hat doing on your bed?" I asked, seeing and not quite believing.

"New hat? That's not new. I haven't seen you wear it for years."

"You've never seen me wear it, my dear sir, because to date I haven't worn it. I hadn't got up courage to tell you I paid $75 for it."

"Oh," Joe said. And he started to wrap up the layouts.

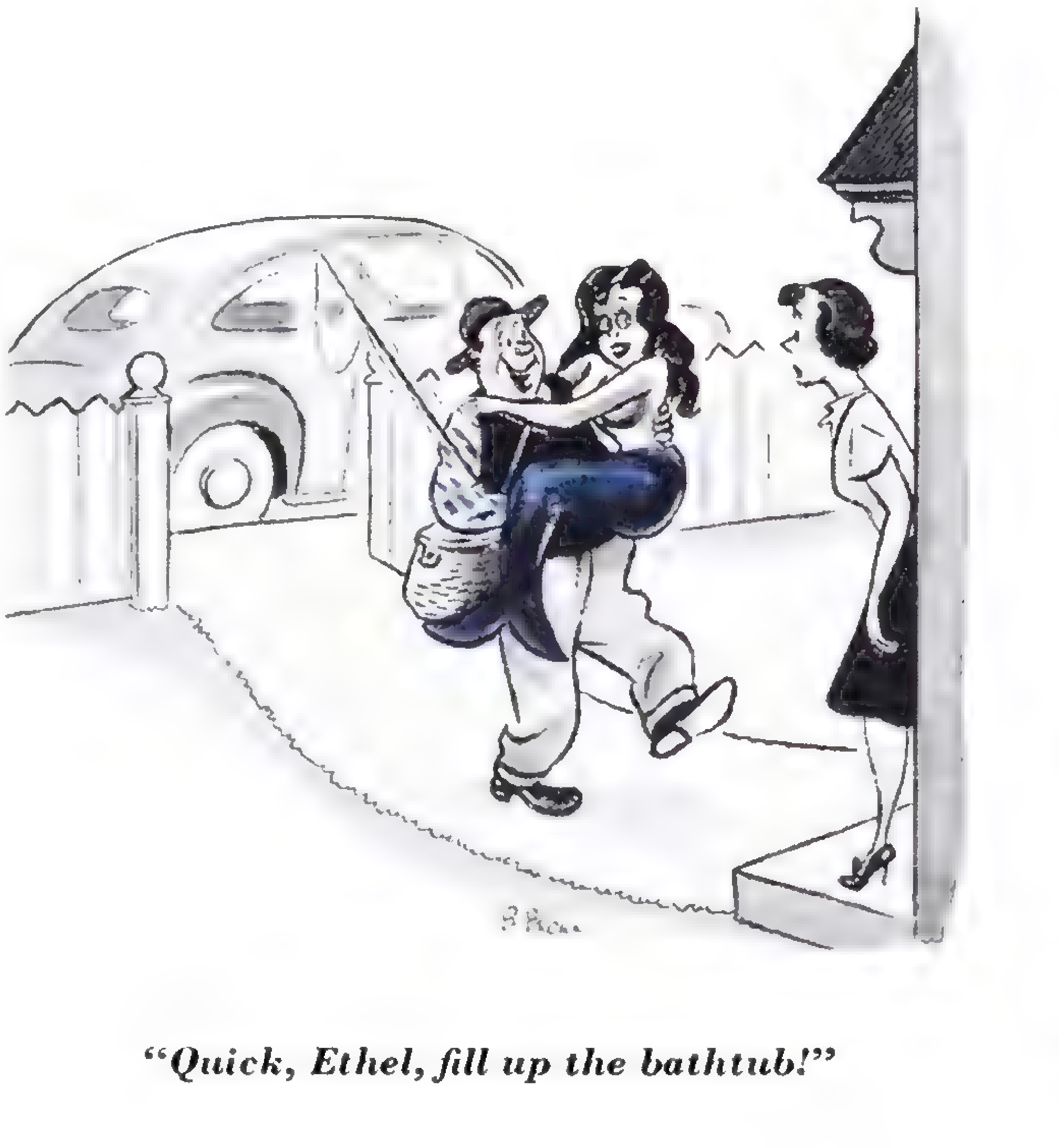
"Oh," my guy said. And his face turned the color of the ice cream that was making a little puddle on the floor in front of me.

"Well, its like this, darling," he began a bit uncertainly, "Joe here was showing me how to tie flies. And we needed some feathers. Honest, darling, I didn't know it was a new hat."

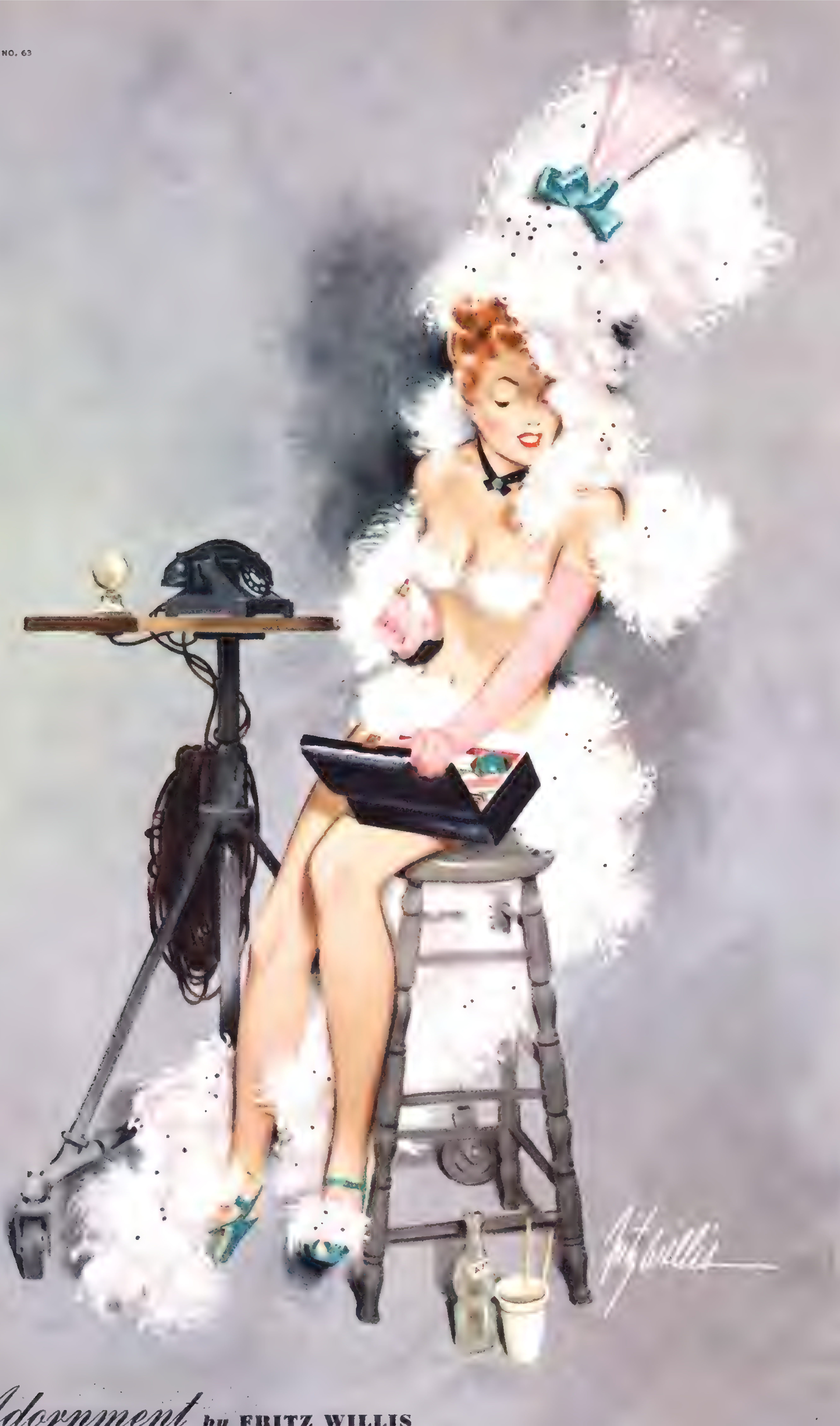
I couldn't stand it. I just turned with quiet dignity and left the room. And I decided a new hat was worth a good cry. Then I touched up my mascara and turned practical.

So they think they're going fishing! I thought. Well, it just so happens that I am in the mood for a cocktail party Sunday. I am going to invite seventy-five people, the seventy-fifth, naturally, being the stag line. And then I am going to have the darnedest cold all my frustrated Bernhardt instincts will manufacture. And I will lie quietly in bed and demand orange juice and pistachio ice cream at half-hour intervals. And my man will spend the time he is not waiting on me in hosting those people, or in telephoning them not to come.

Or I will go back into his room right now and push him and Joe down on the plunking dinger and the pet spoon respectively. Which I think is a better idea. After all, defeat isn't bitter if you don't swallow it. ⌗

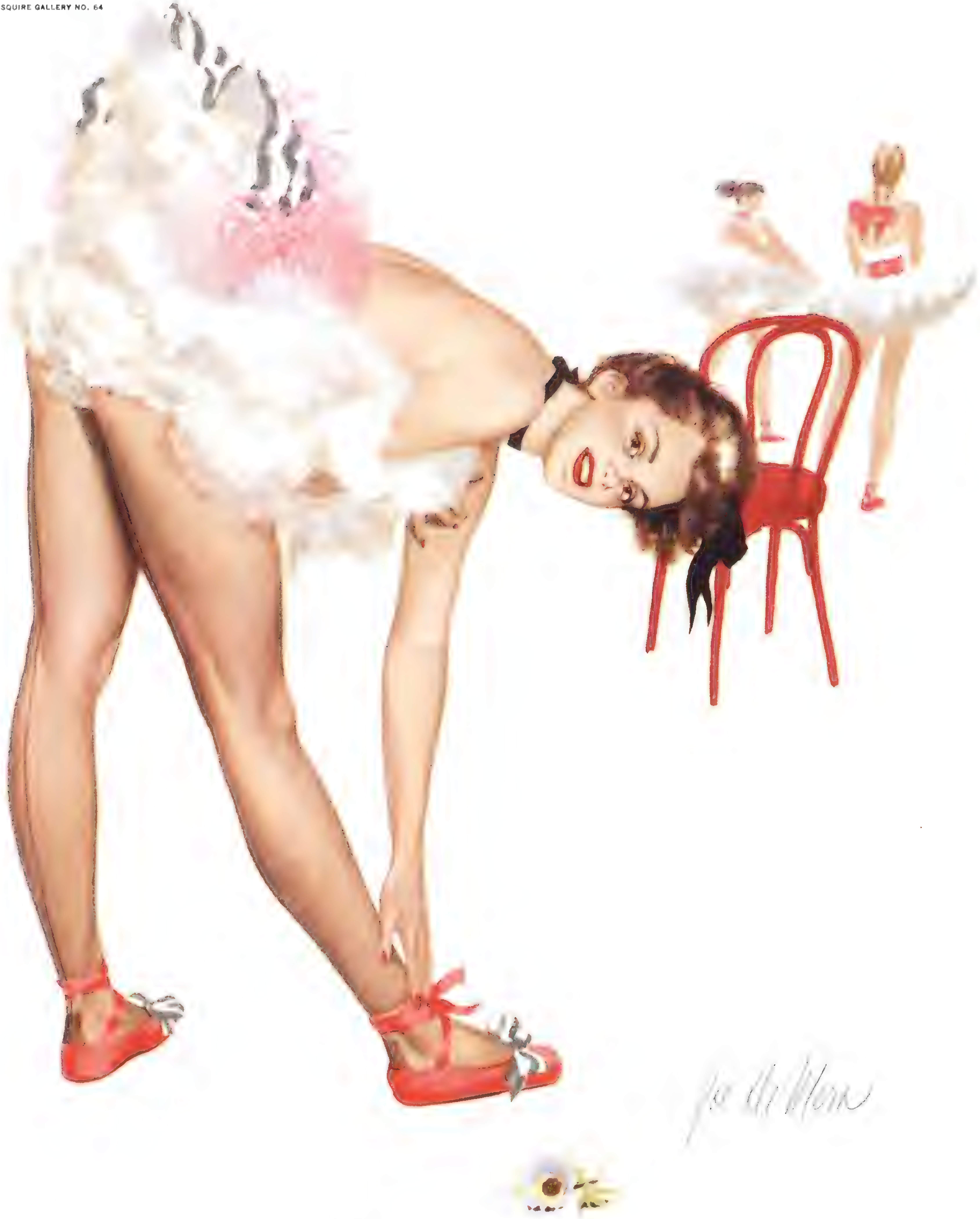


"Quick, Ethel, fill up the bathtub!"



Adornment by FRITZ WILLIS

Though paint and powder are woman's ageless handmaidens, the fundamental truth remains unsullied: there is little wonder these magicians can work unless the subject matter is worthy of the effort. Our present Esquire Girl is a pleasantly obvious case in point. As she goes calculatingly about her gliding, it is apparent the task at hand is superfluous; she would be as striking in face and figure were she to appear *au naturel*. Women, say women, adorn themselves to please men, but there are those among the latter who do not buy the argument. Even they, however, will happily confess that distaff specimens such as the above are among the rare blessings of which there can be no such thing as enough.



Ballerina by JOE DE MERS

To those for whom a complete bend from the hips is a tour de force, the sight of this lithesome dancer is striking for its limberness alone. Quite obviously, however, suppleness is not her only claim for masculine attention. Those ballerina limbs—a living and complete refutation of the superstition that dancing makes the muscles unlovely—would be sure to curry favor from even the drugstore and burlesque-emporium set. Were it known, there are undoubted thousands who stampede to the ballet (at four dollars per copy) not so much to hear the music, delight in the settings, or admire the Terpsichore, but rather to marvel at the physical perfection of the girls of the twirls.

Pistol-Packing Poker

Not recommended for friends or even enemies is this weird game in which the winner lives and the loser dies

by ALBERT PARRY

Our lads have brought back a curious assortment of games from World War II, but none is more curious—nor more deadly—than the so-called "Russian Roulette" or "Cossack Poker."

It is played with guns. The winner lives. The loser dies. It's as simple as that. The player puts a single bullet into the gun's cylinder, twirls the cylinder, stops it at random, then fires. He fires either at himself or at a fellow-player.

Thus in Chicago on the night of November 9, 1945, a 17-year-old Merchant Mariner named John Richardson took a friend's gun to demonstrate this trick, about which he had heard while serving with the United States merchant fleet in the Pacific.

"Russian Cossacks play it to prove their daring," he explained. "There are six chambers here, see. This means I have a five-to-one chance to win."

He inserted a cartridge, spun the cylinder until it stopped, then pressed the gun's muzzle to his temple and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. "See?" He was triumphant. He teased the fates again: twirled the cylinder the second time, repeating the demonstration. This time the gun clicked and exploded with a purpose. John Richardson fell dead. "An accident," a coroner's jury termed it when they met the next day.

Also in Chicago, but a year later, on December 19, 1946, one boy won and another lost as the two of them took turns playing the ghastly game. Michael Madzin, age 17, spun the "Russian Roulette" three times, and each time escaped the bullet of a .22 caliber target pistol. Then his friend Kenneth Krush, age 13, took the gun and shot himself dead in the fourth round. Again the authorities judged it an accident.

The reckless Russian stunt may be shocking news to the general run of Americans, but not to one special group of them—the Marines, among whom "Russian Poker" has been known for at least fifty years. Our leathernecks in Nicaragua used to play it on pitch-black nights in camp, with all the lights extinguished, and men sitting in a wide circle, taking quick puffs at their cigarettes in a rotation agreed upon beforehand, but unknown to the man whose turn it was to fire at his buddies. He was standing some distance off, shooting at the flickers of cigarettes. If he missed twice in succession, he relinquished the gun to the next man on the lot-drawn list, and took his place in the crazy circle.

Where did our Marines learn the Russian game? Most probably in China where they and Russian soldiers were on duty side by side early in this century. We find confirmation in *Undiplomatic Memories* by William Franklin Sands, an American diplomat who thus reminisced about his meetings with the Tsar's officers in the Far East:

"Many of these officers were men who had been exiled to garrison duty or other service in Siberia and the borderlands. Such games as hide-and-seek in a dark room, the players on one side and a blindfolded man with a revolver on the other, were common enough among officers to whom Siberia was as heavy an exile as it was to the convict for life. These officers really played the game, shooting at the sound of a voice or a bell, the bell holder, if he survived, taking the revolver in his turn."

"Herbert likes to rough it occasionally"

The game was born on another frontier of Russia more than a century ago. Originally it was lifted out of a work of fiction! At least its first occurrence was described in a short story written in the Caucasus in 1839 by a Russian officer, a poet and novelist of great power, who himself was shortly afterward killed in a duel. This was *The Fatalist*, by Mikhaïl Lermontov. Lermontov, incidentally, was a great admirer of Lord Byron and may well have got his own inspiration from the story of Edward Noel Long, Byron's roommate at Cambridge, as recorded by Byron:

"He told me that, the night before, he had taken up a pistol—not knowing or examining whether it was loaded or no—and had snapped it at his head, leaving it to chance whether it might or might not be charged."

Among the more original variations of the game, as I heard them in Russia, one was "a duel with a difference," namely: Two guns were placed before the opponents, one loaded, the other not. The two men had to choose—to take their chance with death, not knowing which was which.

Another version was called "The Wife Bet." This usually involved a marital triangle, the husband challenging his wife's lover to choose one of two guns, one loaded, the other blank. If the challenge was accepted, the two men tossed a coin for a priority. The loser had to be the chooser and user of the gun—on himself. If he drew a loaded gun and killed himself, officially he was a suicide, and the survivor inherited the lady. If he drew a blank, he won the woman. If the lucky gun-user happened to be the husband, the lover withdrew alive, but promised to keep away from the man's wife forever after. Usually (at least so ran the legend) he honored his promise.

What drives the Russians to do such daring things? Whence this extraordinary nerve? It may be argued that life in old Tsarist Russia was so wretched that death, though painful, was indeed a welcome exit. Anti-Soviet observers may similarly say that "Russian Poker" has of late come back to Russia because life under Stalin is so intolerable. Probably there is a certain amount of fatalism and of teasing one's fate in any Russian under any regime.

But every people is affected in some measure by a desire to tease one's fate through taking a silly chance or by plain passive fatalism. As we probe into the various known games with death, we may find many fanatics who would dare crazily or accept a dare. Recently there was a boy in California who tested his nerve and luck by standing in the path of an onrushing locomotive until the very last moment. He won many times, but finally lost—his legs.

There is many an American college crowd that dares its members to do impossible stunts in the same spirit as the Russians play their gun game.

Actually if we accept the Byronic influence on Mikhaïl Lermontov, it would seem that the game of "Cossack Poker" came originally from England. And was not the same trick learned by Russian seamen in old American ports? For in the Tsarist navy, unlike the Tsarist army, the game was called neither "Cossack Poker" nor "Russian Roulette" but "American Duel," if you please! ⧻

He was the biggest, smartest gator in the swamp, but he'd never been hunted at night

The Quest of the Old Conjur Tail

by JIM BUFORD

HENRY PITZ

THE big swamp nestled in all its quiet and awesome size, resting from the heat of a typical midsummer Southern day. Spasmodic breezes sighed through the tops of the long- and short-leaf pines, gasping on and off as though they were suffering from the heat. From the tin roof of a tumble-down Negro cabin in a distant field, heat waves shimmered and danced in tireless rhythm, while the semiparched "high ground" around the borders of the swamp gave forth with occasional "dust devils."

Far up the creek that wound a tortuous way through the swamp, under the highway, and on to the river, the Negroes could hear the weak noises of the "swamp folk." True to their poetic nature, they had a name for all the "swamp people," even to the big bull "gator" far up the stream. Many were the tales of this great gator's doings, of his terrible powers, of the way he "witched" those who displeased him. "Ole Conjur Tail," they called him, and truly, the name did fit.

Fully twelve feet long (so old that he seemed almost ageless), Conjur Tail was a specimen to strike terror into the heart. Almost as much at home on land as on and in the water, he had led an easy and prolific life. Although as a young gator he had undergone many narrow escapes, and although he had had a year of terror when the wearing of gator-skin shoes, gloves, handbags, and other ladies' apparel had been the rage, he had always escaped. True, he had watched many a one of his offspring fall prey to the spears, lights, nets and guns of the professional gator hunters, and had lost many a mate to the same snares, but he himself had never received a wound.

Ole Conjur Tail was resting now, as were the majority of the swamp people, from the midday heat. Far down under the bank of the creek, in a hole that bored a full forty feet into the mud, he stirred uneasily. Years of living and fighting a never-ending battle for survival had endowed him with a certain instinct, a subconscious warning that sprang into being at times of impending disaster. He had felt this way at the time the hunters had taken his last mate, this past spring. He had felt the same mental warning at the time the government had undertaken the draining of the big swamp. And he knew better than to ignore the warning now. Raising his big head, which measured a good three feet in length, he gave full vent to his feelings with the awesome roar of the bull gator at mating time.

Hunching his huge and ungainly body up onto the short, stubby legs, he switched his awkward way around in the huge den, and began his piglike waddle to the water edge. Slow at times when it suited his own lazy nature, the big gator could move with lightning rapidity when the occasion demanded it, the huge tail that could easily slice a man in two dragging along behind him and making a three-inch furrow in the mud as he walked.

Entering the water, the big creature stopped for a minute or two, taking great sobbing breaths of air before descending to the underwater entrance to the den. Emerging from his den, the gator slowed as he neared the top of his ten-foot ascent to the surface. He had learned to do this, after being shot at a number of times. Too many of the swampers were after the great hide, which would bring twice as much as those of the smaller gators. Slowly he raised the two knoblike eyes out of the water. Taking a good look around for possible danger and seeing none, he then raised the rest of his head onto the surface. Being possessed of a slightly concave snout, there was little to point to the presence of a gator on the surface of the water. Nature had been most kind in this matter. The nostrils of the animal were raised on knobs, as were the eyes, and when all three points were out of the water, allowing the animal to see as well as smell and breathe, there were only three small knots on the surface of the water, looking like nothing more than knots on some partially submerged log.

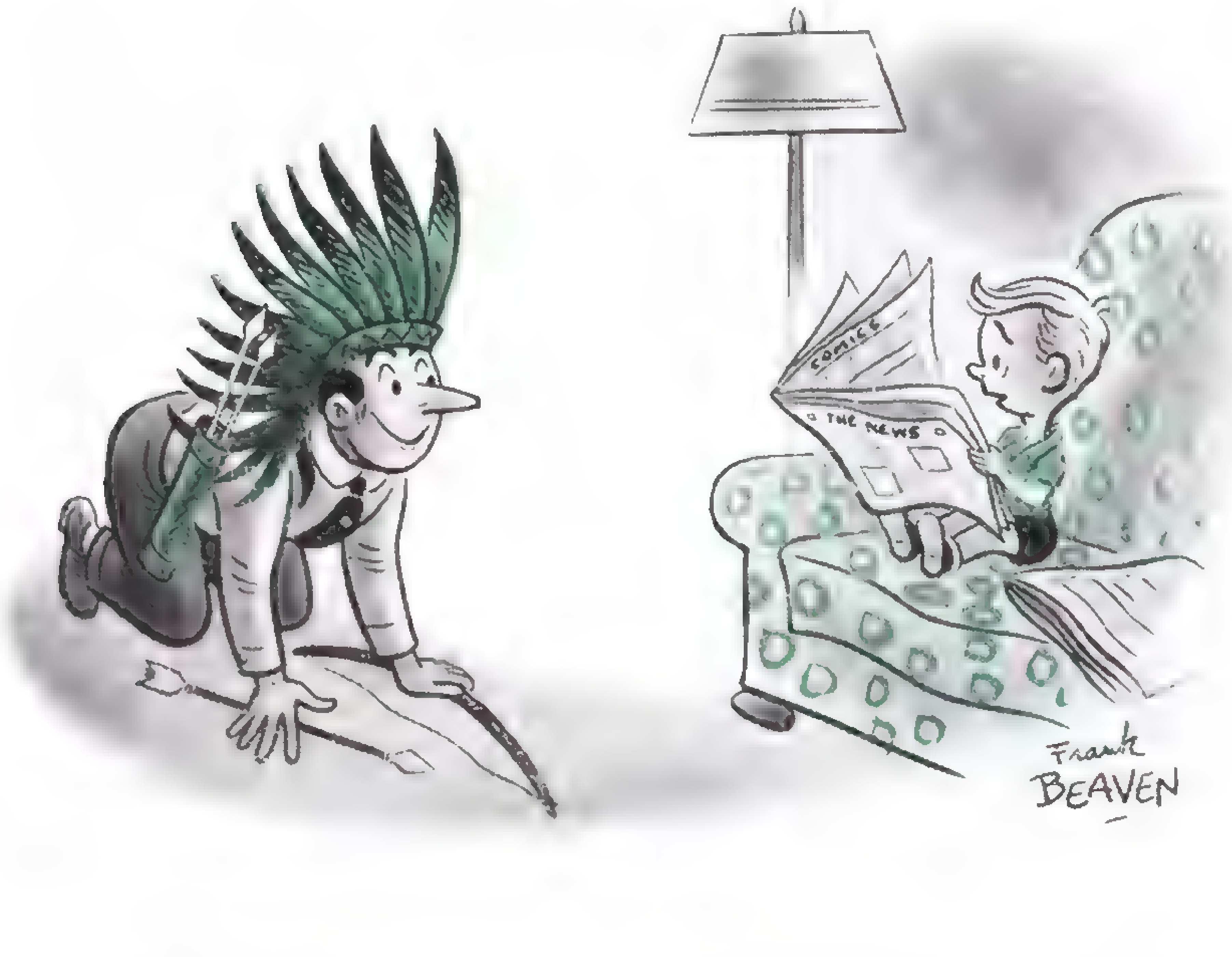
Finding all well, the big gator began his way across the stream to his favorite dust bath, which lay about thirty feet from the edge of the stream in a little clearing on a slight knoll. Surrounded by the freakish-looking knees of the swamp cypress, it afforded an excellent place for relaxation. The knobs prevented the stealthy approach of the hunters, while affording him protection as he wended his way to the water.

The feeling of uneasiness had still not left him; rather, it had grown steadily stronger as the minutes passed. Instinctively the big gator headed for the knoll, knowing that if trouble were to come he would be in an excellent position to begin his defense.

Climbing to the surface of the knoll, where a small, round and dusty clearing lay, the old gator settled in the dust, seemingly dead, lying absolutely motionless. His old body had begun to need the warmth of the sunlight for, as the years passed, increasing twinges of pain settled in various muscles. The warm sun and dry dust were an essential change from the damp den and the cold, black water.

Throughout the day the old bull kept his motionless vigil, moving nothing but his eyes, watching, waiting, listening to the stories that came from the interior of the swamp. He heard and knew the swift patter of the muskrat as it darted across a dry spot. In swift recognition, one after the other, the old bull tallied the cough of an old buck deer, the faint screech of an owl, the racking hoot of an old and bedraggled turkey gobbler searching for a mate who had gone on to younger and more pleasing males. Through all the sounds, the gator stayed motionless, waiting and listening, unable to still that uneasy fear that had hold of his heart. The day passed rapidly, the shadows lengthening throughout the swamp, and the bullfrogs began their nightly symphony, taking up the tune in follow-me fashion, one after another.

Far out from the knoll where Ole Conjur Tail rested, at the junction of the state highway and the creek that drained the swamp, much activity was taking place. Several Negroes were engaged in unloading a car and loading a long, roughly built skiff with the supplies necessary for their venture.



"Not tonight, Dad—I had a tough day in kindergarten!"

Tonight they were after Ole Conjur Tail, in defiance of all the tales told of his powers. A large taxidermy firm had orders for such an animal as the great gator, and had offered an unheard-of price for the hide—enough, in fact, to support several families of Delta Negroes for a year or more. And so, spurred on by the offer of a year of leisure in return for a night's work, they had undertaken the task of bringing in the great beast. There were five of the Negroes, one a youngster of about fourteen.

The obvious leader of the bunch was a great yellow Negro, fully six feet in height, which marked him as unusual because one seldom saw a yellow "Geechee." The Geechee Negro, so called because the original boatload of slaves were deposited on plantations around the Ogeechee River in Georgia, from whence they spread over the South, was marked by his deep black color, unusual size, and ability to take tremendous work punishment, thriving on hours of labor that would have killed a lesser man. Proud of their particular breed and upbringing, they usually cast out of their clan any yellow or otherwise tinged Negro. They had the belief that light color showed weakness and was an infallible result of mixed blood. With this, they would have nothing to do, and often, if the offender was not removed from their midst, or did not of his own accord depart, they would handle the matter alone. Any disappearence of a yellow Negro, right or wrong, led to belief that the Geechees had dropped him or her somewhere in the deep swamp, slit open, belly loaded with rocks so as to forever keep the body out of sight.

Bob Galliman

"George Appleby, you're not bad-looking"

The big yellow Negro, addressed as "Handy" by the rest of the party, seemed to know just exactly what he was after, and how to go about getting it. The other Negroes, two of whom were building a fire on the bank of the creek while the others finished the preparation of the boat, consisted of "Clay," short, dirty, with a knife-slash running across his face and dressed in overalls and sweat shirt; "Beck," who was coal black and walked with a limp; "Big Boy," whose name fitted due to his size around his stomach, rather than his stature, and the young boy, known and addressed only as "Peewee."

"Clay," the big yellow Negro spoke. "You and Beck and Peewee stay h'yar an' keep a big fire agoin' so's we kin fine our way out'n the swamp."

The rest of the Negroes eyed the big man, stopping and waiting for his orders. He continued: "Me'n Big Boy's gwine on up the crick aftuh Ole Conjur. Y'all keep a good watchout now, kase if'n we gets intuh trubble, we lible tuh holler f'r help, and we don' want no waitin' roun'."

Big Boy, already down by the boat, laughed. "If'n we yells f'r he'p, they better not be no waitin' roun', lessn they ain't a comin' atall." He chuckled again as he entered the skiff. "I ain sho I wanta go after that bigun, ennyhow." They all laughed at that, and turned to their tasks.

Handy walked on down to the boat as the rest of the party began gathering more wood, laying out skinning knives, and settling things around the camp. Placing the big "Long Tom" gun butt down on the floor of the skiff, he stepped in carefully, and took his seat. Arranging the yellow miner's lamp he wore on his cap, he checked his supply of carbide, felt for the shells to his big old twelve-gauge single shotgun, and finding all well, told Big Boy to "Shuv off."

The long skiff was now entering the first curve beyond the fire. Big Boy, quiet and thoughtful, paddled to the tune of some dark and gloomy field-hand chant. In the front of the boat Handy sat with gun across his knee, directing the yellow beam from his light back and forth across the creek. Along the banks he could see the white throats of the swamp bullfrogs as they sat in water to their necks, calling out in grumpy voices to their mates across the stream. Once in a while could be seen the flash of a reddish snake as it flashed behind a stump or log, frightened by the unusual glare of the carbide lamp, while from somewhere out in the swamp came the quick "Who-who-unhwhoooooah," of a great horned owl.

Handy sat impassive, in the front of the boat, watching and listening. He knew that he would have to depend on the roar of the great bull to lead him into his den, for no one knew the location. He knew too that sooner or later it would come. This was the summer season, and the night was sticky and damp. It was the kind of night that made the great bulls sound their gruff and wicked complaint echoing back and forth across the lonely night-ridden swamp.

Suddenly he turned to Big Boy, who had been singing in a low and mournful tone, with a sharp "Shhhhhhhhh. Ain't that him?" Again he asked in a deep whisper. "Ain't that the Big Feller, off there to the right?"

Big Boy stopped paddling and listened. From far back in the swamp, off to the right of them, came the dull, thunderous "gruuuuuuuuuuuuuuuumph, gruuuuuuuuuuuuumph," of a bull gator.

"That him," said Big Boy excitedly. "Sho nuff, that him."

He began paddling faster now, silent, his rapidly flashing paddle moving back and forth.

"How we gonna get way over there?" Big Boy asked at last. "Crick don' go over that far, an we sho cain't walk. Leastwise, this one Nigger what ain't gonna walk over there after that there animule." He paddled on, waiting for an answer. If there was a way, Handy'd know, for he had never left the swamp, being born and raised on its borders.

After a while, Handy spoke. "I jus been thinkin," he said. "You member that place off the crick what we used ter call Magnolia Biyo?"

Big Boy grunted, trying to remember. "Seems lak I does."

"Well, we kin go on down the crick to the biyo, turn back, an work up the slough," Handy said. "Souns lak to me he's back up that same slough. Bet he got a hole in there whar he ain never lef'." "Boy, you's right," grinned Big Boy. "What we waitin' on? Les' go."

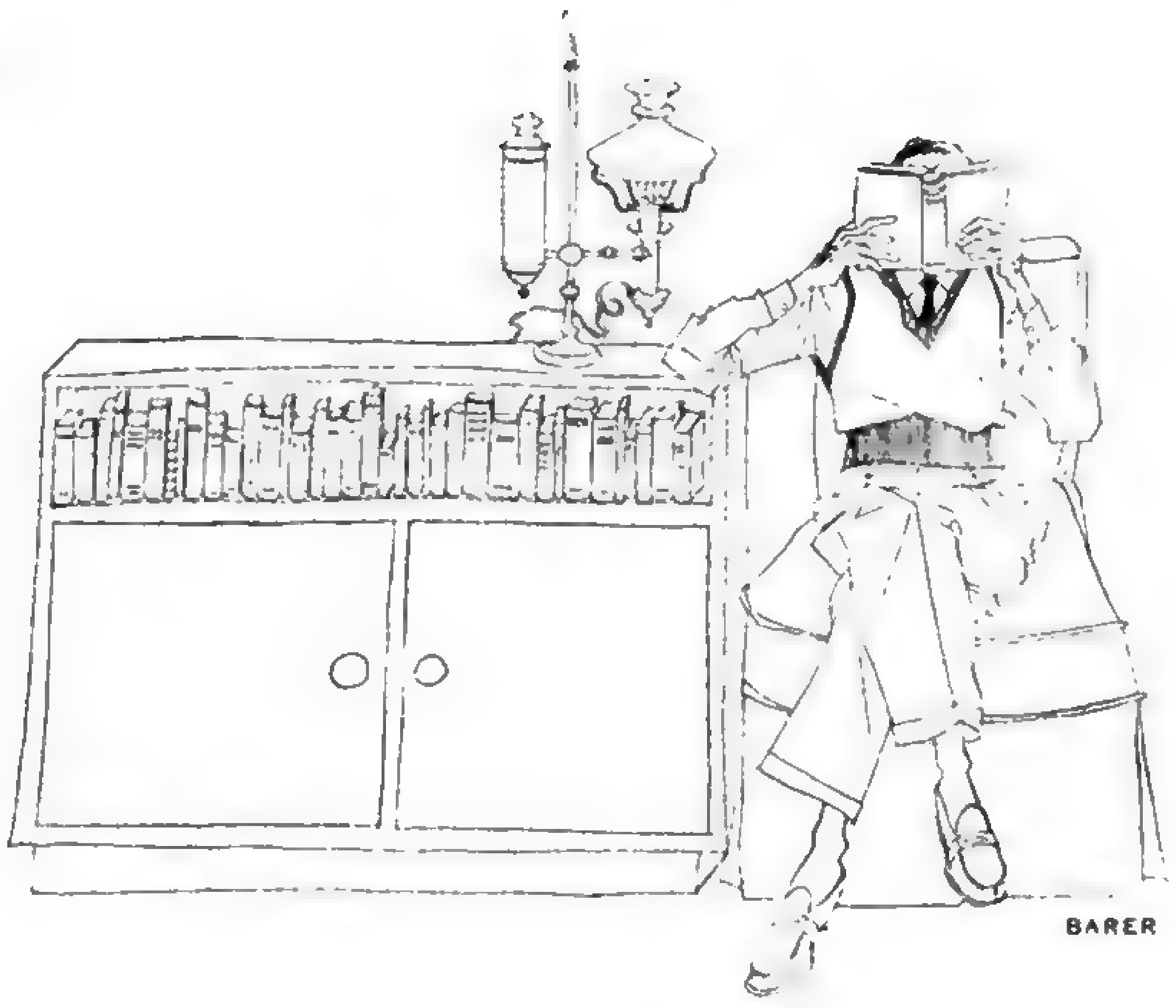
Suiting his actions to his words, the fat little Negro began pushing the skiff along with long, powerful and skillful strokes.

As the craft bearing the two men sped on down the stream, the big Negro in the front kept playing his light from side to side, so that the paddler could gauge his distance from bank to bank and thus stay in the center of the stream, clear of snags and overhanging tree limbs, upon which lurked poisonous water moccasins and other snakes. The light played on the numerous water lilies and hyacinths, floating lazily with the current. Once they passed an old and wise raccoon, perched halfway up a tree; again, they caught a glimpse of a fox, in the swamp after water. Twice they saw the white flag of frightened deer as they bounded away from the light, and from every side came the endless music of the swamp at night: The singing of "skeeters," the faroff howl of a hunting dog, the mysterious crackle of trees and branches that marked the passing of some creature of the night.

The two men did little talking. This was a serious business they faced. After all, if they were lucky, they'd come from the swamp with a truly big and worth-while prize. If they were not lucky, well, who knew? Anyhow, hadn't they fortified themselves? A visit to the Witchy Woman had almost assured them of success. They each had a rabbit's foot, from a rabbit killed in the dark of the moon and the rest of the body buried in their yards. This was to assure their return, for the foot would always pull to its body, no matter where it was. And they had both purchased a "conjur" bag, filled with the comb of a rooster, a whisker from a black cat, the ashes of a piece of wood burned on their own hearth. They couldn't fail, the Witchy Woman had said so. Too, they had bought the best "conjurs" she had, fifty cents each they were, and the Witchy Woman had guaranteed success.

Slowly, Handy played the light in front of the boat. Far ahead, just within reach of the feeble yellow glow of the light, he saw an opening off to the right of the stream. Turning to Big Boy, he said, "This is it," with a half-questioning tone to his voice. Big Boy stopped paddling for a second. "Throw your light to the front so I kin see," he directed. Leaning slight- (*Continued on page 130*)

My Own Five-Foot Shelf



Unintimidated by the Gargantuan task, our critic selects his own list of the Fifty Indispensable Books for Our Times

by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

When I was one-and-twenty I heard a wise man say that any library, private or public, should have as its basis the One Hundred Great Books. Having evaded a formal education, I was determined to acquire culture—especially if I could pick it up painlessly—and so, aided by a sympathetic librarian, I discovered Sir John Lubbock's *The Pleasures of Life.* Written in 1887, this book was one of the earliest, perhaps the first, to select the imperative "Hundred Best Books" of all time.

I studied the list and swallowed hard. There were a few novels—Lytton's lurid *Last Days of Pompeii* was smuggled between Dickens' *David Copperfield* and George Eliot's *Adam Bede*—and a scattering of fairly familiar essays and poems enlivened the list. But most of the titles were ponderously intimidating; more than half of the list was devoted to such works as Wake's *The Genuine Epistle of the Apostolic Fathers*, Comte's *Catechism of Positive Philosophy*, Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, Keble's *Christian Year*, Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, Descartes' *Discourse on Method*, Spinoza's *Theological Political Treatise*, Firdusi's *Shah-nameh*, Hesiod's *Poems*, and, in the midst of a dozen other esoteric examinations, Smiles' *Self-Help*, an inclusion which seemed an ironic necessity. Well, I thought, perhaps I'm a little young for the classics. I'll wait until I'm thirty.

At thirty I began revising the Essential Hundred. I eliminated Berkeley and added Bacon, crossed off Humboldt and put down Heine. But, although I bought most of the hundred, I rarely took them down from their formidable shelves. Forty, not thirty, is a good age for solid reading, said I. But at forty I was too busy writing to read. I determined to postpone being erudite until I was fifty. Then I would retire, lock myself in my study, and absorb the wisdom of the ages. But, alas, now that I'm sixty, I know I shall do no such thing. To reverse the favorite formula, every time an old book is reprinted I read a new one.

There are, I maintain, several excellent reasons for spending so little time with the Great Classics we so dutifully purchase. For one thing, we live in the crowded present, not in remote antiquity. We are, of course, conscious of our debt to the past. But we would have to study an entire lifetime to master the "required readings" from a single volume by Archimedes, Hippocrates, or Plotinus. Besides, a knowledge of ancient learning is not enough. If the new scholiasts had their way, we would be insufferable savants. The catalogue of St. John's College in Annapolis claims that "the real and ultimate teachers are the authors of some hundred of the greatest books of European and American thought." The St. John's list, continually quoted as a model of "humanist" education, contains little fiction and makes practically no concessions to the reader prodded by the modern world and pressed by time. Instead, it stresses a series of books the study of which calls for expert guidance and years of prior training, and offers scarcely any relaxation. It frowns on entertainment with an array of masterpieces bristling with such subjects as Aristarchus' *On the Sizes and Distances of the Sun and Moon*, Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian War*, Apollonius' *Conics*, Ptolemy's *Almagest*, Justinian's *Institutes*, Grosseteste's *On Light*, and Bonaventura's *On the Reduction of the Arts to Theology*—all these by way of a beginning!

Such lists may include the Great Books of All Time, but most of them are the great books I shall never read—or need. Partly for my own gratification, partly for the instruction of my three sons, I have made my own list of the Fifty Indispensable Books for Our Times. It is a highly personal list, some of it with no more authority than my own perverse taste. Nor is it final. The note of finality was sounded by G. K. Chesterton when he was asked to choose the one all-important, all-purpose book for the traditional desert island. Most of the contributors to the symposium had wavered between the Bible and the Works of Shakespeare. But Chesterton, that paradoxical logician, differed. "If," said he, "I could have only one volume on a desert island, that book would be *How to Build a Boat.*"

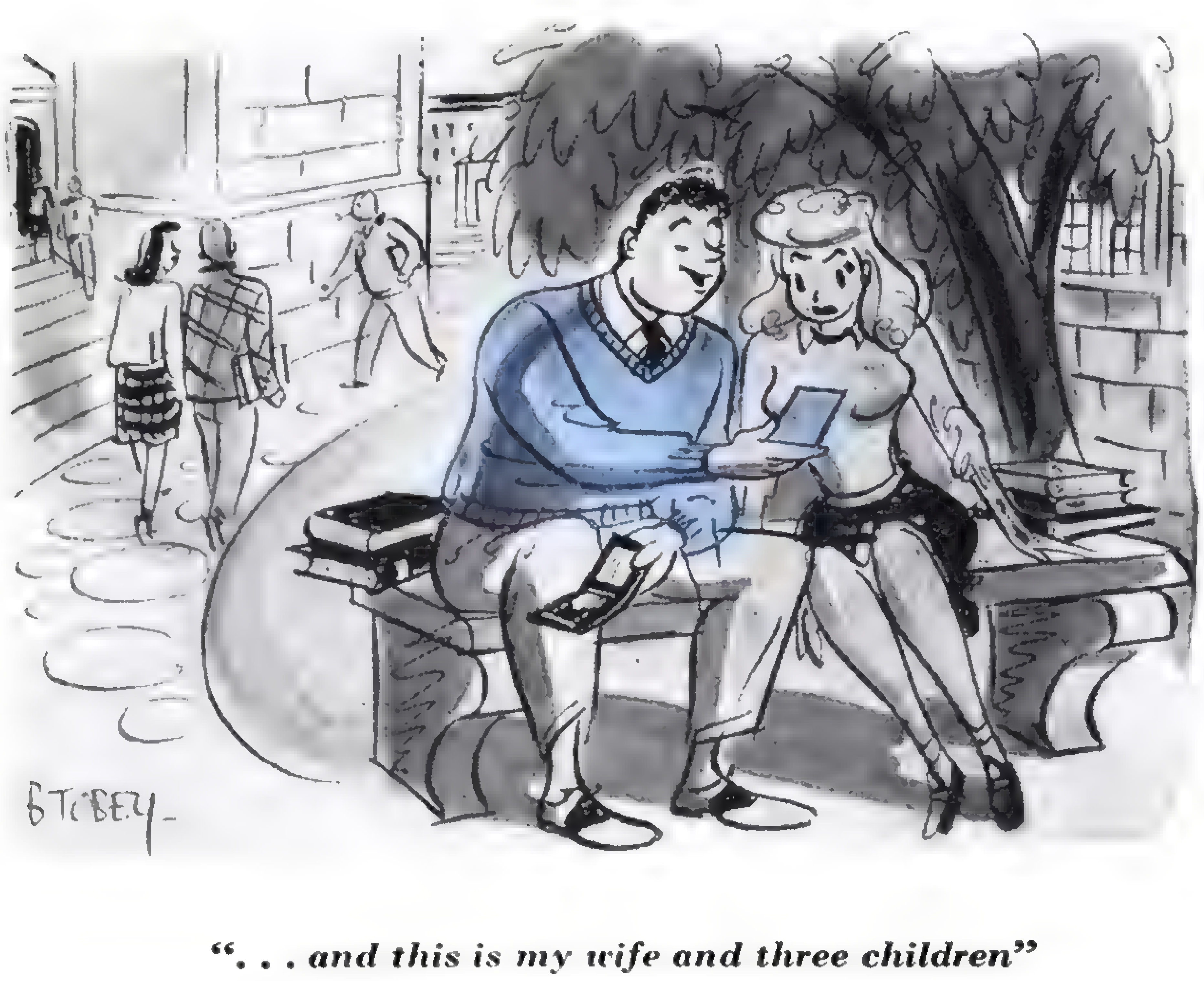
Since most of us will not be castaways, the following list is less immediately practical. But it is, I maintain, necessary for the man—and even for the woman—of our day; and if many of the books are entertaining and even exciting, they are not less valuable for being readable.

To begin with, let us eliminate the Bible and Shakespeare; or, rather, let us concede that every reader possesses (and presumably reads) the Bible, that timeless anthology containing histories, legends, laws, drama, prophecies, precepts, preachments, revelations, and the greatest love poem ever written. And let us grant a fair acquaintance with the immortal Bard, if only through a memory of the classroom and the motion pictures. With a few exceptions, the list that follows is modern—modern in the sense that most of it is contemporary and the rest furnishes a background for our times. The categories are elastic and the entire list is subject to controversy. I am no dogmatic arbiter; but these books have helped me understand not only my period but myself.

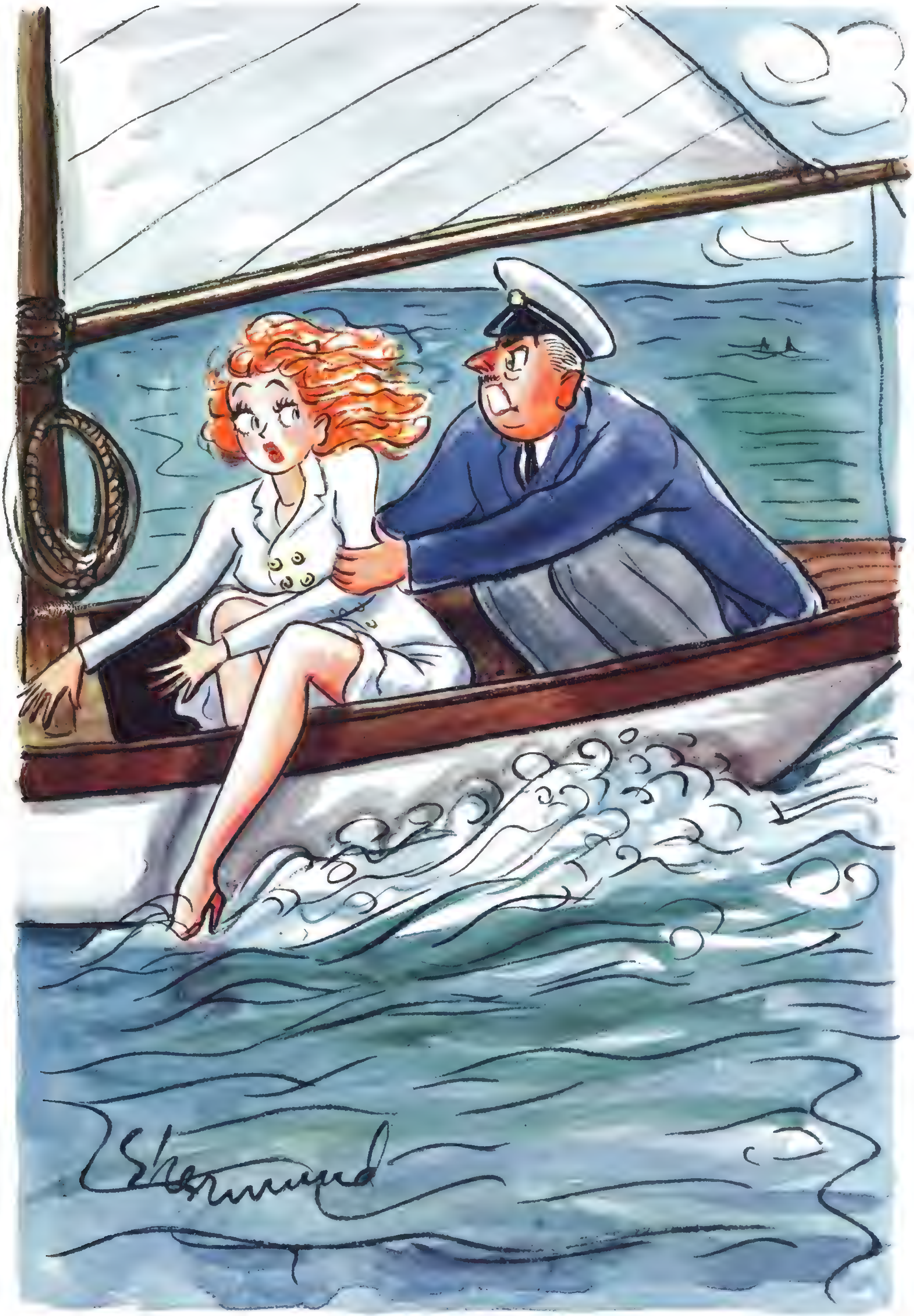
I start off with fiction, chiefly because it offers the reader the pleasure of direct action, of identifying himself with a set of different and often extraordinary characters and their activities, thus giving him the opportunity to lead vicariously a life more intense than his own.

Fiction: American

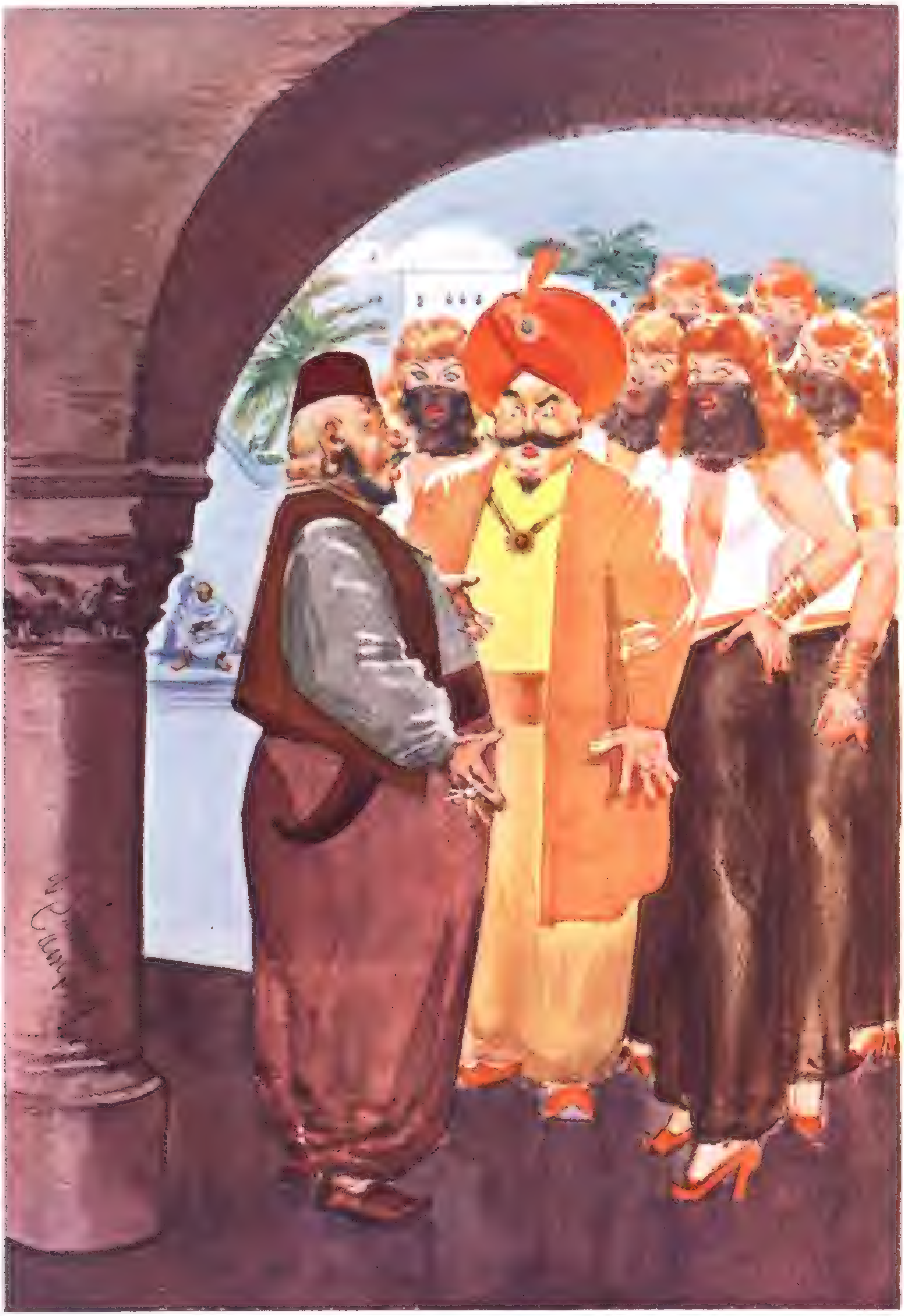
1. *Moby Dick*, by Herman Melville. It is generally conceded that *Moby Dick* is the greatest novel to come out of this country. It is American in background, universal in scope, a work as wide as the world. It is an heroic epic which is also a parable, a violent adventure in which the elements are actors. This mighty fable unfolds on many levels; a modern myth, it is not only a prolonged act of revenge but a pro- (*Continued on page 120*)



". . . and this is my wife and three children"



"What is this, Miss Cordway—mutiny?"



"Why did you bring your harem with you—I thought we were going out to have some fun?"

FAULKNER

Hollywood's house cleaning now continues apace, as some excellent new films prove

The Muse Discards Her Mask

by JACK MOFFITT

These words are written from a Hollywood in turmoil. Magazine correspondents are alighting from every train to probe allegedly Communistic activities in the movie capital. The Federal Bureau of Investigation is said to have so many agents planted in the Actors' Laboratory that audiences aren't quite sure whether they're applauding J. Edgar Hoover or J. Edward Bromberg. *The People's Daily World* (the West Coast Communist newspaper) has announced Metro's forthcoming production of *The Red Danube* and has proceeded to pan the script that has not been written yet. Warner Brothers, Columbia and Twentieth Century-Fox are locked in mortal combat. All three studios claim exclusive right to the title *The Iron Curtain*, which each intends to use as the title for a film exposing subversive Red activities in the United States. Regardless of who gets the title, Fox' Darryl Zanuck seems to have established priority on the right to make a documentary based on the Canadian espionage trials. Andrew Stone, an independent producer, is preparing a script on *Soviet Spies* based on the revelation of Gauzenko. Warner's crack producer, Jerry Wald, has started preparation on *Up Until Now*, an exciting story that will show the fight of an American family to escape domination by Communism, Fascism, Columbianism, Ku Kluxism and all the other "Isms." At the moment, even Communists are writing anti-Communist pictures.

One highly touted exposé is being penned by a writer who has a Party Membership card in his pocket. It is the technique of the Comrades to join all revolts against themselves. This gives them the opportunity for obstructionist tactics by which they sabotage the opposition. The demands of the democrats become lost in the quibblings of the quislings.

But this time I don't believe the trick will work. A congressional investigation is headed toward Hollywood. By the time it gets there, I believe the movie industry will have its house in order. The investigators will find the producers eager to co-operate in the exposure of those by whom they have been duped.

There is increasing evidence of Hollywood's good faith. When it was proposed to export such films as *The Public Enemy* and *The Grapes of Wrath* on the grounds that these would be a lesson in how Americans are willing to face the truth about themselves, Hollywood was prompt to recognize in this rather naïve idea a perfect chance for shrewd and deliberate misuse of the pictures abroad. Jack Warner, whose slogan is "Combining Good Picture Making with Good Citizenship," has forbidden the reissue of *The Public Enemy* and all other Warner pictures that could be used as propaganda to circumvent the foreign policy of the United States. *Little Caesar* and *I Am a Fugitive* are among those withdrawn from circulation.

These pictures were produced, Mr. Warner points out, not to indict democracy but to correct its faults. The Warner gangster pictures were made to arouse public indignation against organized crime. *I Am a Fugitive* was screened to correct a notorious miscarriage of justice. In both instances, Warner's used a free and democratic screen to fight for better democracy. In both instances they succeeded. Now, with vigilance and integrity, the studio refuses to let these pictures be used for the purpose of misrepresenting current conditions.

Unfortunately, prints of *The Grapes of Wrath* already are being circulated in a number of the countries we hope to save. It is impossible to recall all of them. Darryl Zanuck, in a recent interview, said he'd been told by foreign correspondents that this film had been "doctored" by Communist subtitles that transform it from a study of a specific problem into a blanket indictment of American democracy. This device can translate the most innocuous musical into anti-American propaganda. Because of this, Mr. Zanuck says no Fox picture will be exported to any country where there is the danger of Communist editing.

Hollywood was not always so vigilant. Some time ago, Eric Johnston, the head of the Motion Picture Producers Association, told an astonished congressional committee that no Communism had been infiltrated into American films. Even Hollywood was a bit surprised at that. Mr. Johnston is paid $150,000 a year by the movies and I suppose, for that kind of money, he couldn't be expected to sit through them. However, his statements seemed at variance with those of the Communists.

"Marxism will be the interpretive guide; the raw material will be the facts of life," wrote screen writer Albert Maltz, when discussing the movies and other arts in the *New Masses* on April 9, 1946. Another *New Masses* contributor, William Z. Foster, National Chairman of the Communist Party, wrote as follows on April 23:

> "It would be as foolish for artists to refuse to work for bourgeois cultural organizations as it would be for workers to declare a permanent strike against the capitalist industries. But this

(*Continued on page 112*)

FRAKER

Bombshell from Brooklyn: Olga San Juan

Latest in the American tradition of Latins out of Manhattan or thereabouts, Olga San Juan recently established herself for years to come with a fine performance in Paramount's Blue Skies. *Blessed with natural poise, the cute little Puerto Rican from Brooklyn more than held her own in her dance numbers with Astaire and vocals with Crosby. Olga is twenty years old as of now, yet she brought to Hollywood a solid background of night-club work, including a stint at New York's Copacabana, where she wowed the critics with her medley of sambas, boleros and Afro-Cubano routines. After an apprenticeship in movie featurettes, she got a break with Ginger Rogers in* Lady in the Dark. *Coming up is her first full starring role, in* Variety Girl, *a musical in which she surprises by neither singing nor dancing.*

The Girl with the Dimpled Knees

Ann Pennington stopped the show as old-timers gaped from the wings

This is a picture of a night in New York almost thirty years ago and of a little girl with dimples on her knees. Her name was Ann Pennington. She came from across the river in New Jersey and she danced. Not very well either. But about her was that priceless something that was different, and you see her in the picture dancing in the 1918 Ziegfeld *Follies* before all the sugar daddies and great ladies of the Big Town.

Penny had a figure to start you puckering up your lips to whistle, those famous dimpled knees and the fresh kind of face the best-looking girl on your block used to have. There were better-looking girls, but none of them that did things to the people that she did. Ask your old man, Junior, if you don't believe it. She had dimples on her knees and she was America's number-one pin-up before anyone knew what a pin-up was.

What made her unique and above all the rest was that magic indescribable thing that touches even Broadway only once in a very great while. W. C. Fields had it. Bert Williams had it. Al Jolson has it. And Penny had it. Nobody's ever been able to put it into words. But when you're in its presence you know it instinctively.

When Ann Pennington danced, even the girls in the line who knew ten routines to her one simple little number used to stand in the wings to watch. You could feel that thing wash out over the bald-headed row in the eight-dollar seats clear up to the last row of the last balcony where the guys sat who lunched on peanuts for a week in order to snag that ducat in the outfield. But even up there you felt it, and it was worth it.

The first time Penny danced for the paying customers was in a little town in upstate New York called Aston. She was nineteen years old then, and it was a long time ago. She was not very graceful, but even then the magic was there.

It's something you don't have to tell people. It's like Jolson singing *Mammy*. The magic hits them and they know it. They knew it that first night about Penny.

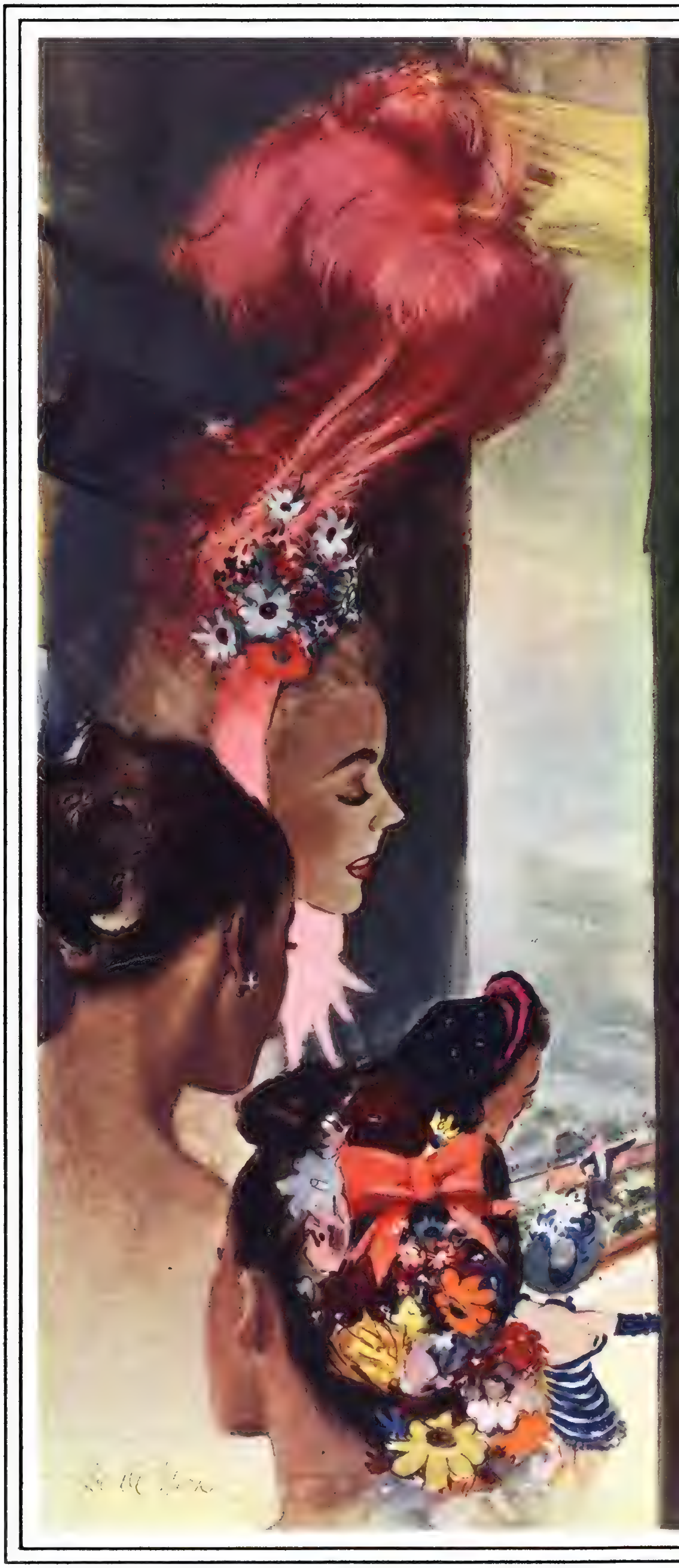
Subsequently she was a headliner on the road from coast to coast, playing on the same bill with the temperamental redhead, Eva Tanguay, and a not-so-hot violinist named Benny. Inevitably Flo Ziegfeld heard about her.

Ziggy was a man who knew a good thing when he saw it—especially if it had dimpled knees. For the next five years, from 1913 to 1918, Penny was the toast of the Big Street. From that first hot June night in 1913 when she opened at the New Amsterdam, New York was a sucker for the little girl from Camden.

But the year the boys remember best is 1918. There was no Esquire then and no Hollywood glamour girls peering at you from the silver screen seven times as big as life. But that year there was Penny—Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable and Lana Turner all wrapped up in one spangled skirt—and even your old man way up there in the last row of the balcony felt like she was dancing only for him.

Maybe her dance wasn't so good. It didn't really matter. Not so long ago she came back to Manhattan to Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe along with some other old-timers. Her dancing hadn't improved a bit and she was several years older.

But when she went on, there was that sudden breathless hush again. Penny was still Penny. ###



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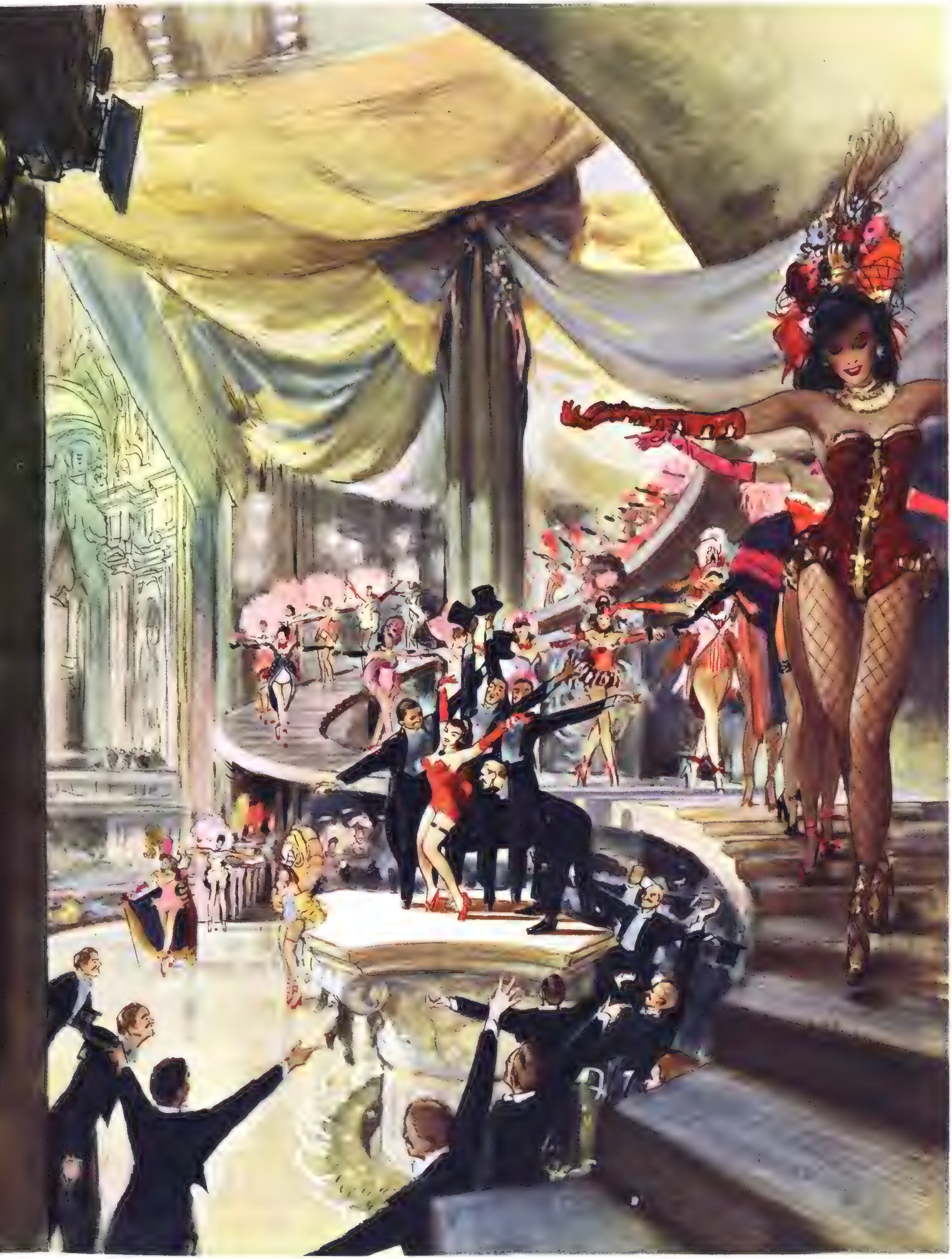


PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY JOE DE MERS

My Dream and Annie's

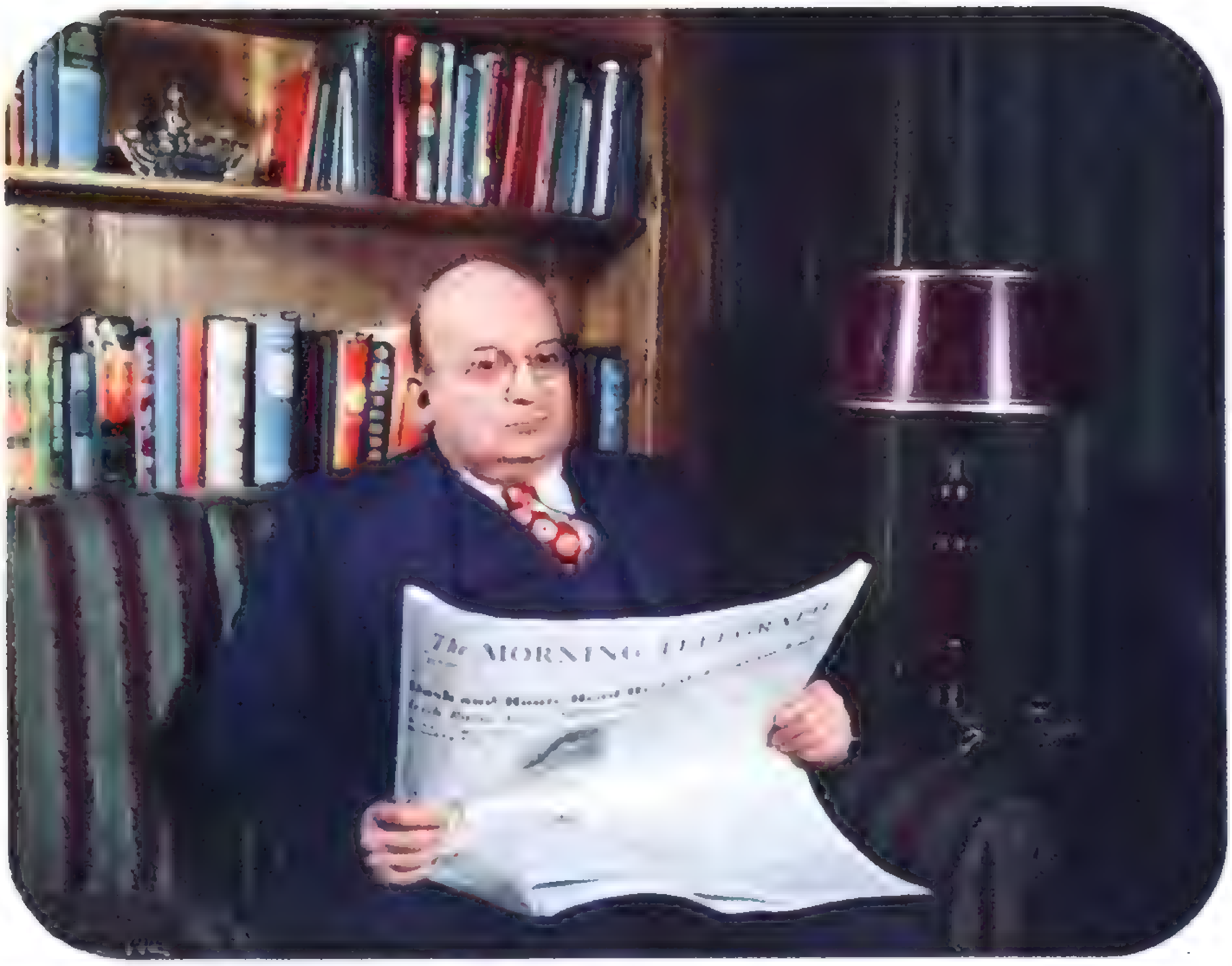
HANSEN

The *American Racing Manual* evokes some offtrack discoveries about stake horses, their records, their pedigrees and romance

by A. J. LIEBLING

It is a continuing marvel to me that nobody has yet written a first-rate novel about the American racing world. George Moore in England made horse racing a moving lever of his fine *Esther Waters*, but he wrote less about the racing world itself than about its effect on little people on the outer rim—Esther and her husband William, the footman turned illegal bookmaker. Nevertheless there is more of the feel of horse racing in it than in all the slick stories that Damon Runyon and his predecessor in the specialty, Charles Van Loan, ever turned out about it, or in the accumulated fifty million miles of film manufactured in Hollywood since it began in which the chief characters are a man, a horse and a girl.

The race track is the only large milieu where the public expression of avarice is unabashed. Everybody in the grandstand, on the lawn or clustered about the paddock is out to do himself some material good by winning a bet; nobody pretends that he is looking for a live one in order to increase employment or improve his fellow citizens' internal secretions, or even to demonstrate that the free-enterprise system is superior to socialism. It is a world with its motivation exposed, like an ant house with a glass side. Evidently the free ventilation of emotion is healthy, for even a newspaper publisher or utility company president looks happier at the track, frankly scrambling for a buck, than in the more inhibited world outside where he must insist he's not primarily interested in money.



GLANTZ

Personal Appearance: A. J. Liebling

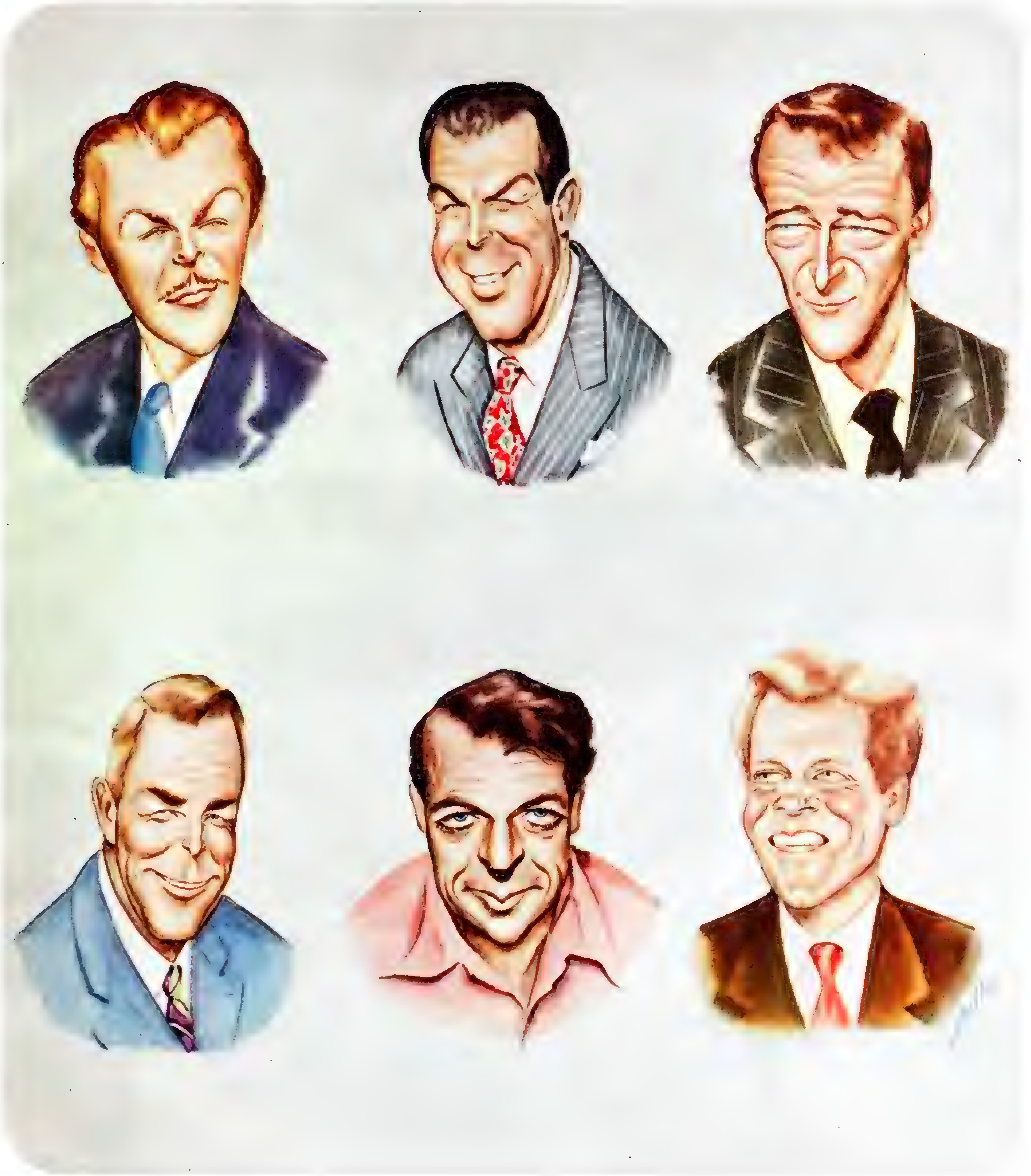
Visitors to New York from France, like the Mayor of St. Lô, frequently phone the ex-war correspondent, Joe (A.J.) Liebling, and ask for his personally conducted tour of the city, which favors Third Avenue bistros and Sammy's Bowery Follies over Grant's Tomb. This is hard on Joe's feet, worn from twenty years of strenuous reporting, but much easier, he feels, than forty-minute stand-up literary discussions with New Rochelle matrons at a formal party. A "writer's writer," he nevertheless owns a feeling for ordinary mortals that shows clearly in his singular comments on literature for Esquire as well as his uninhibited notes on "The Wayward Press" for The New Yorker. *The feeling is reciprocated. Joe likes sports, among which he includes eating. And when he eats steak, he eats two steaks.*

To outsiders the plunge into this environment, where at least one passion, though not the prettiest, can be freely expressed, offers a surcease from the troubles of ordinary life. Some faces at the track look as if their owners had removed their tight shoes and unslung their braces at the turnstile; they are the faces that, away from the track, their owners wear only in bed or in the bathroom. Heywood Broun, in the days when he was at war with himself and Scripps-Howard, harried by critics of his eleventh-hour conversion to Catholicism and sniped at by editors who cut chunks out of his syndicated column or suppressed it altogether, found some of the same peace in withdrawal from the world to the clubhouse at Saratoga that I suppose he sought more consciously on his knees.

There are tens of thousands of people who live by racing exclusively, however: horse players with no other trade, touts, bookmakers, handicappers, trainers, jockeys, stable help, gyp owners and small breeders, and all the minor fry of mutuel clerks, special cops, hot-dog sellers and washroom attendants who live in expectation of "hearing something" and winning a bet. For them the race track itself is a scale model of the competitive world outside, a merciless, compulsive microcosm offering triumphs and defeats that are analogous to those without the gates but have no direct connection with them. For them there is no escape. Their vicissitudes should be considerably easier to write about, because they are more dramatic and more clearly defined. The obsessed long-shot player, haunted by the need to knock down the favorite, is a Captain Ahab of the turf, but he has found no chronicler. Nobody yet has written the *Moby Dick* of the racecourse.

In its default, the most fascinating book of the year, any year, for a split personality like me, is the *American Racing Manual* (Triangle Publications, 978 pages of text plus 158 of advertising which are just as good reading, $5). The *Manual* is an ideal favorite book to have, because there is sure to be a new one every year. You take a fellow who is crazy about *War and Peace*, or *Life on the Mississippi*, and what has he got to look forward to? These books have been written permanently. He can read them a couple of times, but he can be darn sure there won't be any *War and Peace* 1947, 1948 or 1949. A manual has the advantage over any other kind of favorite book that a perennial has over a bunch of cut tulips.

In reading the *Manual* (an ideal choice for that one book on a desert island), I begin, as the *Manual* does, with the first batch of ads. There is no place else I know where I could find out where to buy Giant Derby Oats or jockey silks or an electric starting gate. I have no present use for any of these items, but I like to think I might have. And where but in the advertising section of the *Manual* could I learn that Brevity, bay horse, 1933, by Chance Shot or imported Sickle-Ormonda, by Superman, was "the only stud standing in the West with the golden strain of Ormonda, dam of Dustwhirl, world's leading brood mare for money won by her produce, including Whirlaway, world's leading money winner"? Unless I had read the ad I probably never would have known that Brevity's paternity was in doubt. The ad says right out the kind of thing that even the *Daily Mirror* only implies. Lower on the page the author of this eulogy of Brevity, who takes no hints from his protagonist's monicker, says: "Brevity is full brother to the producer Miss Brief, whose 1946 yearling by Reaping Reward sold for (*Continued on page 100*)



BOOTS AND SADDLES

Caricatures by Jedla

As his offering of the month, caricaturist Jedla here raises the high lights and douses the shadows in the faces of six stalwart Hollywood gentlemen who have something in common. Somewhere along the course of their careers they discovered that man's best friend is his pinto. Lean, rugged, as quick on the draw as they are with a kiss for the honest rancher's daughter, they wear their boots tightly lapped over their dungarees and meet cold steel with more of the same. Movie two-gun men have felt the force of their wrath from Dodge City, Kansas, to Butte, Montana. No one weaned on a steady diet of film fare should suffer even a moment's perplexity deciphering their faces, even though they are garbed above in less Western garb than usual. One hint for what it's worth: in stark contrast to ponymen of the Bronco Billy and William S. Hart tradition, these hombres are at home in drawing rooms. Finally, and just in case, here they are, from left to right, top row first: Brian Donlevy; Fred MacMurray; John Wayne; Randolph Scott; Gary Cooper; Joel McCrea.

From Enterprise filming of The Other Love, *a David Lewis Production*

THE OTHER LOVE

Photograph by
Scotty Welborne

Based on a story by Erich Remarque, this new, rather solemn picture, co-starring Barbara Stanwyck and David Niven, and directed by Andre de Toth, has for its setting an Alpine sanitarium. Niven is a doctor whose magnetism prompts one cynical patient to quip, "Falling in love with him is case history." Miss Stanwyck, as an invalided concert pianist, is no exception to this rule, but she is unable to decide whether the doctor's interest in her is personal or merely professional, and therein lies the plot complication. Incidentally, ambitious Miss Stanwyck practiced so diligently to perfect her fingering for sequences at the mute piano keyboard (music by Ania Dorfman was dubbed in) that she can now play Beethoven (no kidding) for her admiring friends.

GREENHALGH

The woman at the beach was certainly attractive and apparently lonely, but she kept the talk on a disturbing level

Playing the Game

by GEORGE W. MORSE

He did not know why he went to the beach that day: he merely got into the car and drove for an hour, jerkily, then fitted the car into the geometric lines of the parking space and sought a bathhouse. He was young-grey, and alone, and the restlessness of Sunday was upon him.

When he came out the sand was soft, warm on his feet: his body, lithe and well-formed, felt its new freedom. He looked at the milling crowds, sun-conscious, laughing around the concessions, but he walked through them, resentful. He kept walking, the water a bright sheen beside him, and he was a mile down the beach when he saw her . . .

She was a splotch of yellow, motionless against a dune, and alone. Then she was slim, legs and arms stretched gracefully, and a mass of long, dark hair. He thought, I will not be very good at this, but he found himself walking towards her. He said quietly, "Hello."

She sat up quickly, and their eyes met. She was neither young nor old, plain nor beautiful, but she was alone. She said, "Hello. You . . . startled me."

He groped for words even as she made a little gesture of impatience. "Well? Do you . . . always put the burden of conversation on people you walk up to?"

He said, "No," cursing his awkwardness. He added, "You're . . . not very tanned either."

She seemed to collect herself, brushing sand from her arms, smoothing her hair. She said, "Why did you stop?"

He knew then, watching her, that she was to make a game of it; a brittle game of words wherein he would be made to feel his intrusion. He thought desperately, small talk, and it came. "You looked," he said, "barren. Like a virgin consecrated to God."

She sighed. "Direct quote. From Bacon, I think. I'm not at all sure I like it."

He said flatly, "May I stay?"

"If you like. I shall probably go back to sleep." Her voice was cool.

He dropped down onto the sand beside her and he thought strangely, there is loneliness here too; I can feel it and it is either very wrong or very right. I wish I knew.

She turned away from him and he lay quiet, feeling the sun burn into his body, until she said, "I am not barren."

He looked up at her and thought, it is a good face. Strong. Willful. Almost beautiful. He said, "You are alone on a day when most sun-worshipers seek company. And you are attractive."

"It could be my choice." She turned, and her voice was suddenly flip. "And where is your playmate?"

He smiled, watching the smooth play of muscles as she moved. He said carefully, "My wife left me three months ago."

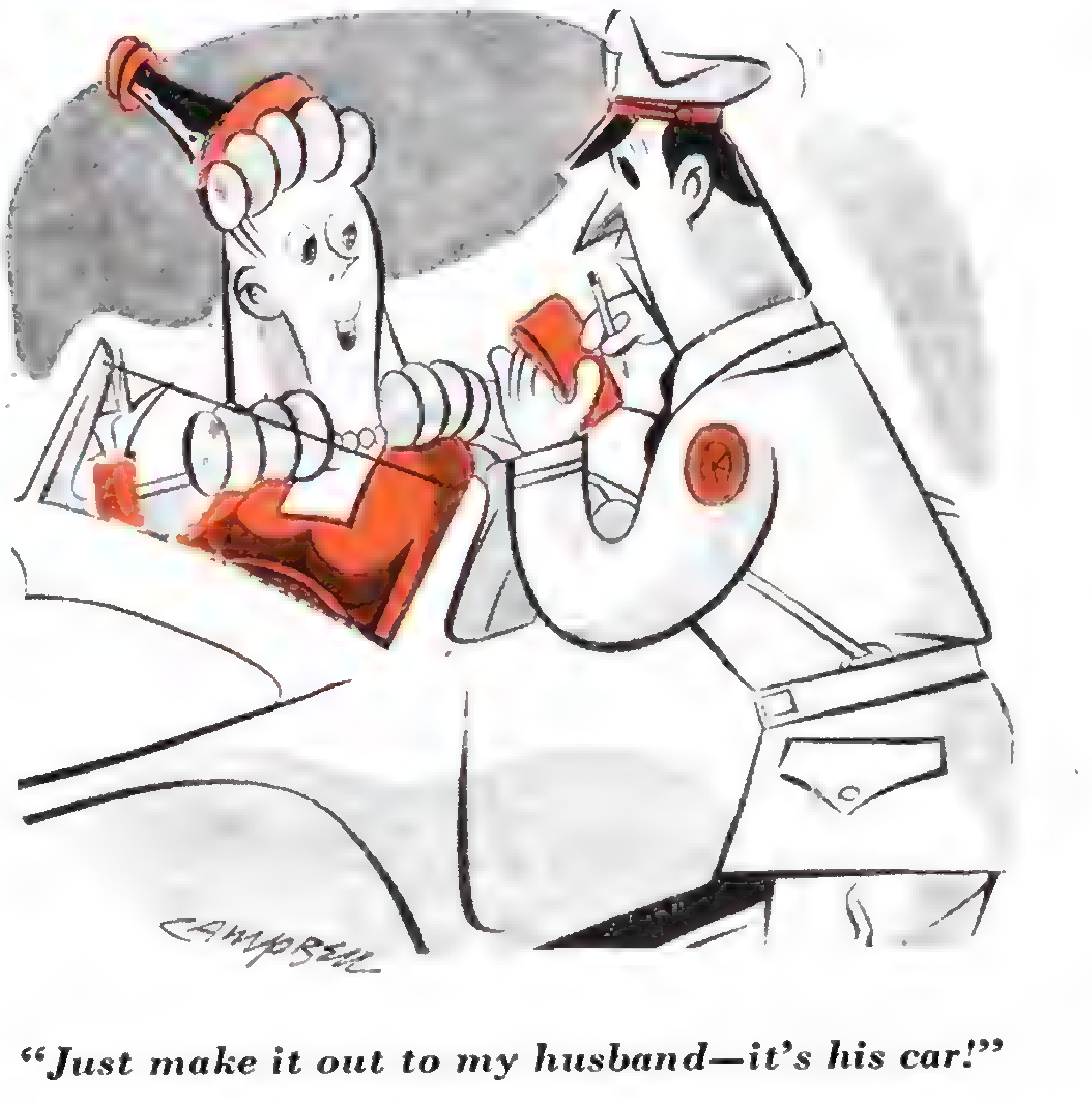
Her eyes were on him, impersonal, blunt. "As long as we're being polite, I shouldn't call you unattractive, either. Doesn't a man in your position take advantage of his freedom?"

"Perhaps. Perhaps, too, that is not my choice."

"You . . . stopped here."

He said coolly, "Shall I admit the yard of bachelorhood isn't always the lush green it appears from the outside?"

She tossed her head. "If you like. It's conversation."



"Just make it out to my husband—it's his car!"

He lay back, pillowing his head in his hands. "The husband," he said thoughtfully, "envies the freedom of his single friends. He knows of their women. Their parties. He . . ."

Her interruption was abrupt, almost rough. "I know that one. All of it. You are going to tell me that the husband discovers such pleasures are only part time. That there are days and nights when he must be alone."

He stopped, surprised, and he looked at her, at the slimness of her molded into the sand. "A woman," he said softly, "would not reason things through that far unless she knew loneliness too."

She was leaning towards the match cupped in his hands, and he heard her quick intake of breath. She said, "Tell me about your wife. Why did she leave you?"

For a moment he was quiet, striving to control his anger. But he said slowly, "Margo . . . doesn't know why we split up. She has not thought. We called it an inability to readjust ourselves after a war taught us to be individuals. We called it nerves frayed by finances and families and petty quarrels . . . things we couldn't seem to beat. We called it many things but . . ." His voice was suddenly hard, almost loud over the beach. ". . . actually it was false pride and a simple lack of guts." He jarred up onto an elbow, watching her. "Does that satisfy you, or would you like the sordid details?"

She had, he saw, the grace to flush. He thought grimly, she asked for this game. I can probe and needle too.

He asked after a while, "And you? Are not confidences meant to be exchanged, rather than given?"

"No," she said absently. She seemed to be thinking. For a moment he watched her, the long, supple lines of her body, the gentle curve of her throat. He said, "Well?"

She closed her eyes, buried her cheek in the towel that pillowed her head. She said angrily, "Confidences are meant to be exchanged between friends."

"Which . . . borders on the rude, having led me on."

She turned away quickly, unspeaking, and seemed to sleep. Sand filtered listlessly through his fingers; thoughts drifted through his mind like specks of dust drifting through a shaft of light.

They were still there when the sun rimmed low in the west. He sat up, and he saw that her eyes were upon him. He said, "How did you get here?"

"By train." She got to her feet, stretching. "I haven't been here very often this summer."

"I . . . haven't either. May I drive you back to the city?"

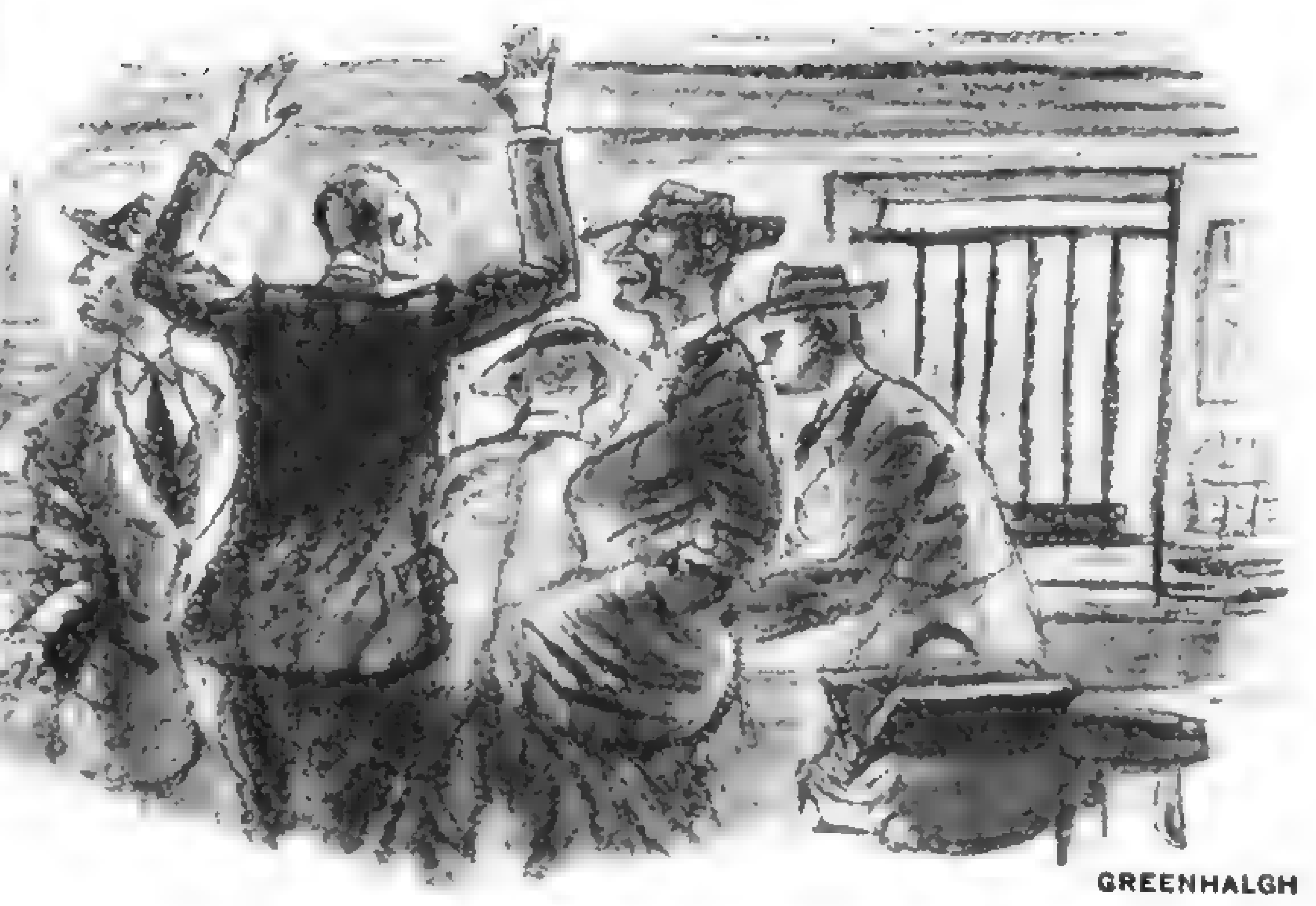
She hesitated and he thought she was going to shrug. She said, "If you like. Straight home."

They walked to the bathhouses slowly; she came out with the long, dark hair braided, and the gay print of her dress seemed to mock her silence. They joined the crawling lines of traffic and they didn't speak until her apartment building loomed beside them. He walked with her into the entryway.

He caught her arms then, turning her to him, and his voice was harsh. He said, "Damn your games, Margo. Don't you feel . . . alone too?"

She looked at him for a very long time. She said softly, "You . . . still have your key, Jim?" ##

Everything He Wanted


GREENHALGH

Joe realized he was playing for keeps now, but the way this gang organized a show, it was sure to succeed, just like Operation Q

by FRANK O'ROURKE

JOE GARVEY smoked a dozen cigarettes chain-fashion after they left Kingsville, driving absently and watching the flat, high-grassed plain unroll before the heavy sedan; he glanced sideways at Sam Jones and wondered what the heavy, blond-haired man was thinking. He swung out and around a pickup truck, and Sam said, "Feeling okay, Joe?"

"Good," he said. "We're getting close to Harlingen."

He saw cattle running on the plain to his left, and the sky was a cloudless gun-metal blue; he hoped Tony and Mike and the others were on time, driving in from the west to the assembly point in the town named Harlingen. He and Sam had left Houston at four that morning, after making the final contacts with Jim Marshall and Mickey Clayton; and they were due in Harlingen for the big show at twelve o'clock.

Sam asked: "How does the buggy drive, Joe?"

"Swell," Joe Garvey said. "I hope she idles like she runs."

"Relax, kid," Sam Jones said. "This is a good car."

Joe Garvey couldn't relax; he hadn't relaxed completely for a month, from the day he hooked up with Tony and Sam and the others, and drove the car on the filling-station job. In fact he hadn't relaxed since the day they gave him $300 and sent him out into the world he had helped save. He could remember exactly how long his happiness had lasted after his discharge; how he had walked into his apartment and found it empty—his wife gone with some jerk from the big defense plant. She had collected all the allotment checks and then taken off.

He remembered the binge he went on after that—$300 worth. Then he went downtown to the bank to ask for his savings. She had taken most of that, too; and he cursed the cashier and asked what kind of people they were to let somebody walk off with his money. The cashier reminded him it had been a joint account; and he hit the cashier and walked out.

"Ten miles to go," Sam said. "Almost there, Joe."

He had tried to get his job back, but the word had gotten around to his boss, who gave him that old stuff about no vacancies but he could start working anyway at thirty a week. He asked the boss how a guy could live on thirty a week now; and the boss said, "You can start the same way or leave it," so he knew they were down on him in the town. That was the beginning of the hatred that grew in him as he walked to his apartment and packed his bag.

"Here we come," Sam said. "Turn left at the railroad tracks and park in front of the first big hotel."

He had walked to the edge of town and stood along the main highway, and the convertible skidded its wheels in a sliding stop. The driver was a dark-haired boy in a tweed sport jacket. He got in and they started talking; the boy's name was Tony Garcia; and pretty soon they had everything down pat between them. Tony had been in a tank outfit that backed his division through France and Germany. Then Tony started sounding him out, but he didn't get the drift until three days later, coming into Los Angeles.

"Swing *in* here," Sam said. "Twelve o'clock straight up. That's hitting it on the nose."

He had found himself agreeing with Tony on many things, and then he met Mike and Sam, and they talked the same language about working for nothing, and all the people who got rich while they fought the war. When they told him they had a little job that meant easy money, he downed two fast drinks and agreed to go along with them.

"There's Mike," Sam said. "Sit tight and I'll make the contact."

He had driven the car on the filling-station job and made $80. But Tony told him that was peanuts. Tony was the brains of the outfit and ran things just like in the Army; nothing was left to chance. They moved east across Arizona and New Mexico, and in Houston he learned about the big deal.

Sam returned in three minutes and said, "Drive south from town. When Tony passes us, follow him at a hundred-yard interval."

At Houston he had met Pete, Jim Marshall and Mickey Clayton; all of them were living in the same sour world he had built around himself. Jim Marshall had been in the Air Force and Mickey Clayton had warped plenty of landing craft onto beaches, and they were down on everything even more than Tony and Sam. Mike was different—he was a career boy.

"Here's the stop light," Sam said. "Turn left."

Having worked in Brownsville before the war, Mike remembered the bank and the town, and Mickey Clayton had driven down two weeks ago to check the town over. Mike and Tony stopped in McAllen, a town west of Harlingen, and drove over to Brownsville several times and mapped everything they needed. He knew this job was the big time and, once through it, he could never back out. But he couldn't slow down to ordinary living anyhow.

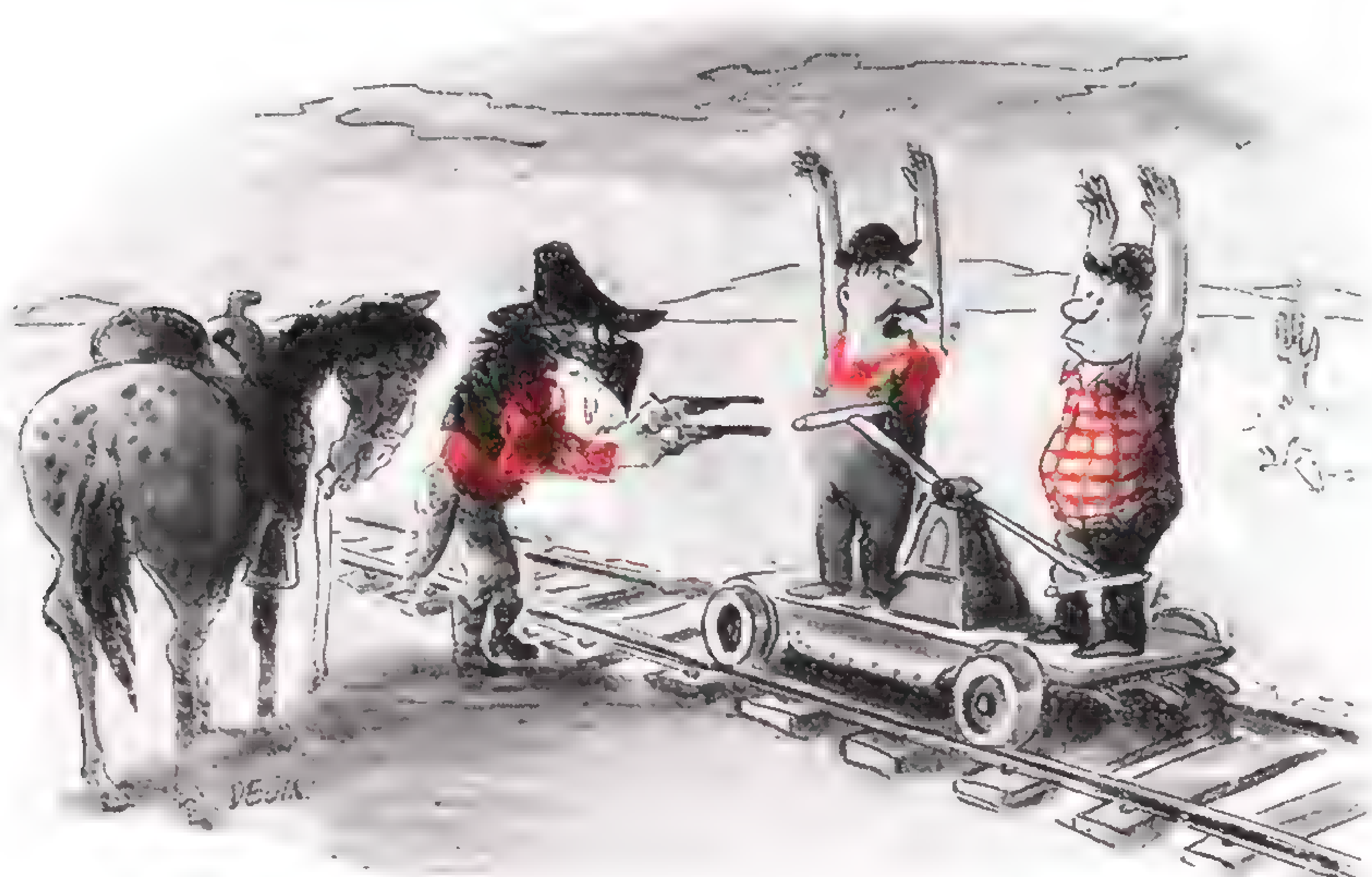
"Tony's passing us," Sam said. "Keep behind him."

"You sure this is okay?" he asked. A small nagging thought bothered him. Had he known anything he ought to tell Sam? Imagination, he thought. Besides they've got the brains. They should know. But the thought lay dormant in his mind.

"Listen, Joe," Sam grinned. "I know how you feel. You'll be all right after we get started."

They followed Tony's small coach through San Benito, and beyond it Tony turned off on an asphalt road that headed toward the gulf, then into a lane that led to a small house. Tony drove the coach behind the house and Sam said, "Turn around in front and stop."

Tony came around the house, grinning and talking to Mike and another man Joe didn't know, but whom Tony introduced to him as Fred Mallory.



"He used to be the greatest train robber in America— but the trains got too fast for him!"

He shook hands with Mallory, a tall lanky man with a thin face and slate-blue eyes that never stopped jumping back and forth.

"It's twelve-thirty," Sam said. "Let's get organized."

He thought that the government had been helpful, giving them the military training that made this business so easy. All of them had it behind them, three or more years, and they stood for no foolishness when they worked. Tony had told him in the beginning, "No women, Joe. Dames just foul you up. And no drinking when we work."

Tony was the boss, but on this job Mike had done the planning, and Tony turned now and said, "All right, Mike, give us everything from the start."

Hearing Mike explain everything in his cold yet vibrant voice, Joe knew why Mike had been commissioned in combat from sergeant to platoon leader. He listened as the thing unfolded before him, watching the large-scale sketch and following Mike's finger.

"The cops won't be any trouble," Mike said, in his sharp voice. "They've got one road patrolman between Brownsville and San Benito. All right, we come into town at two o'clock, Tony, Sam, Fred, Joe and me. The bank is on the right-hand corner of Elizabeth and Twelfth. Charley James has his car parked on Twelfth Street on the alley. He'll be in it at two. We drive past Charley and go around the block. Parking places are scarce. We come around and slow down and Charley pulls out and we go into his place. That puts us on the alley and keeps us clear in front. We're about ten feet down from the rear doors of the bank. Got that, Joe?"

"Roger," he said tightly. "I'll park her good."

"Check," Mike said. "At exactly two-twenty Charley will be at the power plant with Augustano. Charley goes in with the inspection gag and they blow the master switches and kill the town power. That knocks the buzzer and alarm in the bank. At two-twenty Bill Kelly and Jake Motta take out the telephones in the main exchange and smash the trunks; Masters and Anderson go into Western Union and smash the teletype machines; one block up on Elizabeth at Eleventh, the town's busiest corner, Pat Williams stalls his car in the middle and raises a stink. That pulls the cop from the bank corner. This will set you up on the outside. Got it?"

"Good," Sam said. "That knocks out the town."

"Now the bank. Here's the floor plan," Mike said, his voice sharper now. "We get out and move at two-nineteen. Joe stays in the car, motor running, clutch engaged, reading a paper, gun in his lap. Check, Joe?"

"Check," he said.

"You blast if you have to," Mike said. "Otherwise, you take off when we give you the high sign. Okay, Tony goes in the front doors from Elizabeth and asks the secretary at this desk to see the cashier, who sits back here, about a draft from the West Coast. That gives Tony thirty seconds to get behind the railing and on line with the rear of the teller cages. Sam comes in the side doors on Twelfth twenty seconds behind Tony and moves back in this space between the two sets of doors. I and Fred come in the back doors and Fred walks back to this desk in rear. This is another room with an insurance organization in it. Fred goes to the back where a little door comes through from the bookkeepers' room and stands fast. I go into the doors between this little room and the back of the bank. It's two-twenty; Tony slugs the cashier and starts it off. Sam makes this secretary come out and close the two sets of doors; it's almost closing time and nobody'll suspect anything. Sam covers the front. I'm covering the back. Fred is holding down the rear and watching this little door. The alarms are no good, but Tony makes everybody come out and lie on the floor in this open space by the president—he's a big guy with grey hair and glasses. Sam and I and Fred get everybody down. Tony goes through the cages and back to this little vault—it should be open. If it isn't, he gets the assistant cashier—the guy with the mustache—to open it. If he balks, knock him off. That'll make the next guy open the vault damn fast. Tony gets the dough and all of us start out. Right, Tony?"

"I've been around the world three times—so they tell me"

"Check," Tony said, and his hard face relaxed in a wide grin. "We warn everybody to lie still for ten minutes. We go out the back way. Fred goes first, then Sam coming through, then Tony, and me last. We hit the car. Joe—"

"Check," he said quickly.

"You pull out slow if we come out quiet. If we come shooting, move like hell. We turn right at the corner and go down Levee past the El Jardin Hotel. It's a straight twelve-block shot to Palm Boulevard, then right across Elizabeth—stop sign there and the hell with it—to Jefferson two blocks from Elizabeth, then left to the highway and right on out. Got it, Joe?"

He said, "Got it."

"Don't worry about it," Mike said. "I'll be with you. We go out the highway and turn off to here, come in, put the sedan in the garage, lock it, take the coach and drive east to this little town of Port Isabel. Mickey's been there since this morning with the cruiser. We drive to this old dock and put the car in the garage. Mickey picks us up off the dock and we go straight out to sea, heading north. That will be about three-thirty, and Jim will come over in the plane and land on the beach in this spot he and Mickey worked out a week ago. We use a blinker or sheets to signal. We go in to shore, turn the cruiser toward the gulf and tie the wheel. She'll go for five hundred miles and they can chase her to hell and gone before they catch her. We go ashore and Jim takes over. He'll set us down in that little airport outside Houston not later than seven-thirty. We'll be in town at nine o'clock, heading for New Orleans in different cars. How's that for long-range planning?"

"Good," Sam said.

Tony grinned. "Any questions, gentlemen?"

They laughed at Tony's satire of the old five-paragraph field order, and Tony said, "Gentlemen, move out."

He drove slowly into the town and toward the business district. Now he was all the way into something big, the thing he had wanted to do, he told himself, because it meant money and luxury. He glanced into the rearview mirror, seeing the faces of Mike and Fred and Sam, three of them in a row, all different but with one sameness to them; tight mouths and moving eyes. As he came to the boulevard cross street by the high school Mike said, "This is Palm, we'll cross here," and he marked it as one of the milestones in the work ahead.

They were in the business district, passing the post office.

"Turn here," Mike said. His voice was heavy.

He turned, and as they drove slowly along the side of the bank he saw that it was in a large office building; then he saw the coupé parked nose facing the alley, and he slowed down as Tony turned his head and moved one hand just above the door; and Charley waved from the coupé and grinned.

"Go on around," Mike said. "Charley's all set."

He drove to the corner, turned, and went up to Elizabeth, then back to Twelfth; Charley pulled out ahead of them and he cut in, evened off, and backed into the space cleanly.

"Good," Tony said. "Check your time again, Mike."

"Two-ten," Mike said. "We're just right."

"Want me to keep her running?" Joe asked.

"Yes," Tony said shortly. "Let 'er idle, Joe."

He sat through the nine minutes with the newspaper on the wheel, the .45 in his lap, not reading the words on the page before him, just listening to the others repeating certain things.

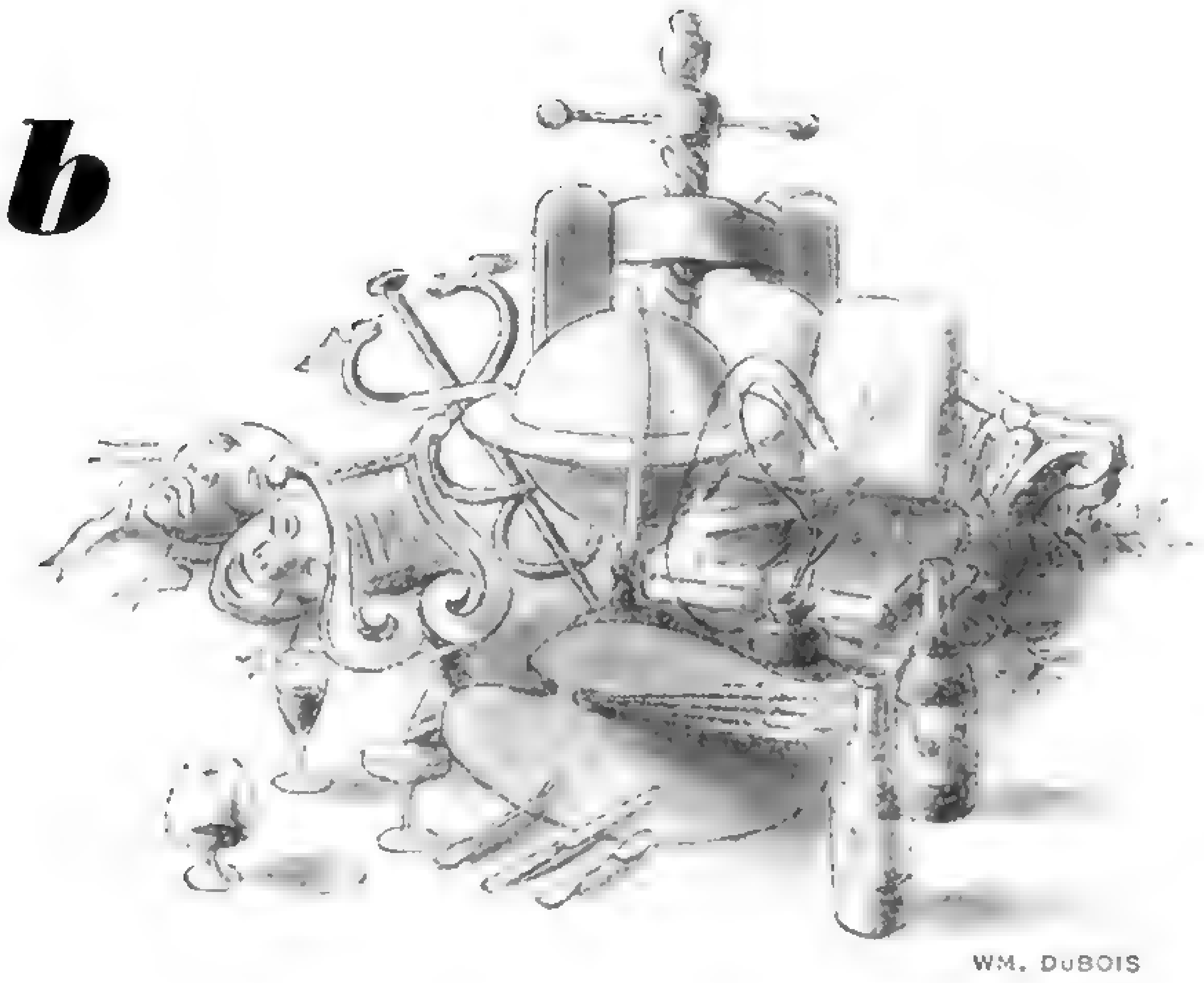
"Get the cashier," Tony repeated.

"The doors," Sam said, three times in three minutes.

"Watch the little door," Fred said.

Joe lit a cigarette to test his nerves and found his fingers steady. He was better after that, while the cigarette burned between his fingers, and he glanced above the paper, seeing the people passing on the sidewalk, and cars moving by. He wanted to lean out the window and shout at all of them. He wanted to tell them what they could expect in a few minutes, damn (*Continued on page 142*)

The Dutch Treat Club


WM. DUBOIS

Motivated by a compulsion common to all creative artists, the D. T.s have banded together for mutual insult and comfort

by CAMERON SHIPP

According to Mr. Rube Goldberg, there are so many candidates for membership in New York's renowned Dutch Treat Club that it is considered an enormous honor to join the select group waiting to get on the waiting list. Over the years, prospects often become so attached to the waiting list, Mr. Goldberg says, that they fall in love with it and firmly decline to be dislodged when membership is offered to them.

Guests, and especially talented or celebrated guests who are commanded to perform for the membership, hold the Dutch Treat in awe.

Most speakers at the weekly luncheons, after having been insulted by the chairman to the point where they are ready to chew the bannister, cling forlornly to the microphone, facing a carp-eyed audience of Manhattan's best-paid wits, critics, writers, editors, and artists, and yearn to fall dead.

The late Irvin S. Cobb, a celebrated member, once observed that "every notable has been our guest—once."

Clarence Budington Kelland, the former editor of *The American Boy*, several years ago presented Henry Fletcher, chairman of the Republican National Committee, as a man whose job was "something like being chairman of the house committee of a haunted house."

After a speech by Eleanor Roosevelt, in which that gallant lady was far below form, Mr. Kelland politely commented that the speech was the clearest explanation of the New Deal he had ever heard.

To David Sarnoff, president of RCA, Kelland said that everything possible had been invented for radio "except something to keep the goddamed things turned off."

You do not have to be famous to get insulted at the Dutch Treat. The Dutch Treaters are amiable and democratic. They will assault a humble man as quickly as they will devour a celebrity.

The wonder arises, of course, as to how a group of such irreverent citizens has been able for the past forty-two years to collar for their private amusement every week on Tuesday the most celebrated entertainers, the prettiest women, the funniest comedians, and the most renowned soldiers, statesmen and politicians. For free, too. Another wonder is that so many freebooting and argumentative entrepreneurs of letters and the arts have been able over so long a period of time to maintain themselves as a formally organized club.

The key to the first wonder is simple. Men and women with messages, or men and women with talents, new or old, know that the Dutch Treat is the greatest sounding board in America. Making a hit there, before most of the editors of the country's sleek magazines, wire services and newspapers, before illustrators, columnists, critics, writers, book publishers, playwrights and Broadway play producers, is to launch a new career or burnish an old one.

The Dutch Treat is the place to get a hearing—and the Dutch Treat will hear you out, ethically keeping all your remarks off the record, whether you are a blazing red communist, a free lover, a militarist, a liberal, or an ex-president. The number of ideas and careers that have been launched there between soup and dessert is staggering.

How come a gregarious instinct potent enough to keep a clubful of intellectuals together, debt-free and still speaking to each other after nearly half a century as a going concern, is one of those mysterious literary matters. The folkways of phrasemongers have centered on insult and victuals as a matter of record ever since Ben Jonson, Will Shakespeare, Selden, Beaumont, and Fletcher used to imbibe and recite at the Mermaid Tavern. New York's best-paid intelligentsia today gather at the Park Lane.

Like other club-forming male animals, from Rotary to Bible class, they exclude women from their revels, but not from their conversation. The elite meet to eat, to talk, to take in each other's wash—they buy one another's stories, publish one another's novels, produce one another's plays—but mostly, I'll hazard, because all artistic folk have an uncontrollable ecdysiast complex. After a week's literary choring, they are tired businessmen and long to let their *pensées* down.

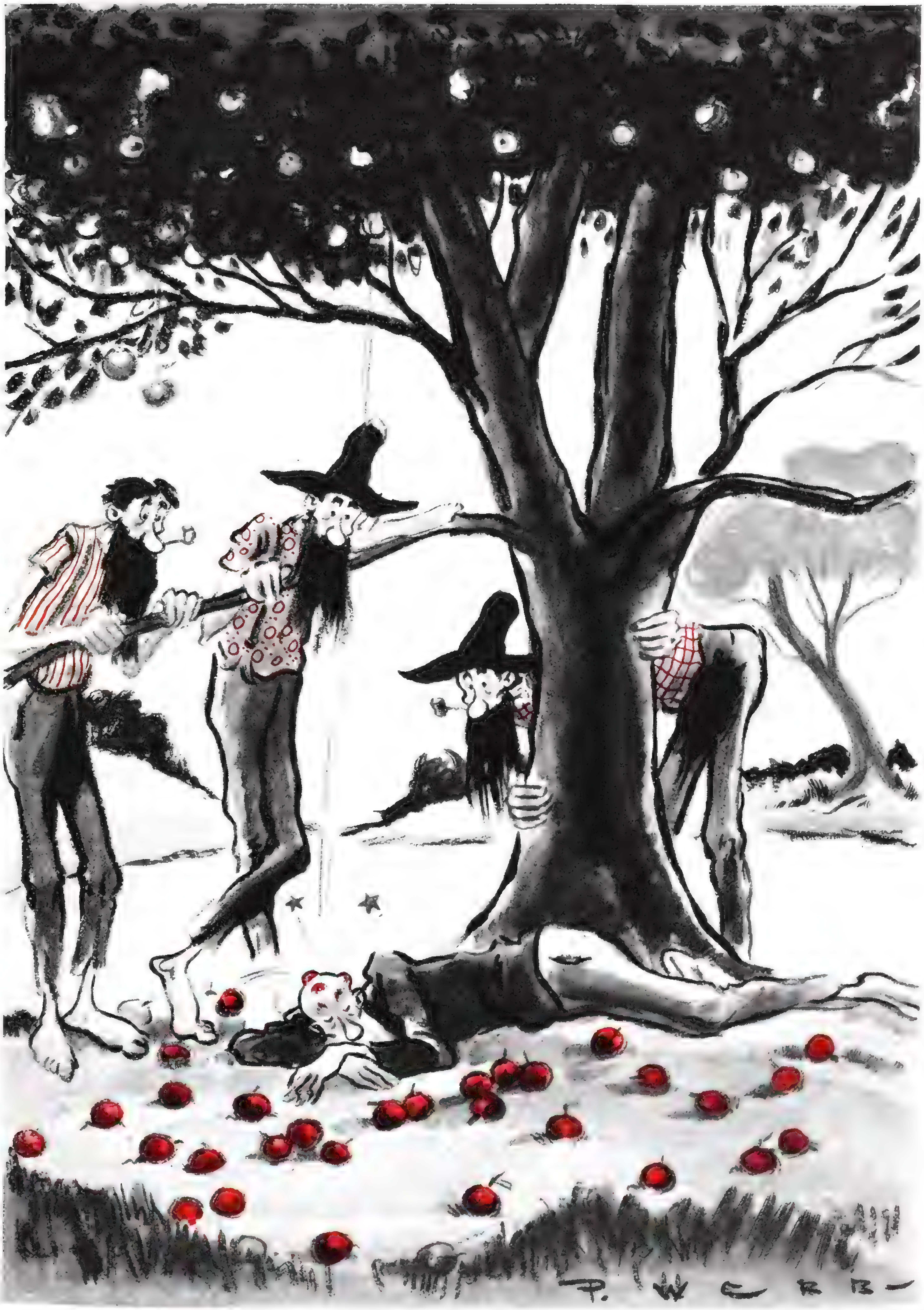
They meet, eat, talk, listen, render no judgments, but remember everything. It is one of the tricks of their articulate trade to forget everything else, but to practice total recollection of quaint sayings and lovely women. The Dutch Treaters, as aforesaid, love a pun if it makes a point and if it is uttered with completely sophisticated banality. Ray Vir Den's explanation of his absence due to surgery is a cherished smeller. It has been repeated often, but Vir Den said it first. He claimed he was the living example of the adage that time wounds all heels.

The club has no sacred cows, and the greenest member is allowed to sass the most famous, if he has the nerve. It has officers, but they do not interfere. It has no constitution, no initiation fee, and no dues. It sponsors no causes, takes no stands, has no foolish password. It's the perfect club, if you can hold your own.

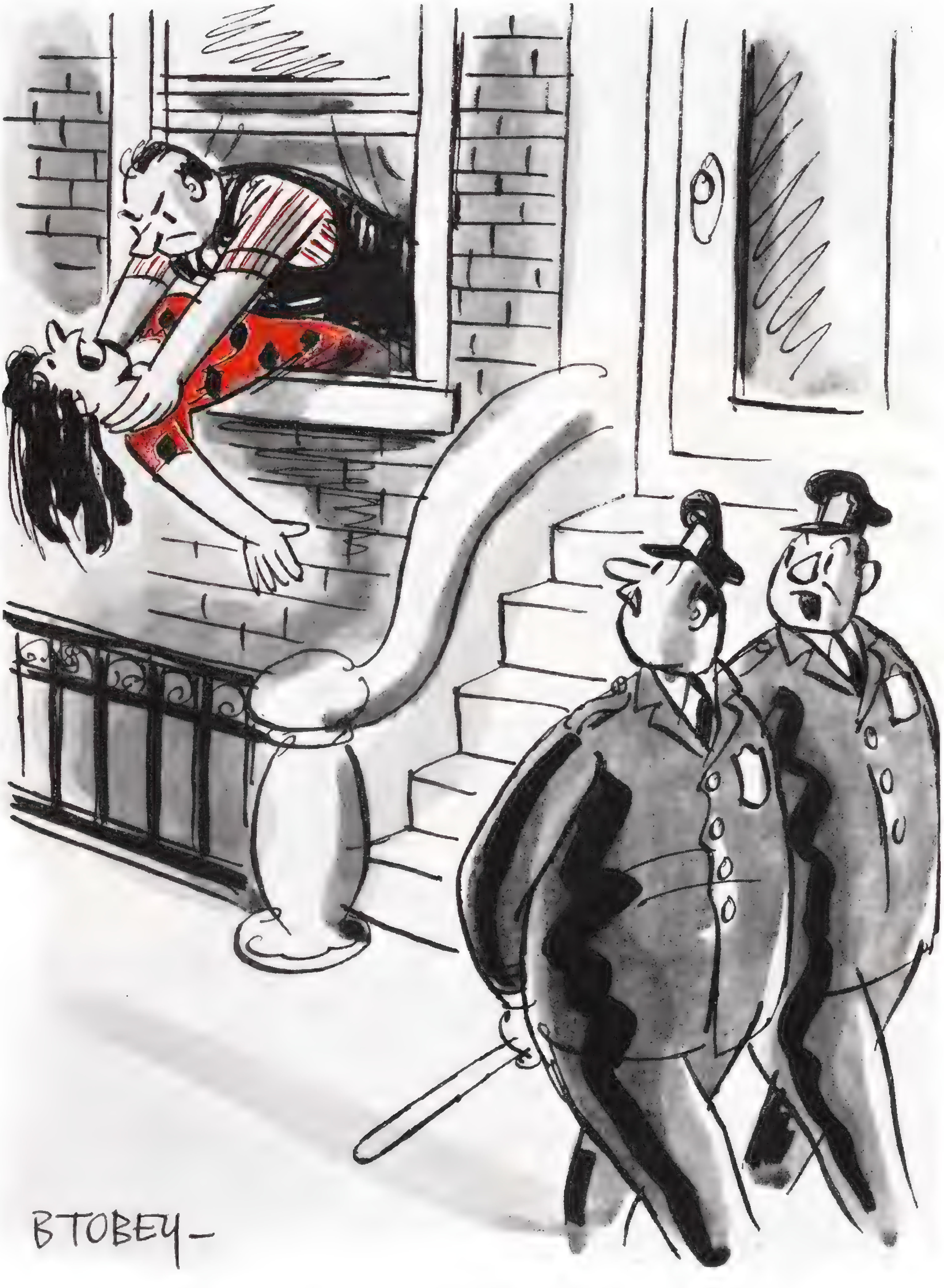
There are 300 gentlemen fortunate enough to hold membership in this gem among stag organizations. Mr. Vir Den, the current president, is the only member strictly in trade. He is head of the Lennen & Mitchell advertising agency, and is a special circumstance, having such a fruity tenor voice that no Dutch Treat annual show would be possible without him. Mr. Vir Den is the son of a shouting Methodist parson who saved souls in Oklahoma. He came to New York to sing in grand opera, got diverted to advertising, but made up for losing his dramatic career by joining the Dutch Treat and marrying Frances Alda.

A casual sampling of the membership fetches up such names as Samuel Hopkins Adams, Hugh Baillie (head of United Press), Bruce Barton, William Beebe, Berton Braley, Frank Buck, Gene Buck, Henry S. Canby, Bennett A. Cerf, William L. Chenery (pub- (*Continued in center of page 106*)

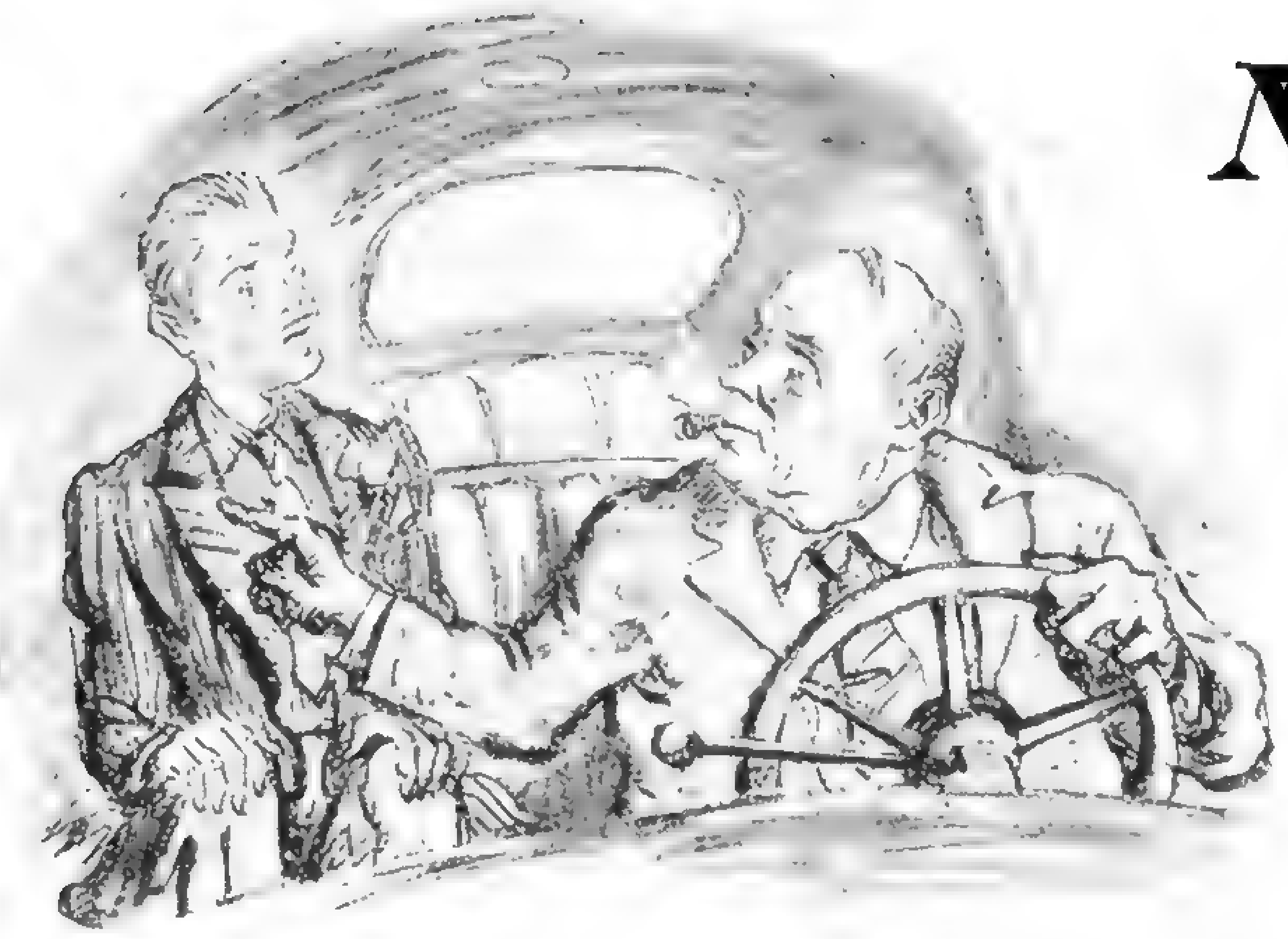
"I've forgotten, Mother—do you have custody of me this weekend or does Daddy?"



"We better cover his haid with sumpthin' . . . them lumps is twice the size they was yestiddy"



"Let's keep out of it—he probably has a very good reason"



REISMAN

North on the Parkway

Instinct warned Ames that the sullen man at the wheel was playing a game with him, a game which he had little hope of winning

by JOHN D. MacDONALD

Carl Ames picked his light grey hat off the coat rack and waved it at the switchboard girl as he went out. Going down in the elevator he felt trapped by something he couldn't understand. A little mirror was hanging by the operator's head and he shoved forward to take a quick glance at himself. Nothing showed on his face—in his eyes. He smiled vaguely, wondering why he felt so uneasy.

Once in the drugstore, he found a nickel and shut himself in the close privacy of the booth. As he dialed her number his heart began to thud.

The line clicked, and he heard her cool, soft hello.

"Beth," he said cautiously, his mouth close to the instrument.

"Darling!" she breathed, her voice suddenly rich and warm.

"I just walked out. I had to talk to you. Listen! Does he know anything? Suspect anything?"

"Of course not. What's the matter?"

"He wants me to go with him tonight. An out-of-town meeting. He wants to drive. It's just that—well, it hasn't happened before."

She was silent for a few seconds, and when she spoke again there was a little shade of doubt in her voice. "Well—I'm positive he doesn't know anything. I'm certain of it."

His mouth felt dry. He coughed and said, "I'd have to go anyway, of course. But I wanted to know if you thought . . ."

"Good luck anyway, darling. And—do you still?"

"Of course," he murmured. "Good-by for now." He heard the click as she replaced the phone. He stood for a moment, the receiver to his ear, feeling the need of her roar in his blood. He opened the door and walked slowly back to the elevators.

At five, John Werner put his head in the office door and said, "You all set, Ames? Let's go!"

They went silently, side-by-side, down in the elevator and back to the parking lot behind the building. The older man fitted his bulky body behind the wheel and Ames put the bags in the back seat. Carl realized with a faint sense of shock that it was the same black Buick he and Beth had taken out to the roadhouse when Werner had been in Washington. He wondered whether it was only imagination that made the scent of the perfume she used so vivid.

"We'll eat on the edge of town," Werner said. Carl nodded and they swung out into the evening traffic. He kept looking sideways at the man's heavy face, at the thick, dull lips, high, wide cheekbones and small, sunken eyes. He saw the black tuft of hair in Werner's ear, the coarse, pock-marked cheek. Werner kept a heavy right hand on the top of the steering wheel, twisting the big car deftly in and out of traffic lanes.

Traffic began to thin out as the suburban cars moved off the parkway. At last Werner turned off and the big car glided down into the main street of a little town. He stopped in front of a colonial-type inn and said, "This look okay to you, Ames?"

"Yes, sir. Fine." Werner locked the big car and Ames followed him into the dining room.

"Drink?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Werner. A dry Martini."

A waiter walked slowly up and leaned on the table. Werner's voice was like a bull whip as he said, "Stand up. Don't lean on the table. Bring a dry Martini and a double rye and soda."

The waiter stood up sharply and opened his mouth to object. He looked into Werner's hot sunken eyes, then licked his lips and said, "Yes, sir."

Werner didn't speak again until the drinks were on the table. Ames sipped his Martini. "That's a woman's drink, Ames. No guts to you kids these days. You're all fragile." He smiled as he said it.

Ames tried to look amused. There had been an undercurrent of contempt that the smile hadn't erased.

"I often wonder," he continued, "just why and how men like you can appeal to a woman." Ames felt a quick chill of alarm, almost panic. But Werner was still smiling. "I can see how we'd have to advertise you, Ames. Dear Housewife—romance with a man of delicate sensibilities. No chest hair, no obscenity, no brutality, no guts. A silken-limbed creature with a small blond mustache."

Ames felt frail and insufficient, but he couldn't keep the annoyance out of his voice as he said, "Now, look, Mr. Werner. I work for you and it's unfair when I can't afford to answer . . ."

"Okay, son. I'll forget you work for me while we're on this trip. Now say what you want to, but don't forget I'll give you the same response I'd give a stranger." He looked steadily at Ames, the small smile flickering on the corners of his mouth, but his eyes were suddenly cold.

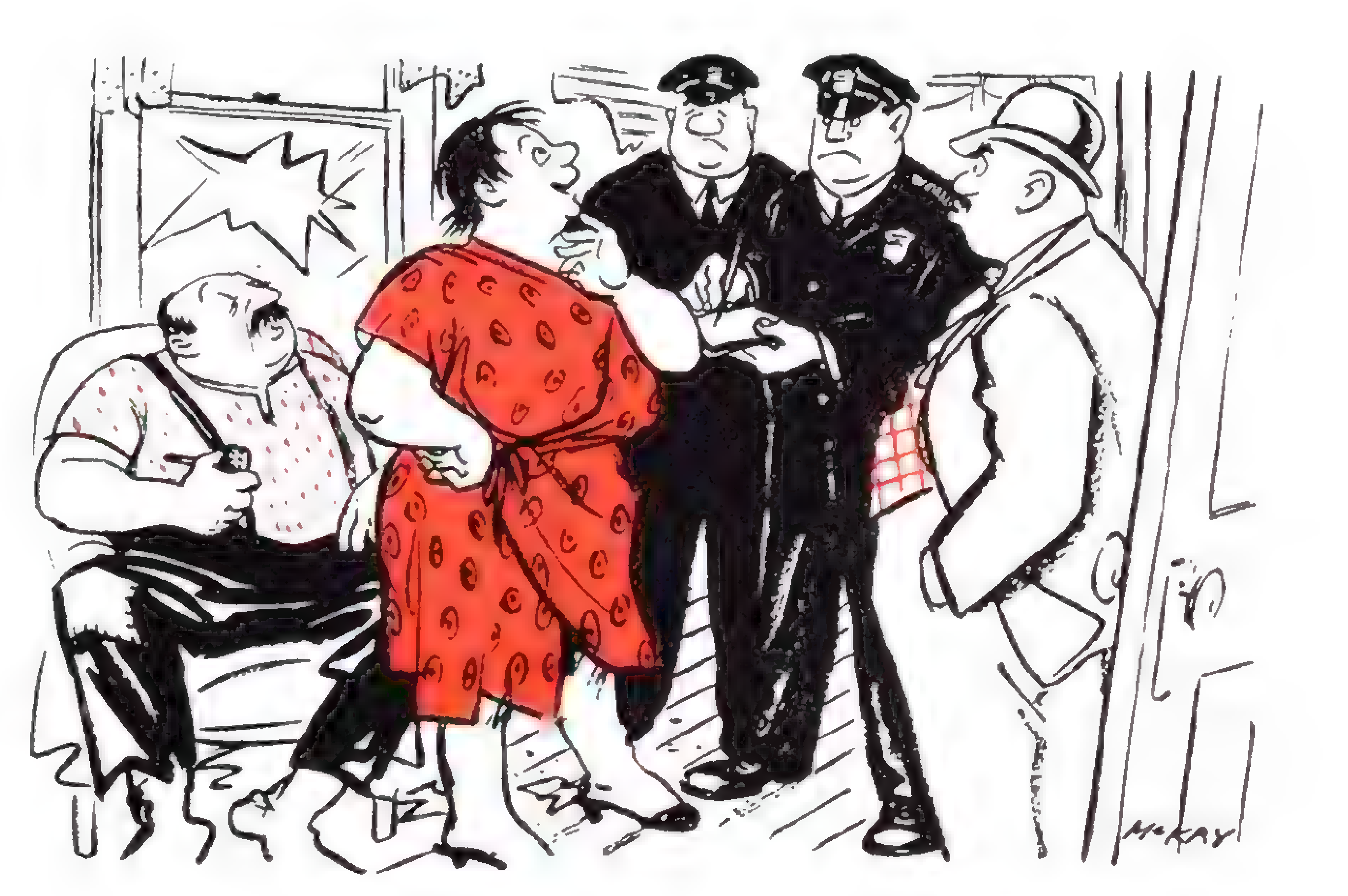
Ames shrugged and sipped at his drink. Werner grinned and drank the rest of the rye. He beckoned the waiter and ordered another round.

They both ordered steaks. Werner ate with a preoccupied air. Ames looked cautiously at Werner, at the heavy freckled hand which made the fork look small, at the hairy wrist, at the strong yellow teeth grinding and wrenching at the thick meat. He thought of Beth in the thick arms of this sullen, powerful man, thought of those dull, blunt fingers marking her soft flesh—and suddenly he couldn't eat.

Werner stopped at the bar and had two more drinks on the way out. Ames stood beside him, confused and frightened. He couldn't quite believe that Werner had guessed, and yet . . .

They climbed into the black car and headed back to the parkway. It was night, and a thin rain spotted the windshield between the slow swipes of the wipers. Werner slumped behind the wheel, his palms resting on the lower edge. His face was expressionless. The motor whined with a greater urgency, and Ames had to brace himself against the centrifugal force of the hard sweeping curves. The bright headlights picked up the

(Continued at top of page 106)

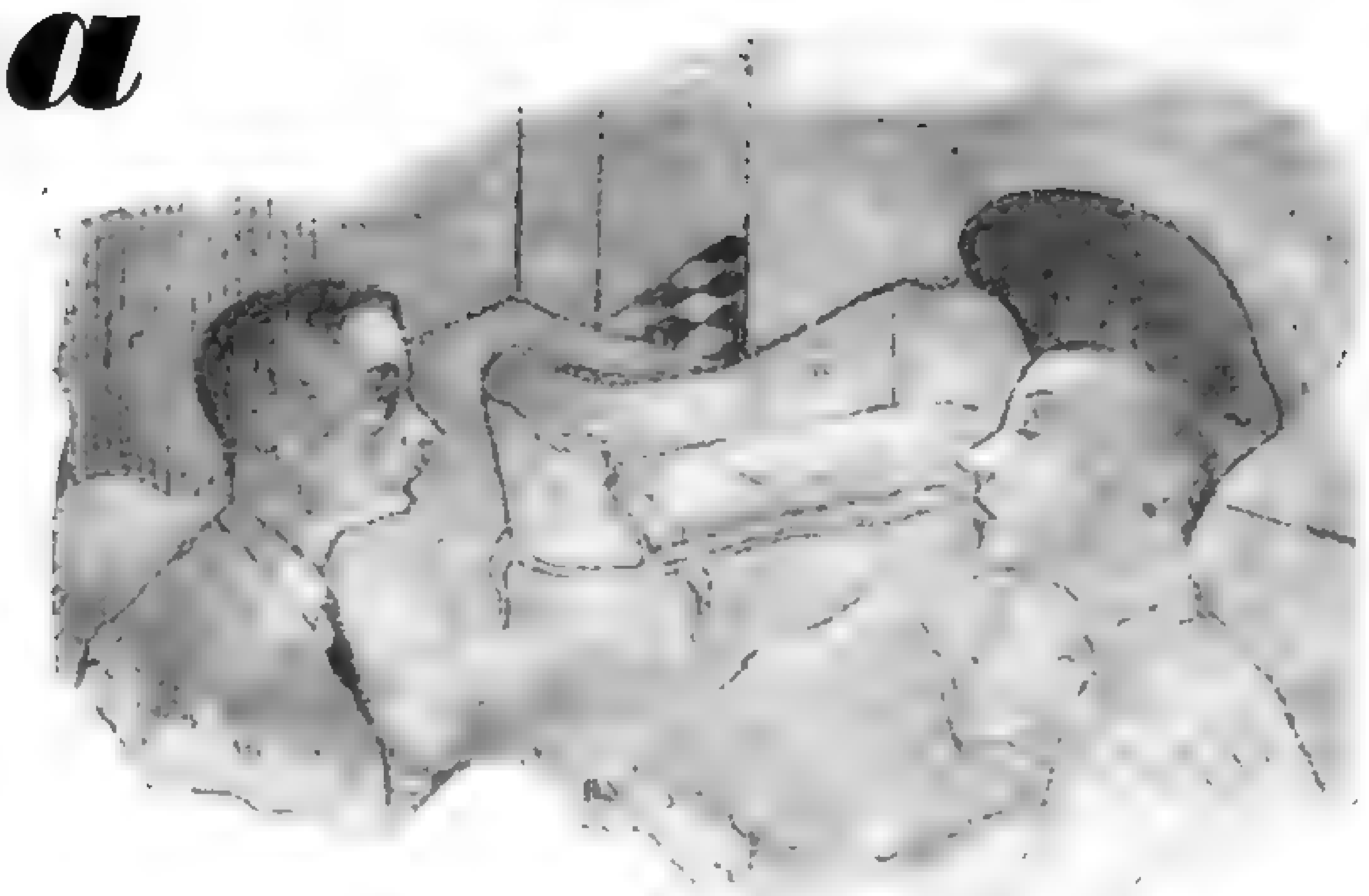


"I'd say the burglar made off with about $5500 worth of jewelry and furs"

The Way to Play Edna

While both the play producer and the actress knew where to punch, they were unevenly matched for the verbal battle

by STANLEY GOLD



GREENE

She was still attractive. He would have put her age at thirty. He would have, that is, if he hadn't been out there four years ago when she'd been fished out of the swimming pool with the make-up washed away. But it didn't matter. He was casting now, and when he worked it didn't matter if they were ninety and leprous, or young and bursting.

"Fred must be tying his own tie, Miss Ford. Would you care to drink now?"

"Pearls, Mr. McGrath, not words. I'm parched—simply down to bone. And so call me Mona." She drew full lips back over perfect teeth. "We have met, you know. I remember."

"That's kind. What do you drink?"

"Everything. Just make it two of what you like." Her laugh was a cultivated chime. He had no intention of calling her Mona and having her say Doug to him, and refer to him later as dear old Doug. When the waiter came he ordered bourbon and plain water.

"You've read the play, Miss Ford?"

"Four times." Her eyes grew large and she drew deeply into a rising bosom. "Four thrilling, tragic times. I couldn't get enough of it. I wept—truly wept—the first time."

"You think it has a chance."

"A chance! I won't have you talking like that. It's grand. I think it's a *monstrously* profound study of emotional conflict."

"Fred must have liked that." Then, hastily, "It's a good story, Fred's best."

"And just the kind of thing the theatre has come to expect of Douglas McGrath. Just exactly the kind of thing you do so well."

He sat without speaking. Of his last three productions, one had died on Saturday after a Tuesday opening, then Cyril Feather had tinkled thinly about drawing rooms as sniffed through the British nostril, and the third and most successful had provided a well-seamed view of a Washington hotel staffed with female bellhops. He did not have to be reminded, not even unconsciously, by this woman of the hopes he'd brought in the beginning to the theatre.

She said, headlong, "I came east just as soon as Freddie told me that you were having quite a little trouble casting the wife."

"Fred said that?" His tone was amiable, despite its question.

"Yes, though I can't for the world understand it. Edna is a woman every actress dreams of one day playing. Saul Messing pleaded until his ulcers screamed, but I simply refused to do another picture until after I'd played Edna."

"Oh," he said, "then you're under contract again."

Her eyes narrowed and she managed an airy laugh. "Those gossip hounds. I daresay I'd neglected to invite one or two of them to my Come-as-a-Greek party."

"I daresay," he said. "And missing that, after all—"

"It *did* come off tremendously. Practically no one was left standing. You may have heard?"

He thought a moment. "Was it lately?"

He could see the deliberation on her face, and the choosing. Her eyes opening wide said she was going to leave off being impressive. She was going to be rueful, and candid, and disarm him.

"Mr. McGrath, I've been around a good while, I'll admit, and perhaps it's true that I can't afford to flout Messing or Gulka as I used to. It *is* true. Terribly true. But Edna—well, I simply had to do her, even if it meant burning my bridges behind me."

"She's not easy."

"No, no, not at all." Her hand flew up. "That's what makes it perfect—the sheer challenge of her. Only the difficult is worth doing, don't you think?"

"And the impossible," he said, agreeably.

"Of course I've done similar people. Take *Pattern for Matrimony*. You recall it, last fall? Bruce Briscoe was the husband and Don Fielding made the complications."

"I haven't seen a movie in three years, Miss Ford. The one I saw then was the first I'd seen in five."

She blinked. Her mouth opened and she licked her plump lower lip to glistening. "Of course it isn't simply another man with Edna. I mean, with her—well, there's depth, and positively *tons* of psychology. I mean it will all have to be implied. No tearing a passion to rags—if I may quote. Oh, I've studied Edna. I *feel* her. I know exactly how she simply must be done."

The waiter came. Sipping his bourbon he watched her toss hers clean. Her eyes brightened and for the first time she seemed to find comfort, leaning back into the sable cape draped over the back of the chair. As he ordered again, he decided she was not going to sit across from him being comfortable—that in the morning he would have a good, long, profane talk with Fred.

"Miss Ford," he said, "exactly how must Edna be done?"

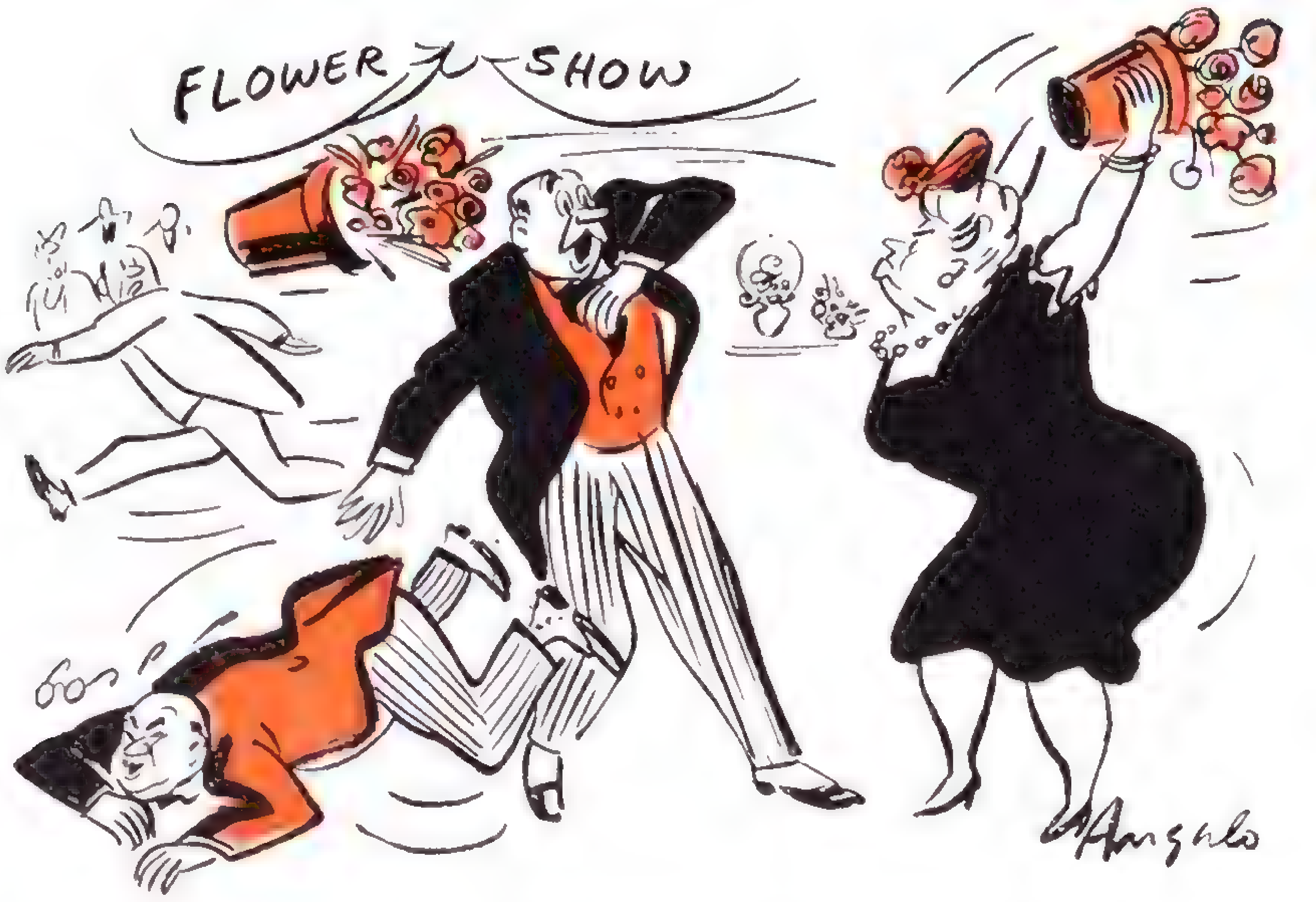
"Why—uh—quietly. Without too much—well, simply without too much."

"With very little?" he suggested.

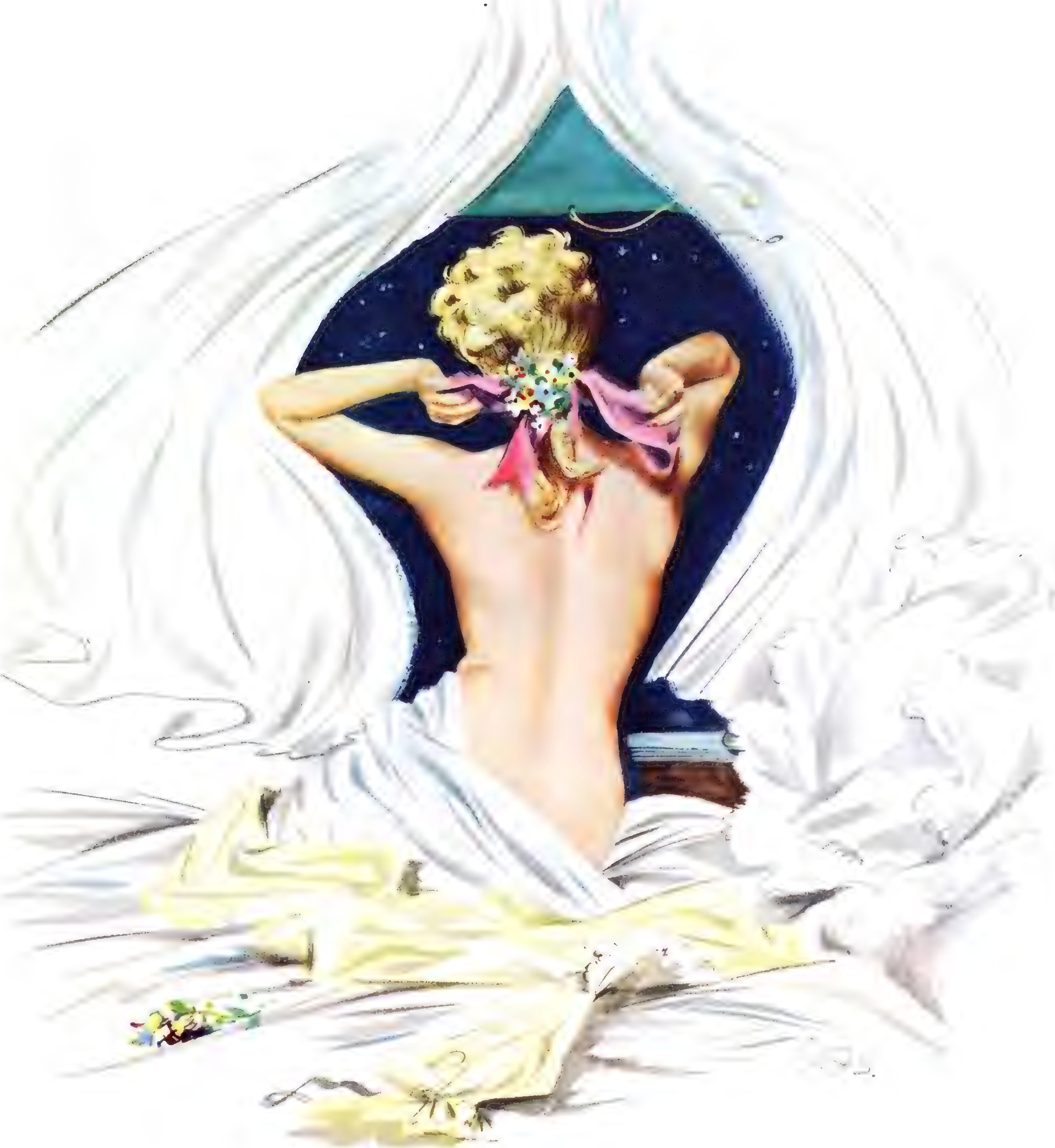
She was straight now, sitting away from the back of the chair. "*Very* little. Take the scene where even George sides with her mother against her. I mean there it is, on top of her mother's persecution—George, walking across the room to her mother, putting his hand on her shoulder, and saying 'Mother' that way."

He winced, but she continued. "Well, her whole *world* is there, crumbling before her eyes. Her mother and her husband both denouncing her. Now that has absolutely got to be done quietly, because if you start to wail and wring your hands—it takes the tragedy out of the whole scene. I would just stand there, just stand there . . . being stricken."

He nodded reflectively, and she had difficulty in smothering the sound of (*Continued on page 129*)

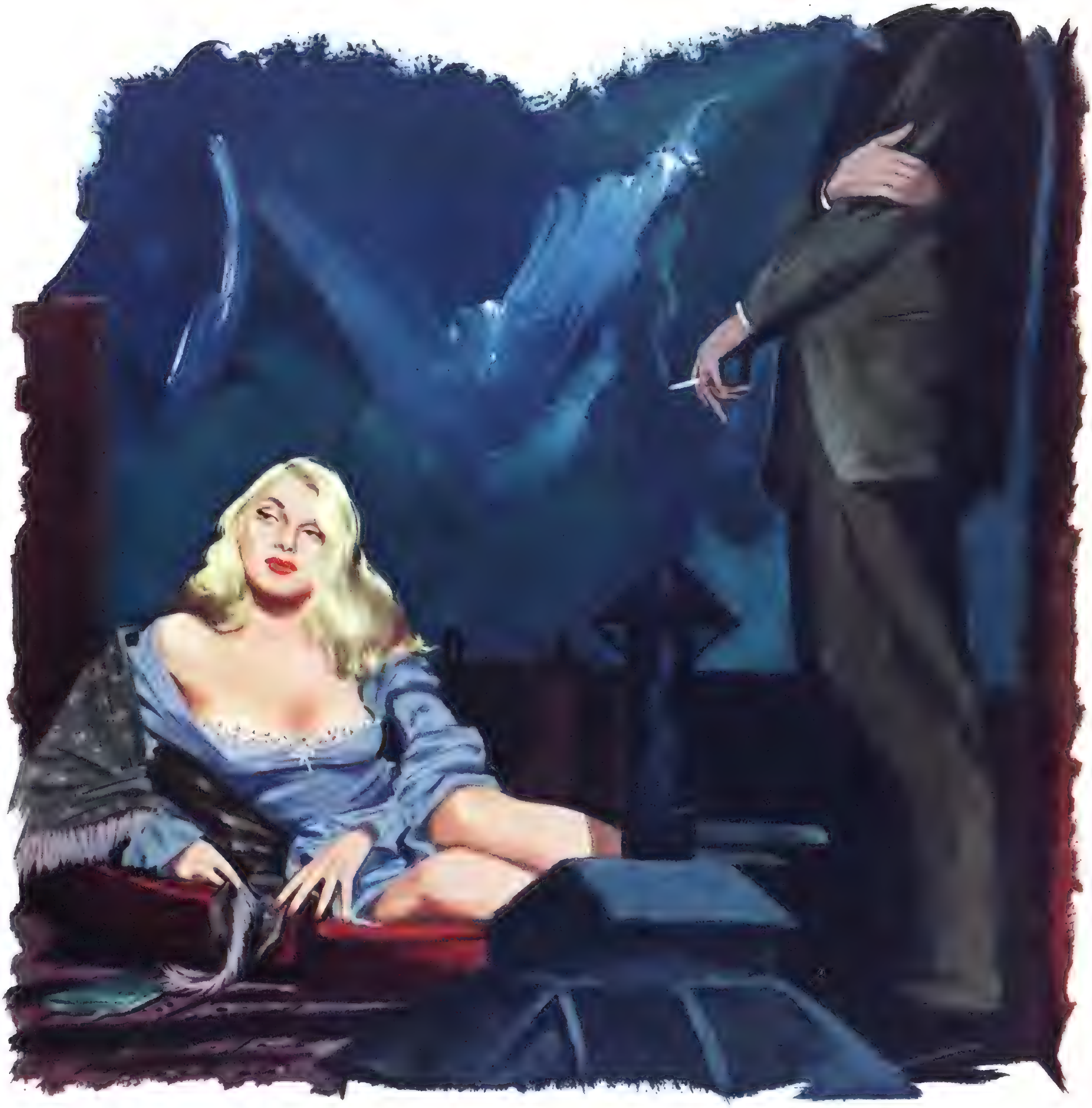


"Please, Miss Pressly—the decision of the judges is final!"



Stargazer by J. FREDERICK SMITH

Our fortune is told in the stars, so the astrologers tell us, and here behold the sight of a loving woman looking upward in search of answers to questions only half-expressed. The yes and the no—even the perhaps—lie buried in the radiance of the Northern Lights and whither the constellations tell her to go is a matter of major consequence not to herself alone. The night looks down upon her with its thousand eyes and her admirers tremble in the balance as she makes like Galileo. For should the stars be right in their courses and the answer affirmative, some lucky male will indeed discover the true meaning of what the poet praised when he spoke of "very heaven."



Northern Lights

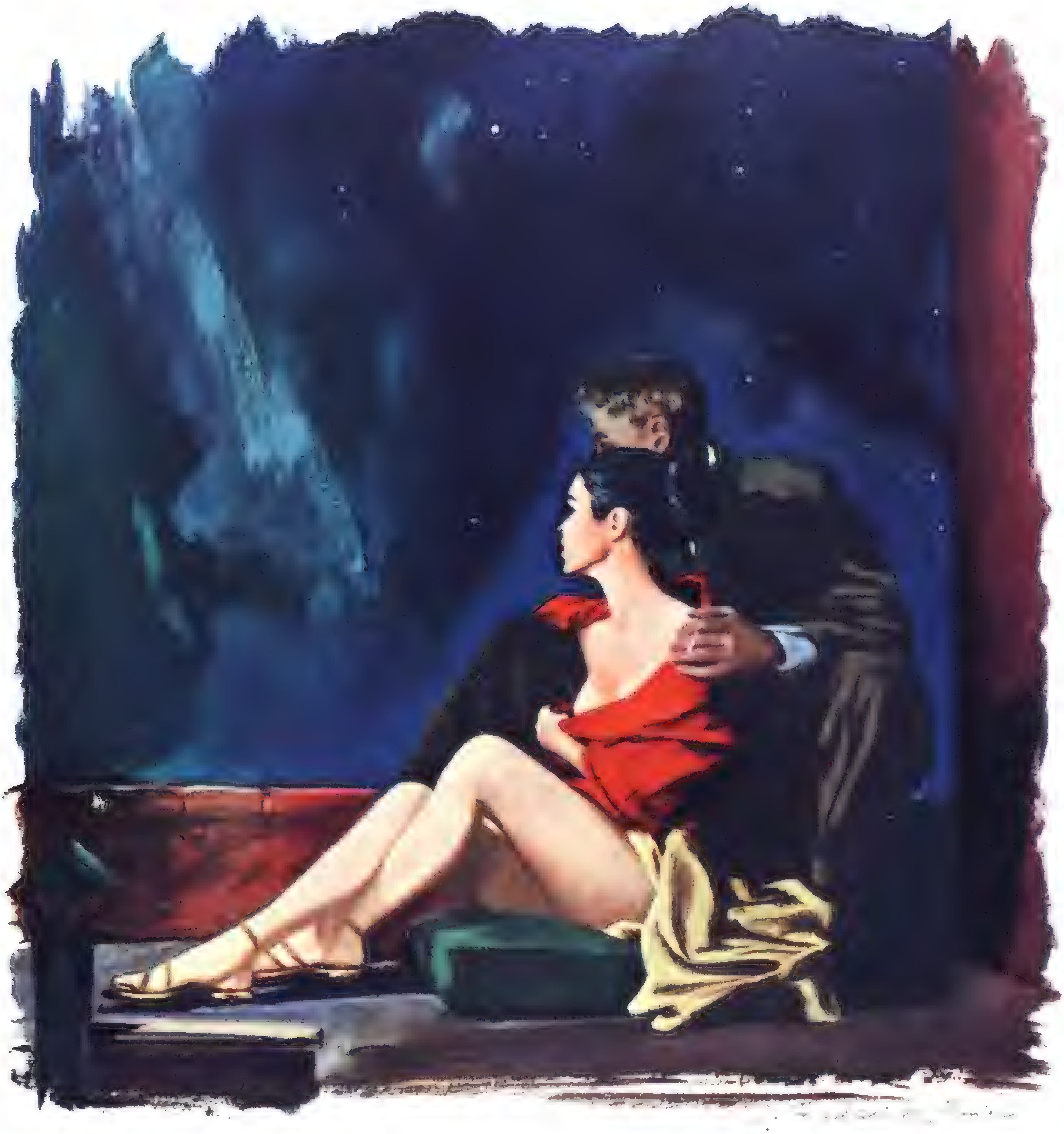
by WALTER BENTON

Pictorial Interpretations
by J. FREDERICK SMITH

Lo, the radiant hand prongs forth
coronally into space!

From what nether world ray out its
green-grey fingers,
Sunflowering the night like the
whirling hand of Van Gogh?

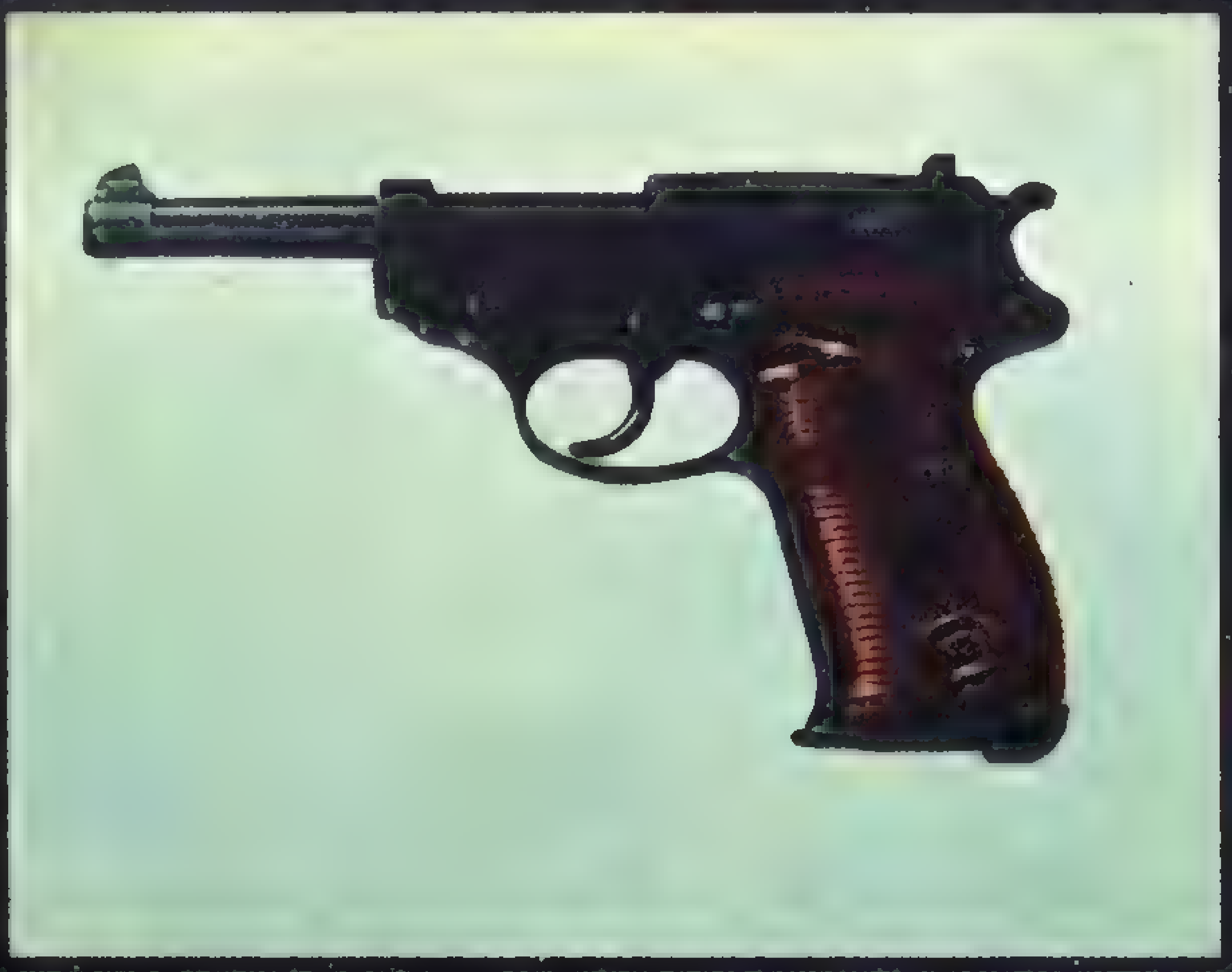
And you half sleeping beside me



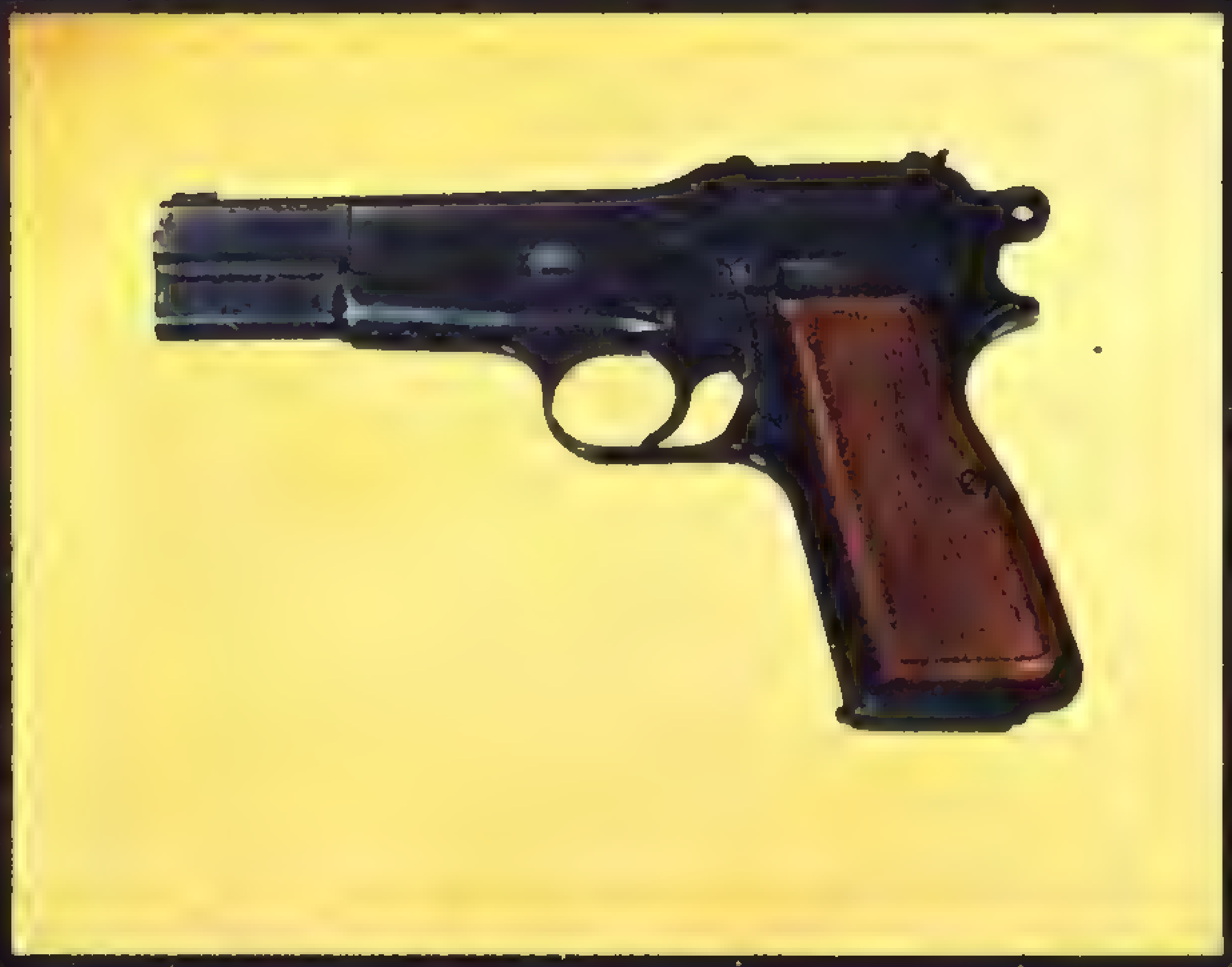
on the tall roof above
the still city, among the terrorized
stars . . . dreamily spacing words
of wondrous inconsequence.

O the kisses of your mouth
blot out the luminous
brilliance of heaven—
and your arms around me
are garlands of young roses!

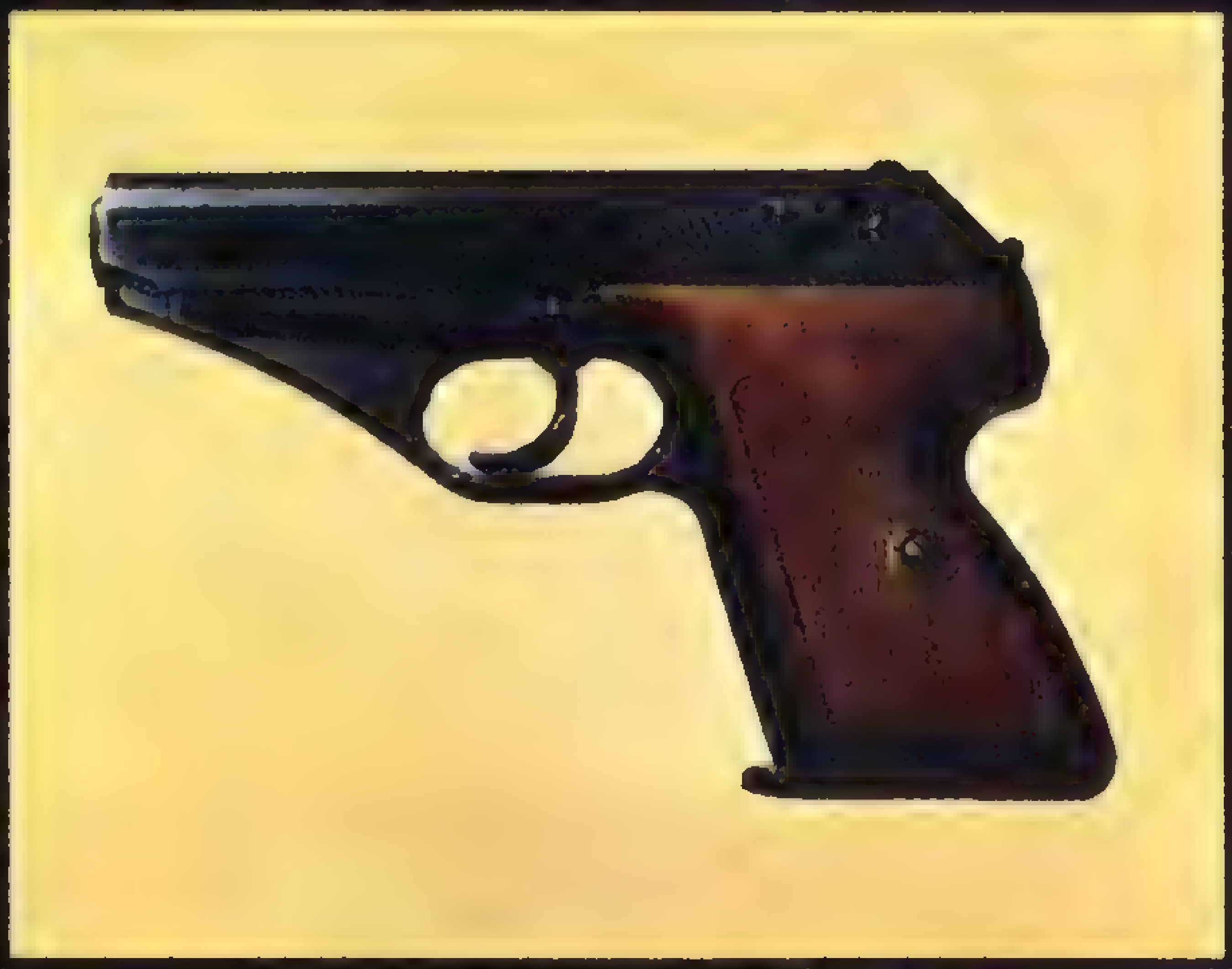
See, the agitation of the sky
subsides each time we move
together . . . as if in wonder—
there is no room on earth
for more than moments of this.



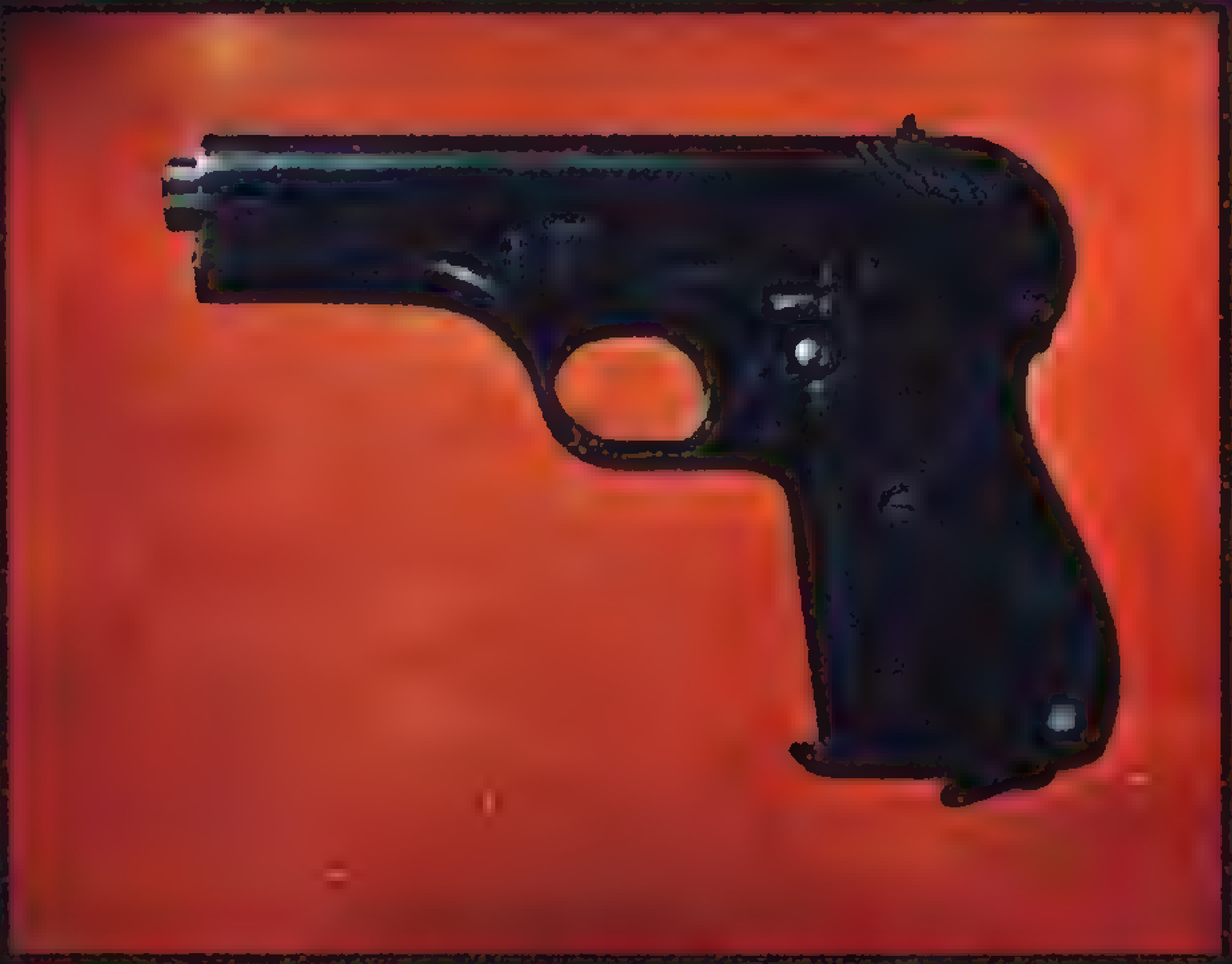
Germany: Walther P 38



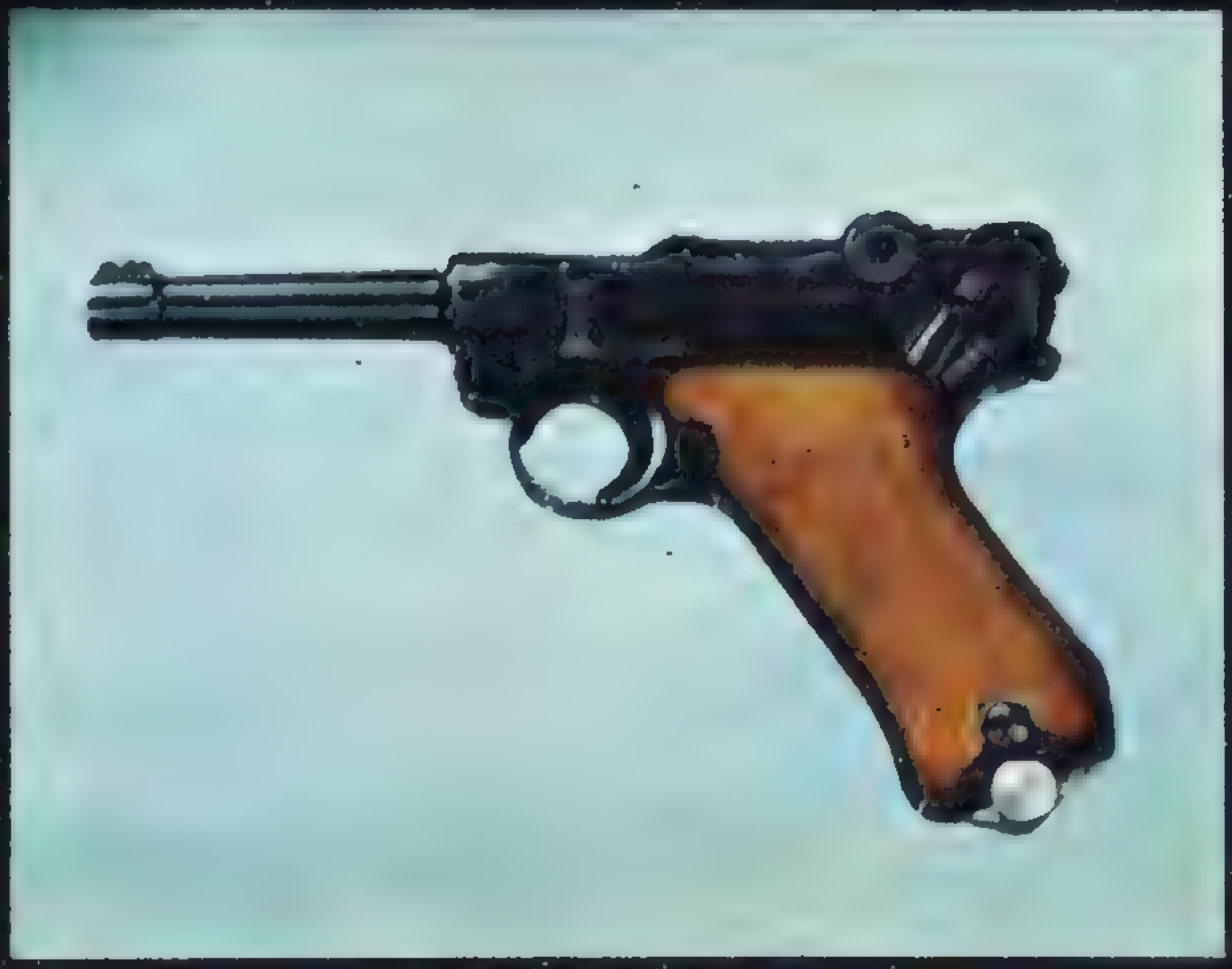
Belgium: 9 mm Hipower Browning



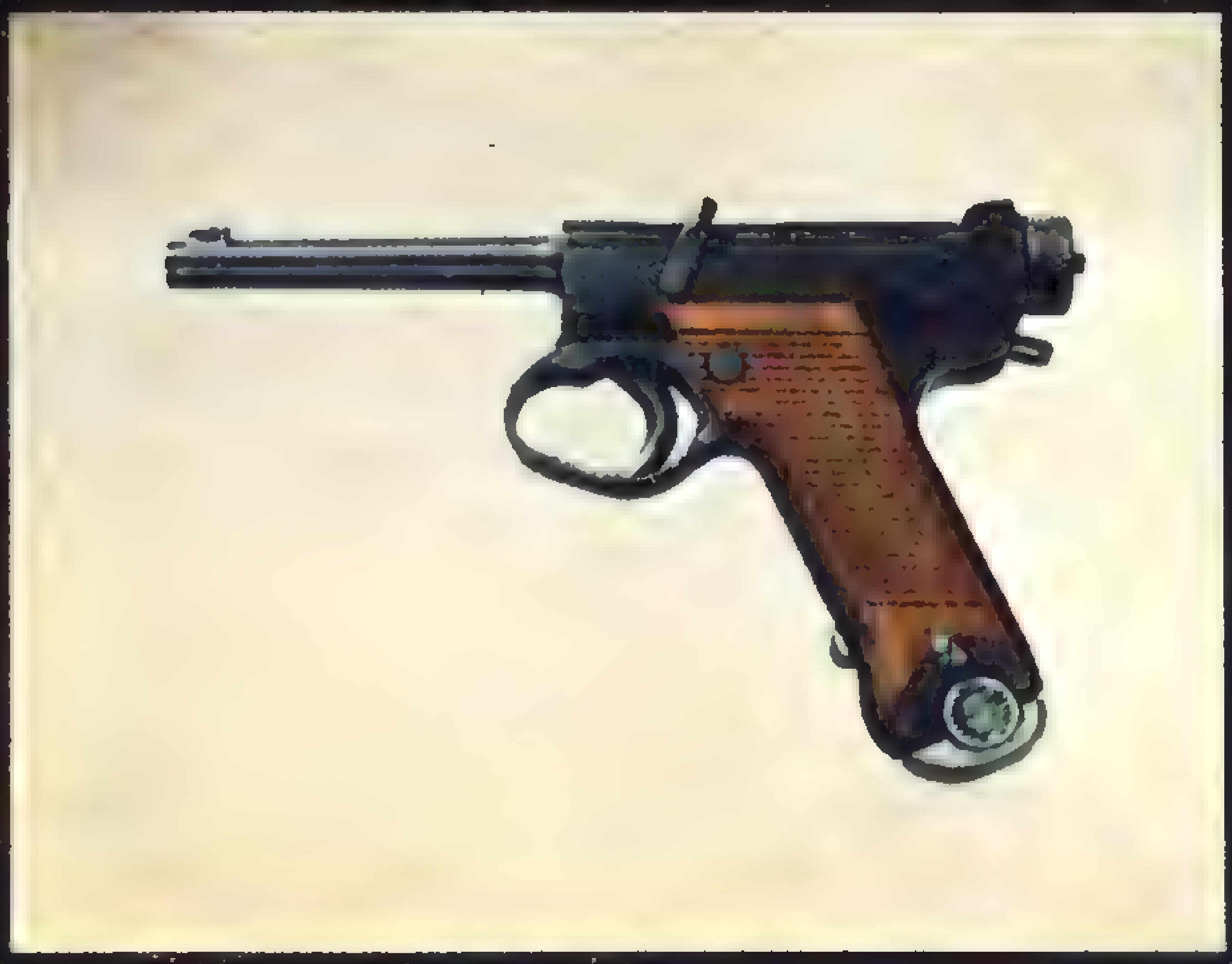
Germany: Mauser, Model H Sc



Czechoslovakia: CZ 1927



Germany: Luger



Japan: Nambu

SIDE ARMS FROM STOEGER ARMS

***Photographs by* Arnold Glantz**

When Alexander F. Stoeger, Jr. inherited his father's world-famous arms establishment, he took over more than just a business. Trained to know guns and to love them, he carries on the late senior Stoeger's private and personal interest in weapons as things of beauty. The side arms pictured are from his collection of World War II pistols, most of them quite rare, all of them in good shooting condition. Many an ex-GI will feel the pangs of recollection—if not nostalgia—after running his eyes over the present Kodachromes of pistols whose sleek beauty and ominous bark are still too familiar. Others, astute enough to have begged or bartered similar weapons during the war, can feel proud that their choice of weapons coincides with that of a true expert.

CHURCHILL ETTINGER

A Call on Stoeger Arms

On Fifth Avenue, of all places, is the home of a concern that is the very high tribunal for arguments on shooting irons

by BILL BURTON

People hurrying every day along an uptown block of New York's brittle-bright Fifth Avenue stop and stare at something suggesting almost shyly the lakes of Minnesota, the woods of Maine, the call of wild geese, and Escape, from Fifth Avenue among other things.

They see a small glass-fronted display case holding a pair of fine rifles, a sturdy outdoors shooting jacket, a scattering of ammunition, a hunting cap, some trapper's gear, a red-plaid wool shirt and a flutter of autumn leaves. These symbols together make up the simple announcement that on the second floor, out of sight, is the home of the great Stoeger Arms Corporation, gun authorities to the world.

Recently a long-striding Arizonan came in, swept his eyes along the score of big-game heads mounted on the long walls of the narrow store, rested his elbow on a showcase full of pistols and said, "By God, I had to come all the way here to get what I want, and I see it."

That's the meaning of Stoeger's: in good times they have what the trade wants; in bad times they try to get it; in all times they are "The Shooter's Bible," the final authority in shooters' technical controversies. Perhaps even more important is the fact that they have established the informality of a Hudson Bay Trading Post at hiccough-hearing distance from some of the world's most sophisticated cocktail congregations.

"I'll be with you up there in a few minutes," one top official called half the store's length to an aging farmer with mud on his shoes. The top official was studying mail and memoranda. A lawyer in Sunbury, Pennsylvania, had sent thanks for the use of a gun Stoeger considerately lent him through the shooting season while his own Mahillon, once owned by the Prince de Monaco, was in Belgium for repairs. His Royal Highness, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, had ordered 300 rounds of ammunition for a Springfield. A Navy captain called by radio telephone from 300 miles at sea to say "thanks" for finding him a certain rifle and that he'd be in later to pick it up. A merchant in Adad, Teheran, had ordered archery sets. A man wanted to know what dog was best for trailing people. A Texan, with strict regard for his state's law making it illegal to own a firearm outright, wanted to rent a pistol for 99 years.

The number of people who enter the store is infinitesimal compared to those who swear by Stoeger without a visit. The latter are the gun pros and lobbyists who pay $1.25 annually to get *The Shooter's Bible*, the company's 528-page catalog and a fixture since 1918. A shooter or snowshoe man, hunting-book fan, gun-parts buyer or prospect for a fine rifle lubricant would no more question a claim of *The Shooter's Bible* than a Mohammedan would deny the sanctity of the Holy Stone. Wrote a Seabee from the Pacific: "I used to take it over to a tent where a bunch of us hunters would argue guns and shooting . . . When I left the island there wasn't much left of the catalog; it was worn out." Said a schoolteacher from Sedro-Woolley, Washington: "My *Shooter's Bible* is used more than any textbook in the school." Wrote a Congregational minister: "*The Shooter's Bible* is a delight and the final authority among the gunbugs of my congregation."

Such a fanatical following is now paradoxically rending the Stoeger heart. It wishes above all to serve, and, secondarily, to survive financially. And it could do an enormous amount of both right now if it could fill all the orders. On a big floor above the long narrow store a score of girls sort through thousands of orders, ranging from requests for repeating shotguns to bolt-action rifles to sportsmen's mottoes to rare lost parts for long out-of-trade barometers or guns. On the letters are money orders. Behind a grating are stacks of mailbags with more orders. There are some 200,000 requests for *The Shooter's Bible.* It looks like it will be 1948 before everything wanted in the gun line will be back on the shelves.

This demand is unprecedented; and out of "what is believed to be the largest stock of gun parts in the world"—more than 10,000, requiring a wide row of special storing cabinets—Stoeger is even now serving a gun-loving army. They believe that the introduction of rifles to millions in the war accounts for much of the present demand. Mail from ex-servicemen is overwhelming. Occasionally something with an ominous sound turns up. One ex-serviceman, for instance, wanted ammunition for a Breda 1938 caliber 7-35 mm. Stoeger's only answer was: "If that is the Italian machine gun you have there you had better get rid of it quickly."

As the arbiter of shooter disputes over firearms, a Stoeger decision has the unanswerable finality of a nine-man opinion from the Supreme Court. Just back from Okinawa, a Marine wrote: "A buddy started telling me about his boyhood in the West. He said he knew a revolver that would surpass my favorite (the Colt .45 caliber). I scoffed at his claims but later (*Continued in center of page 104*)

FANTA

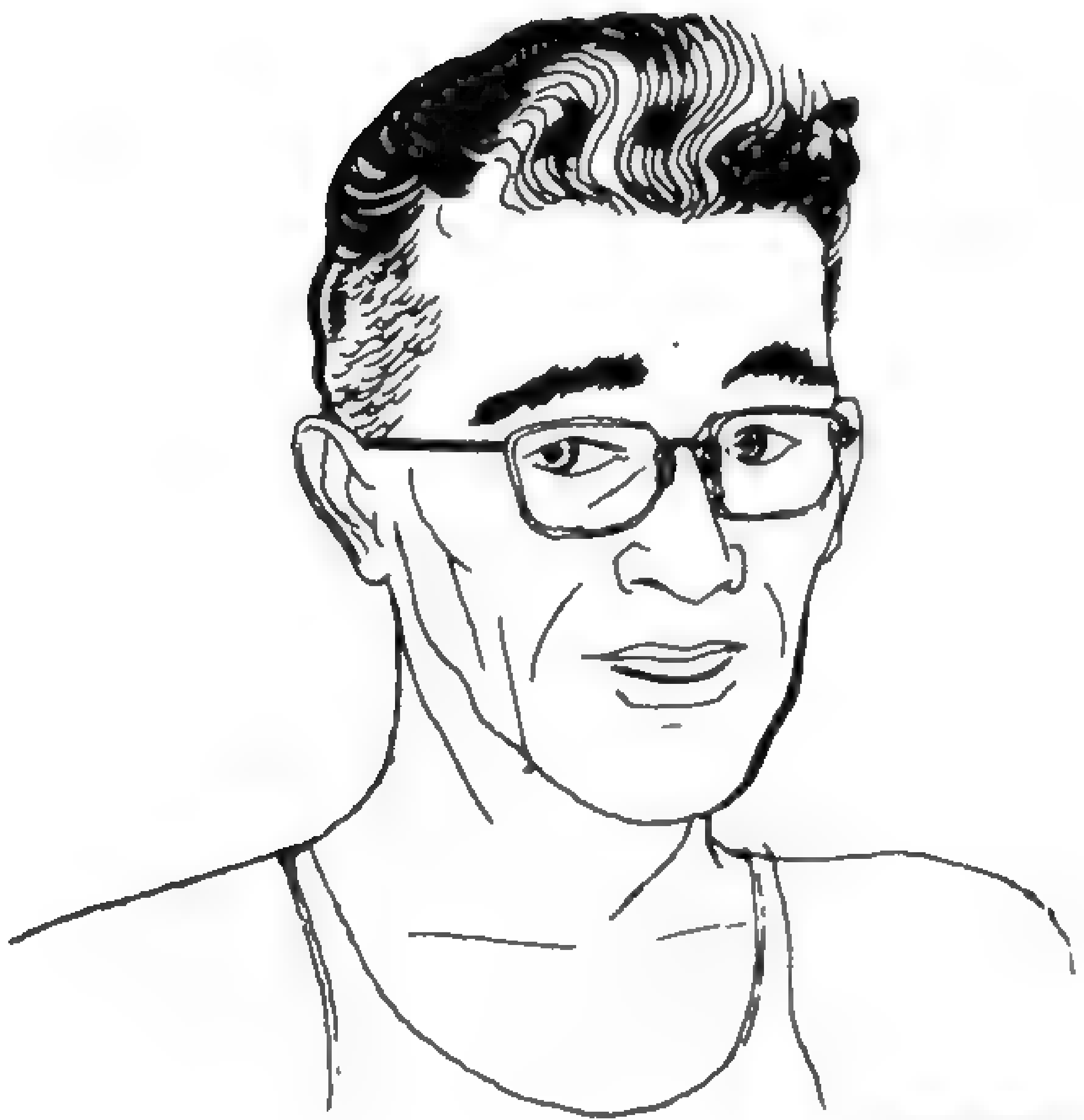
Training Ship Danmark

The gallant square-rigger Danmark *is cherished by Americans for her historic wartime performance during which thousands of U. S. Coastguardmen secured officers' training aboard this ship. She was built in 1935 as a training ship for the Danish Merchant Marine service —and will soon resume that work. Captain Knud L. Hansen, commander of the vessel, volunteered the* Danmark *to Uncle Sam on Pearl Harbor Day. Yanks, who literally learned the ropes on this 210-foot, 1700-ton square-rigger, boast of the stormy days when they clambered aloft to set the sails by hand. As they stood on the precarious footropes, slung loosely between the yardarms, they obeyed the traditional motto, "One hand for the ship—the other for the man." Work with one hand and hang on for dear life with the other.*

Bringing readers up-to-date on Gil Dodds, a minister who preaches his sermons from the track as well as from the church pulpit

Our Greatest Miler

by HENRY BAERMAN


FAULKNER

EARLY this year, a slim, bespectacled runner came out of a self-imposed retirement to take over right where he'd left off in 1944. The runner was Gil Dodds, a Scripture-quoting athlete who looks very little like what he is—the greatest of all American milers, and a good deal like something he also is—a theology graduate.

With Dodds almost forgotten, the boy they were talking about that night in Boston was Les MacMitchell, a distance man who had spread-eagled the field all through 1946. But the thousands who packed Boston Garden on the night of Dodds' return learned what other thousands have since learned in New York, Cleveland, Chicago and way stations. Gil Dodds is still, by many yards, the world's best miler.

At Boston, Dodds came home in the good time of 4:09.1 with the pack straggling forty yards and more in his wake. At the Knights of Columbus meet in New York a while later, he scored a double which can only be called phenomenal in the light of his competition. After taking the mile by a wide margin in the smashing time of 4:07.1, he wrapped up the two-mile an hour later. That mile clocking was the fastest ever run indoors with the exception of Gil's own world record of 4:06.4 set several years previously. Holding form like a human Man o' War, Gil finished the indoor season in considerable glory by notching a 4:06.8 at the Chicago Relays in March—without benefit of real competition. This performance was something of an anticlimax. There had long since ceased to be any doubt that the galloping preacher was every inch the distance runner he'd always been.

Today, at twenty-eight and perhaps several seconds away from his peak, Gil Dodds is America's lone hope to take the Olympic 1500 meters in 1948, and the only American with even a prayer's chance of approaching track's wildest wish—a mile in four minutes flat. How he achieved that stature is a story worth the retelling, because of its overtones of faith and courage.

To begin with, Gil Dodds is a man of God, which in his case involves a great deal more than just Scripture-quoting lip service. He thinks of his accomplishments on the track as God's will and God's work. When Gil pounds down the stretch he's a man with a message; he has to win because he wants to demonstrate the power of soul over body. He retired in 1944 because he thought he'd reached his peak and wanted to quit while on top. He came back this year because his muscles demanded more running *and* because he felt he could do more with his message if he remained in the public eye.

The important decisions Gil has made since leaving Falls City, Nebraska, have been influenced by religion. He went to Ashland College in Ohio (a school so small it had no appropriation for track) because his father, also a minister, was an alumnus. His collegiate affiliations since have been in connection with his divinity studies—at Wheaton College in Illinois, at Gordon College of Theology and Missions in Boston. Wherever possible he combines running with theology. At Wheaton, he coached cross-country. At Boston, he was tutored by Jack Ryder of the Boston Athletic Association. But whenever the two interests didn't jibe, running lost out.

GOLDBERG

Coming in on Wind and a Prayer

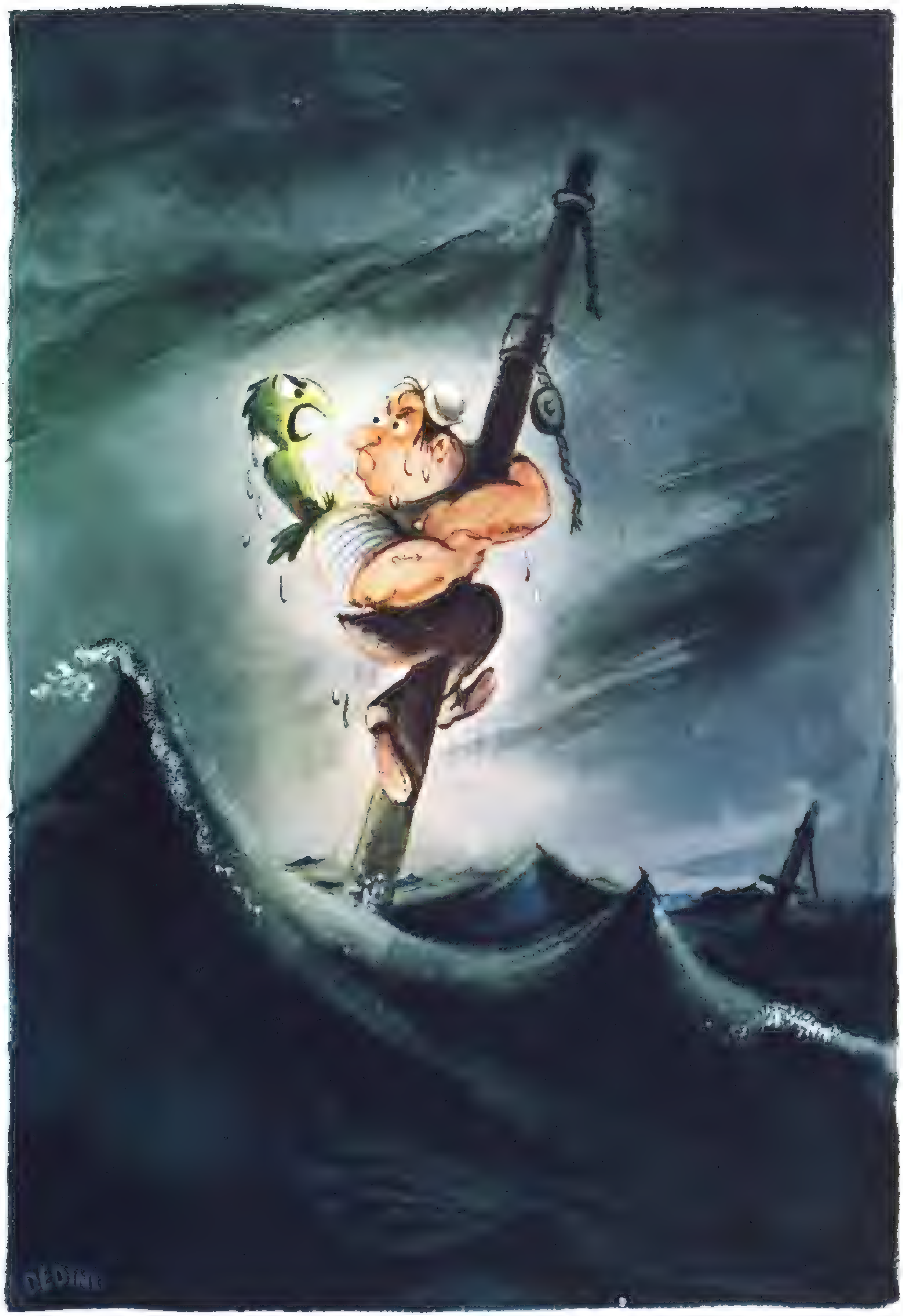
Gil Dodds, preacher son of a preacher, has been a running phenomenon ever since he left Nebraska for Ashland College and forthwith began leaving the more spectacular-looking milers in his wake. Studious, almost pedestrian in his manner and stride, Gil is a living refutation of an ancient theory which held that every great distance runner had to have a strong finishing kick. Gil simply pounds out four quarters of almost equal time and dares the opposition to stick close enough and kick hard enough to pass him. With the exception of the sensational Swede, Gunder Hagg, few have been able to accomplish that end—even once. Back on the boards after almost three years of study and preaching, Gil has once again established himself as the only threat to his own world's indoor record for the mile.

Gil's style of running seems to be more a matter of faith than natural ability. He moves with a peculiar arm-thrashing motion and is notoriously lacking in a finishing sprint. Though not slow by any means (he has done a quarter in 51.5), he is slow when compared to the short-distance speed of other top milers like Cunningham and MacMitchell. A Dodds mile is a model of steady endurance, the quarters almost monotonously alike. He never lets up and his stamina is phenomenal. For example, he once did six miles in 29:35.

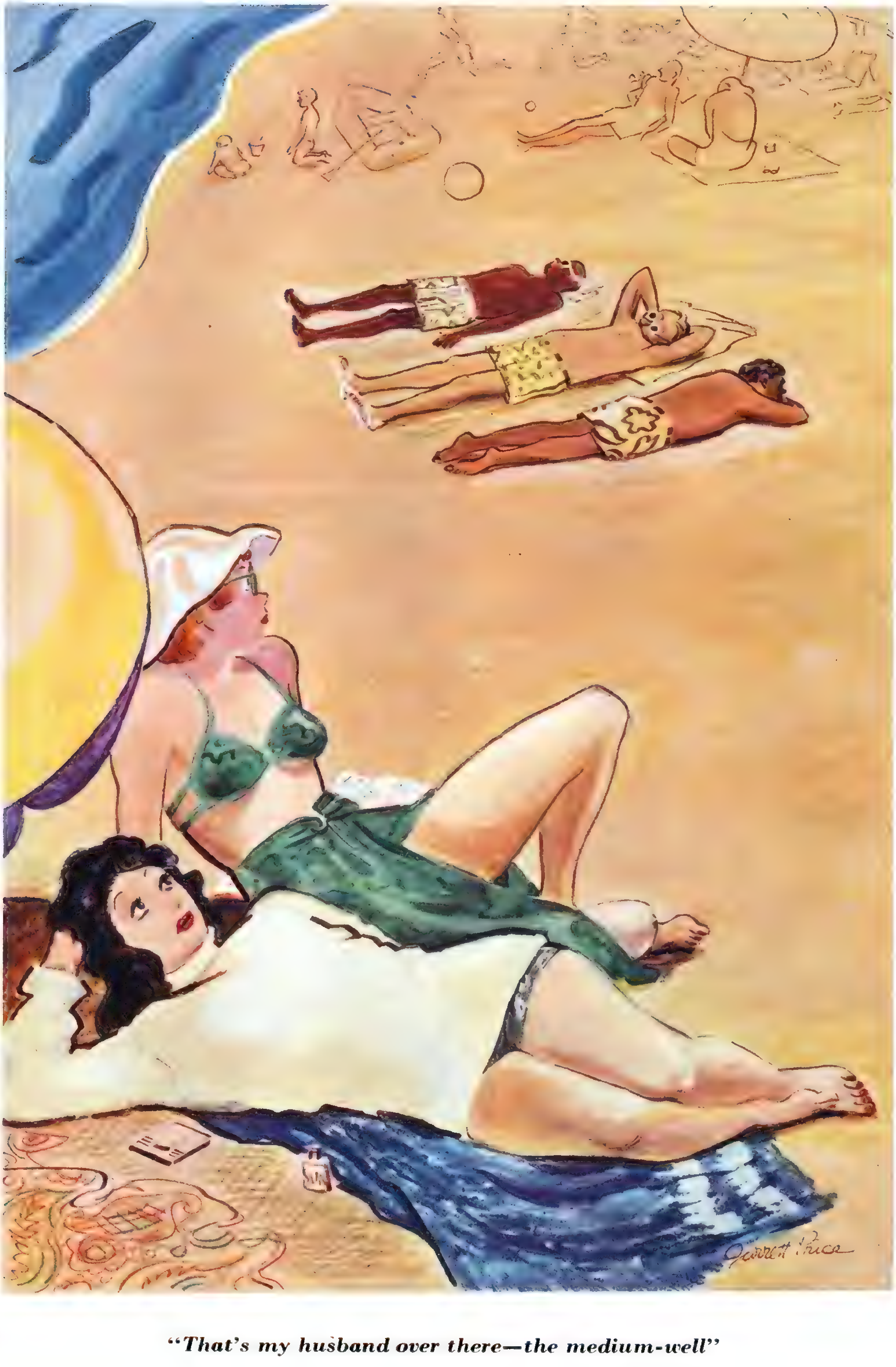
Next to faith, the Dodds story can best be told in terms of perseverance and courage. As a kid in Nebraska, he won the state mile championship for a high school which had no track. He did his training, laboriously, in a cow pasture. After serving as Ashland's one-man track team, he finally got his chance to run against the best at the Millrose Games. There he competed in his first big-time race, at two miles against Gregg Rice and Don Lash. Unaccustomed to running in a smoke-filled arena, he staggered all over the track, fell into Lash just as the Indiana nonpareil was about to make his move, and finally collapsed ignominiously. He was booed—something that seldom happens at a track meet. The experience was a terrible blow, but he had the courage to shrug it off. A year later, a worried Rice chased Gil right to the wire, just managing to get up by three yards. And the country kid who lacked experience at big-time indoor running soon became the greatest indoor runner of all.

Can Gil do a mile in four minutes? Possibly that job will call for more than the preacher can offer. But Gil thinks the "fabulous four" can and will be run and soon. Ask him why, and he replies in characteristic ministerial style: "Phil. 3.14."

For those rusty in Scriptures, here is the reference in full: "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." #



"Polly wants a cracker!"


Garrett Price

"That's my husband over there—the medium-well"

Time was running out, but there was still enough for thinking about the old friends, the lost days, the past

The Long Drop

by WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM

The spring had brought rain with it, drumming on the trailer roof and streaming in a sheet down the square windows. Frenchy watched the rain, listening to its drumbeat. Another spring. It was a French rain, too—the kind that pattered on the hangar roof at Marbleu. He counted back—twenty-eight years.

Before him the scrapbook's leaves were damp. The earliest clippings were brown, the latest were little stories from back pages: *Frenchy Thibault, long-drop parachute jumper, will be seen by residents of Oakridge at the Elks' Jamboree Saturday afternoon . . .*

Marlene's heels clipped the flagstone walk outside, and he heard her open the rear door. She boosted packages to the shelf table, then threw off the scarf she had worn over her head and shook out her raincoat. "Hi, pal. Wet enough for you? When you going to pack that chute if it keeps up like this?"

Frenchy laid the scrapbook back in the drawer. "I'll pack it. I'll take it over to Jerry's garage and lay her out. I'll pack it."

I've packed them in hangars and in freight cars. One time in a cemetery—the only place where I could duck the crowd.

The sound on the roof slackened, and Marlene changed into her slacks and sweater. She was saying something to him, ". . . only $2.98. I got a pair. I thought maybe you'd like 'em."

"Yeah, kid," he said, "you bet."

He stepped from the trailer, looking up at the sky where the clouds were streaming by like dirty cotton, the light trying to break through the ceiling. Marlene was peeling potatoes. He heard them drop with a hollow sound into the saucepan.

Old Buster, the poodle who lived across the way in the grey trailer, trotted up, his legs stiffened with age, his tail wagging lazily; Frenchy stooped to pet him. The dog's lips drew back, showing black gums. His teeth were nearly all gone; his bread had to be broken up in a saucer of milk.

Frenchy rubbed his back roughly. "Old hellion. I bet you raised plenty hell when you were a young fellow. Huh, Buster?"

The dog tired easily, and now he turned away, panting, and crawled under the dripping trailer.

Isabel had a dog like that once. Standing with the pale, washed sunlight on his forehead, Frenchy thought back to her across all the lost springs. Hair as black as a chunk of coal. It wouldn't be black now. If she had stayed around.

Above him the great elms dripped the last remnants of the rain. It would probably rain tomorrow: cancel the jump. He pulled out a cigarette and cupped his hands around the match.

Charley Maddock was the boy for telling the weather. Call it right every time. And then he went and got himself killed flying where there was only one kind of weather—the Sahara. Abd-el-Krim . . . how many years?

Marlene called him sharply.

"Yeah, kitten. I was just trying to guess whether it was going to clear for tomorrow."

She had the plates laid out on the shelf, and Frenchy sat down, glad of a chance to sit. But he had been sitting all afternoon, going over old jumps with the scrapbook.

They ate silently. Marlene was quiet for once, and Frenchy did not break the peace. Were young dames always gabby? Then he answered himself—sure they were. He used to be gabby, too.

Not as gabby as Tup Winters. The time Tup was flying the first mail route to Washington and I went along for company . . . he kept hollering in my ear, New York to Washington, and you couldn't catch one word out of three over the engine. Tup gabbed, probably, all the while he was heading for the water, somewhere between Montauk and Ireland . . . way back in 1928.

Frenchy mopped up the last of the gravy. Marlene was still quiet. She moved quickly, slamming the dishes into the dishpan. She asked him if he wanted to go to the movies, and he said he thought he would try to pack the chute while the light lasted.

"Why don't you wait until morning, Frenchy? It's too wet now, isn't it?"

"Not too wet. Might be raining in the morning."

"Well, then you wouldn't jump, would you?"

"Might clear off by afternoon."

She came and stood near him as he brought out the rubberized ground sheets and spread them on the grass. She was smoking a cigarette. The slacks clung to her, particularly when she raised one foot and placed it on the low stone wall by the drive. The sweater clung to her all the time. She smoked, watching him.

"I thought you said the silk has to be dry . . ."

He straightened, looking down at the tumbled white folds and their web of lines. "It's pretty dry."

She threw the cigarette away. "I'm going down to the picture show, Frenchy."

"Okay, kitten. See you later."

She came and stood near him for a moment, but he was gazing down on the white froth of silk. Behind them a single drop of rain fell from the elm tree and spattered on the stone wall.

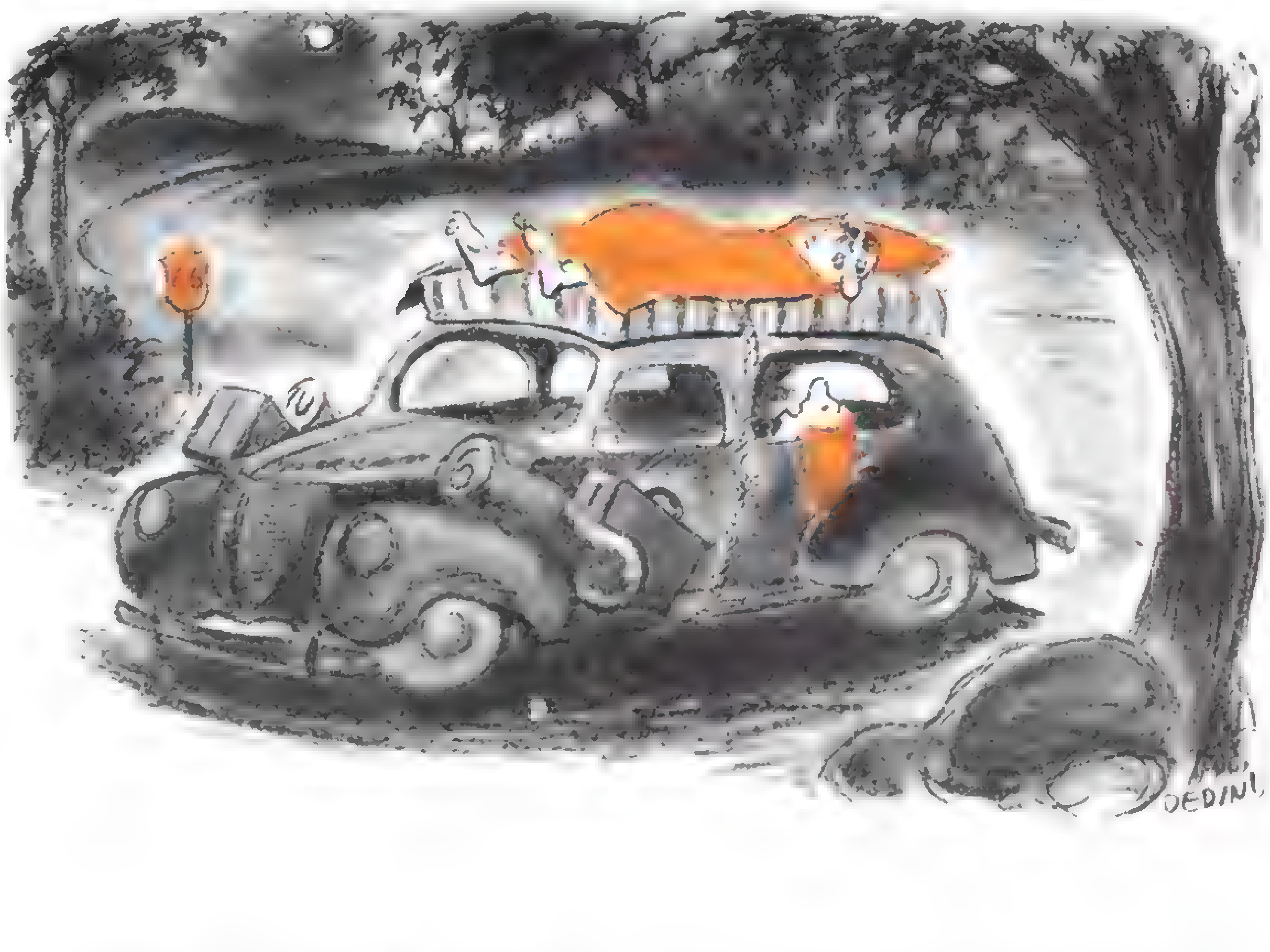
Abruptly Marlene turned and went into the trailer. She pulled down the shades and Frenchy heard the closet door opening.

When she came out she had on her grey suit and a black blouse. There were daisy clips on each side of her hair and she carried a black and white umbrella. "So long, pal. See you in the funny paper."

"Yeah, kitten. Have a good time."

He started at the apex, running his hand under the smooth fabric, looking for weak spots. The Army kills a nylon job after four years or after a hundred jumps. But this was silk—fourteen years old and still in good shape.

That time at the fair in Oakland when the main chute snarled and the reserve caught in it, and he had somer- (*Continued on page 134*)

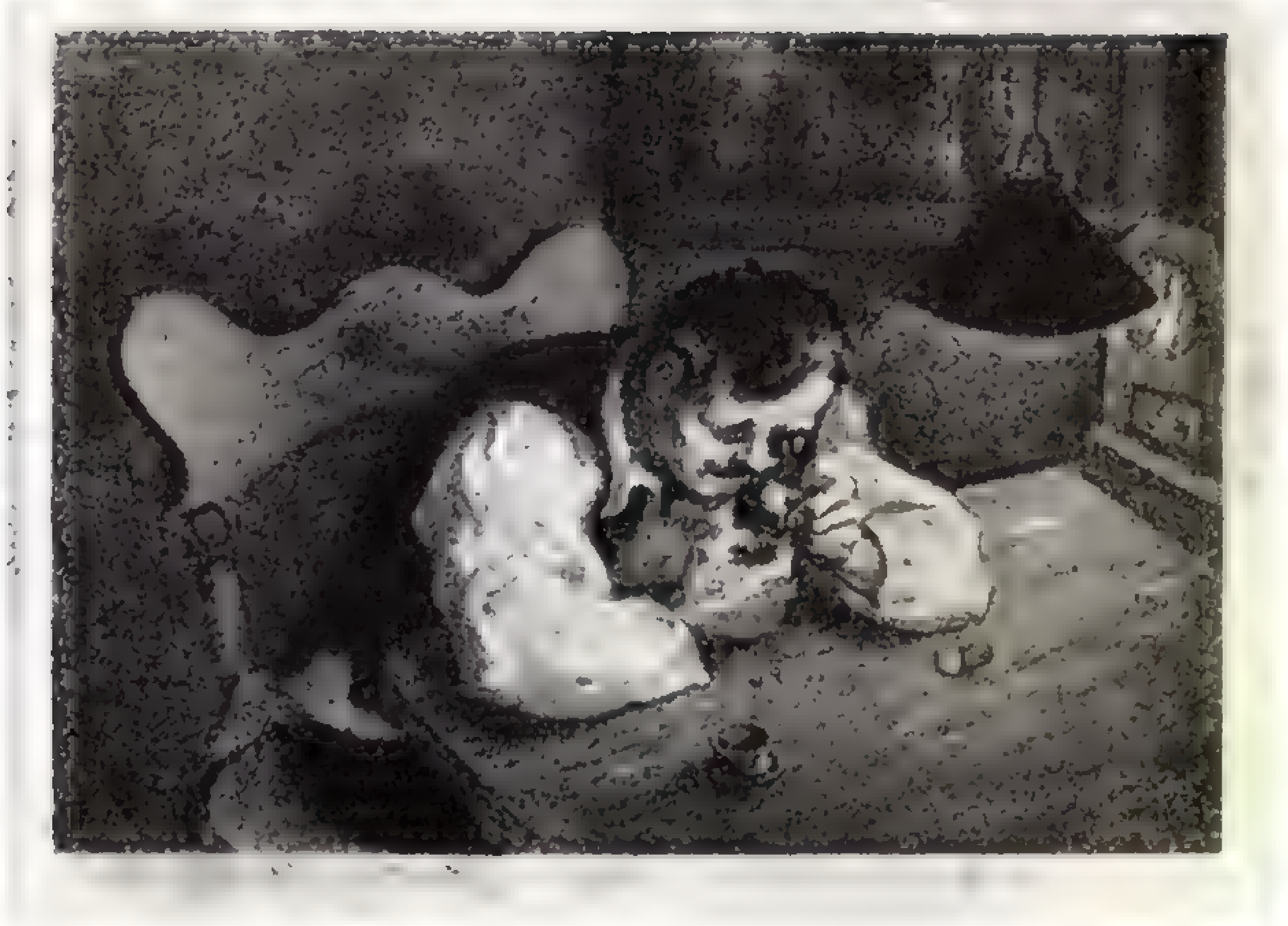


"Don't fall out of bed, dear—you have to drive tomorrow"

The series of catastrophes wrought by a gold seal ring finally made an honest man out of the incomparable Mr. Ziska

Seed of Destruction

by GERALD KERSH



MERVIN JULES

I always maintained that Mr. Ziska deserved to get on in the world, if only on account of the extraordinary richness of the lies he told. He started as an antiquary and jeweler in a small way of business, buying and selling all kinds of valueless rubbish—cameo brooches, Indian bangles and job lots of semiprecious stones. I used to let him sell me knickknacks for which I had no earthly use, just for the sake of his sales talks, for in Mr. Ziska's stuffy little shop a paste brooch was not simply a paste brooch—it was, as he always explained, an item of a very special sort. It had been worn by Dr. Crippen's wife, it had been found in the belly of an ostrich, it had fooled an Indian maharajah. He nearly persuaded me once that a rusty old Spanish knife with a broken point was the fatal knife used by Charlotte Corday when she stabbed Marat in his bath. It was a left-handed knife he explained. Unique, amazing opportunity, valuable historical relic, dirt cheap, five pounds. No? Four pounds fifteen shillings. No? Four pounds. Not at any price? Pity, pity to see a friend missing such a bargain! Then what about this valuable old meerschaum pipe, bitten through at the mouthpiece? This was the pipe Émile Zola smoked while he was writing *Nana*—look, crumbs of tobacco still stuck at the bottom of the bowl. A literary man should not fail to snap up this sacred relic. To anybody else five pounds; to me, thirty-five shillings. No? Then how about this candlestick? It belonged to Balzac. With this very candlestick he lighted George Sand through the streets when she went to catch her omnibus . . .

So he ran on. He always got me in the end, so that I still possess Lord Byron's eyeglass, Beethoven's paperweight, a rusty spearhead which belonged to Richard The Lion Hearted, and a brass ring bearing the signs of the zodiac and guaranteed to bring good luck. I have never been able to give the things away. He had what they call personal magnetism, that funny little man. As he talked, he glared into your eyes and screwed his face into frightful grimaces. He wore an antiquated frock coat which, he once told me, had been the property of Richard Wagner, and he never let himself be seen without a pink orchid in his frayed buttonhole. He was irresistible.

It was Mr. Ziska who invented the incredible legend of the Seed of Destruction. He made it up on the spur of the moment. There was something of the artist in Mr. Ziska. He was tired of telling the same old story about how the shoddy little rings and pins that he sold would bring good fortune to the ladies or gentlemen who wore them, and so he struck a new note. He had an inspiration. It had come to him in a flash. I was there when it happened.

He had stopped trying to sell me Charles Dickens' favorite gold toothpick, and had taken from a tray a gold ring set with a spinel seal as big as my thumbnail, clumsily engraved with a bit of an inscription in Arabic. He stood there, blinking at it. I could see that he was trying to think of something fresh, and so I said: "The Seal of King Solomon, no doubt?"

He blinked at me and smiled shyly and said: "No. This is not the Seal of Solomon. This, my friend, is known as the Seed of Destruction."

"It brings good luck, I suppose?"

His eyes sparkled and his face assumed such an expression of delight that every wrinkle looked like a little smile, as he replied. "No, my young friend, that is just where you're wrong. It does *not* bring good luck. It brings *bad* luck," and he actually crowed like a contented baby.

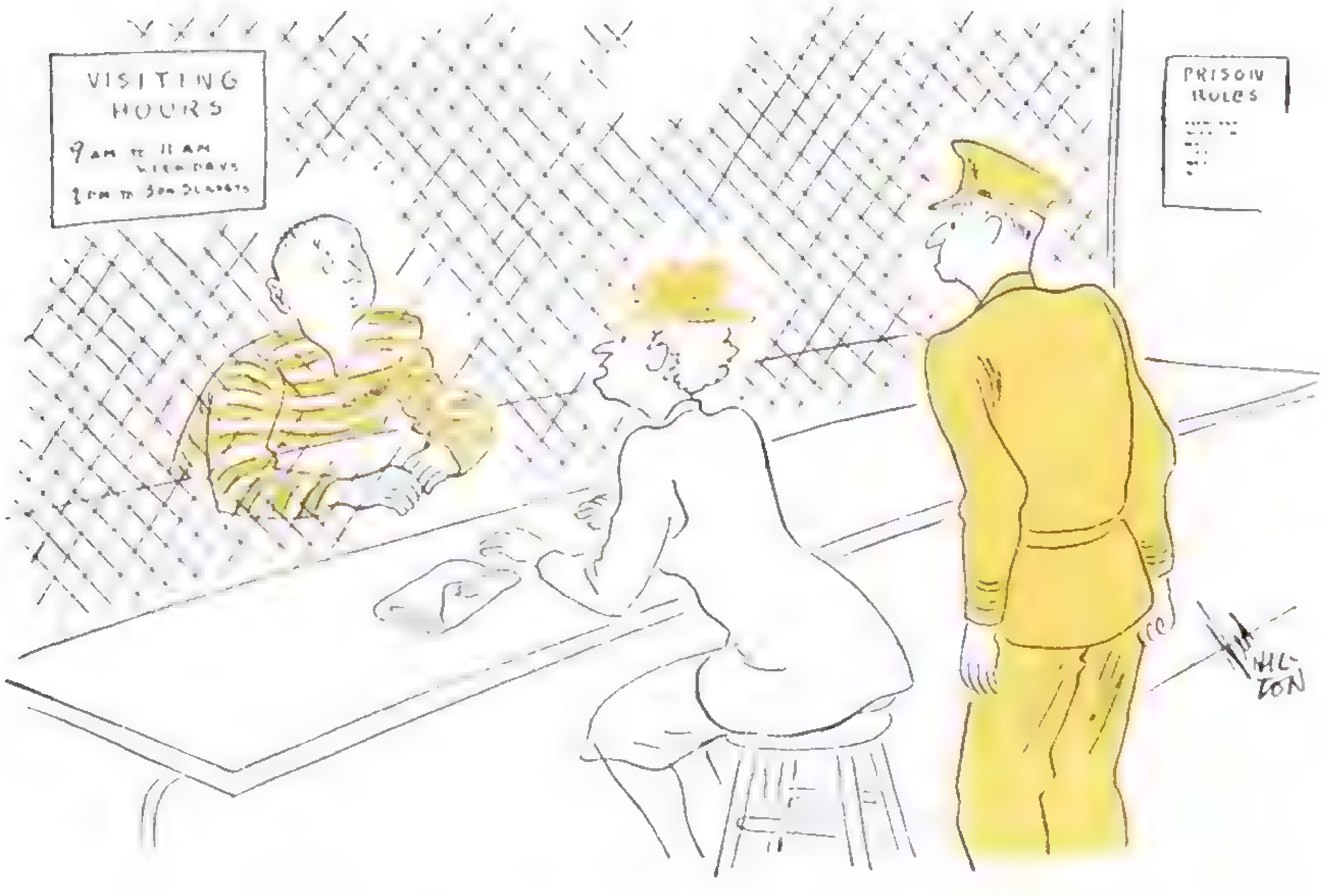
He continued: "It brings bad luck. That's why it's called the Seed of Destruction. It brings very bad luck indeed. The inscription says: '*It's the destiny of Man to be in trouble.*' If you're rich, it'll make you poor. If you're healthy, it'll make you ill. If you're alive, it will soon be the cause of your death. See? It was cut by a magician, an Arabian magician, a very bad man indeed, for an Arab prince in the days of Saladin. The magician put a spell on it, a shocking spell. This ring is absolutely certain to bring bad luck—not good look—bad luck. I personally guarantee it. A bargain; twenty-five pounds."

"You expect me to pay twenty-five pounds for that?" I said. "And, incidentally, it does not seem to have done *you* much harm. Come off it, Mr. Ziska!"

With infinite patience and something like pity, holding up his hand for silence, he said: "Calm, calm, calm! Listen and learn, young man. I have not told you how the enchantment works. This ring does no harm at all to the purchaser of it. Not to the buyer, and not to the seller. I bought it and therefore it cannot hurt me. If you buy it, it cannot hurt you. But if you *give* this ring away, the most horrible misfortunes will fall upon the head of the person to whom you give it. Do you understand? That is the whole idea of the thing. It is obvious, can't you see? The Arab prince fell in love with a princess, but she loved another prince instead of him. Do you see? So the prince paid the magician a lot of money to make this ring and, pretending brotherly affection, he placed it on his rival's finger. Three days later the rival was eaten by a lion. But the princess, poor girl, went to bed and died of a broken heart. And so the prince, who was sorry for what he had done, got the ring back and hid it away. But one of the eunuchs in his palace stole it."

"What happened to him?" I asked, knowing that Ziska was lying.

"Oh, it is equally unlucky to steal it. It must be bought and paid for. The eunuch was set upon by robbers and they cut his throat and stole the ring from him and sold it to a merchant in Aleppo. But they hadn't paid for it, so they were caught and had their heads cut off. But the merchant sold the ring to a young nobleman so *he* was all right. He had bought and paid for it. The nobleman, who was trying to keep on the right side of his uncle, who



"Are you nuts? . . . I ask you when you want the saw blades smuggled in and you ask 'How's Aunt Nellie?' . . . who in hell is Aunt Nellie?"

was very miserly and wicked, gave him the ring for a present. And would you believe it? That same day the wicked old uncle fell off a high roof and broke his neck, and the young nobleman inherited all his money. I could go on all day telling you what happened. Twenty-five pounds?"

"I haven't got any rich uncles, and I haven't got an enemy worth killing. And I haven't got twenty-five pounds."

"Perhaps you think I'm not telling you the truth?" said Mr. Ziska.

"No, no!" I protested.

"Yes, I can see. You think I'm a liar. You're as good as calling me a liar to my face. That's what it is, and I treat you like a friend. I want to do you a good turn and sell you the famous Seed of Destruction for twenty-five pounds, and you as good as call me a swindler, a confidence trickster, a cheat! Very well."

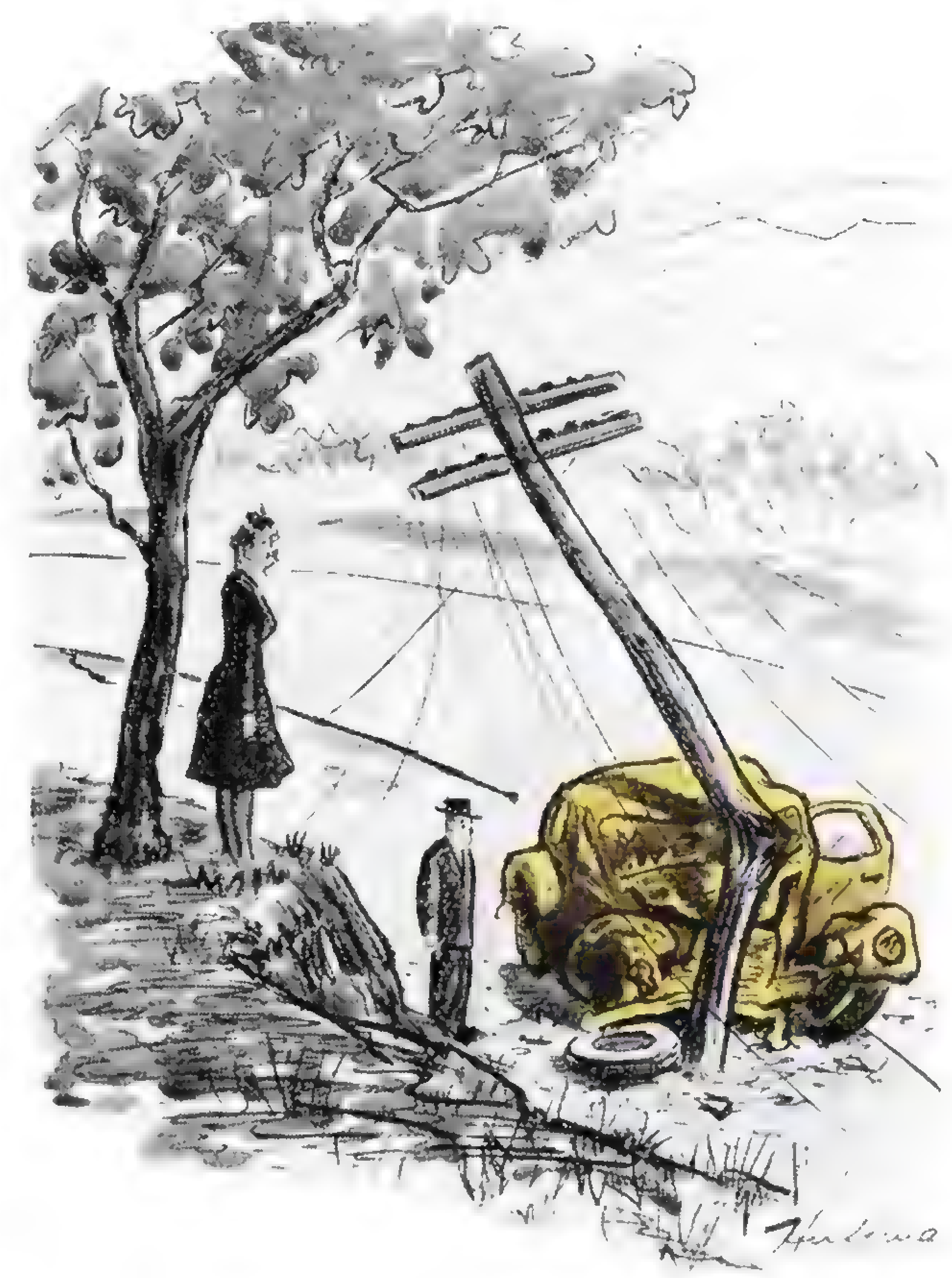
"No, no, my dear Mr. Ziska. Don't take it like that."

In order to mollify him I had to buy a cracked china inkpot—the one Shakespeare used when he was writing *Hamlet.*

Later I heard that Mr. Ziska had sold the Seed of Destruction to a passionate-looking thin lady who ground her teeth between sentences, and had dark circles under her eyes, which were swollen with weeping. He asked fifty pounds for the ring and got it. It was a fair price. The ring was worth four or five, and the story, as he later elaborated it, was reasonably cheap at forty-five pounds or so.

I congratulated Mr. Ziska and forgot about the affair until I was reminded of it by a sensational feature article in a Sunday paper. It was entitled *Jewels of Death,* and was composed of a little fact and a lot of fiction about famous unlucky gems. We have all read that sort of thing before. The article was illustrated with photographs of the Great Blue Diamond, the Bloody Ruby of Cawnpore, the Peruvian Emerald, and last of all, the Seed of Destruction. This strange spinel seal, it appeared, had a sinister history. Mr. Ziska's story was there, more or less as I had heard it when he concocted it in his shop.

The writer went on to say that the Seed of Destruction had been discovered by the ill-fated Mrs. Mace in an obscure and nameless little cheap jewelry shop. Mrs. Mace, believing in the mysterious virtue of this terrible gem, had given the ring to her faithless lover, who was surprised by her jealous husband two days later and beaten to death with a sculptor's mallet. Mrs. Mace, who appeared to be somewhat demented, had told the story in court. She had sold the Seed of Destruction to a morbidly curious London businessman who, having given her his word of honor that he would never give the ring away without receiving payment for it, conveniently forgot his promise and gave it to his partner, with a friendly slap on the back one afternoon in Sweetings.



"I'll just stay here in the shade while you fix it, Lawrence"

Less than an hour after he had put the ring on his finger, the hapless partner of the businessman was run over and instantly killed by a heavy truck in Cheapside. It is true that he was under the influence of drink when staggering off the curb, but it looked very peculiar, one had to admit. He had never been run over before.

The ring, together with his other effects, went to his heir, a worthless young man who squandered everything, forged seven checks, was sent to prison, and died there of pneumonia.

The pawnbroker, who by this time had the Seed of Destruction as an unredeemed pledge, made much of the fact. An American bought it for a considerable sum, and added it to his collection of horrible curios. A burglar stole the collection, was stopped by a policeman, and pulled a gun. The thief shot the policeman in the shoulder, but the policeman shot him in the abdomen so that he perished miserably a few hours later, and the ring went back to the man who had bought it. One evening, however, his daughter, who had been drinking bathtub gin with some friends, took the ring out of her father's private museum, and put it on in drunken bravado. She defied the Seed of Destruction, said the writer of the article.

The party went on. Dawn broke and the daughter, although she could hardly stand, insisted on taking out a high-powered roadster. She said she needed a breath of fresh air. She zigzagged at seventy miles an hour along the highway, miscalculated on a hairpin bend, and crashed. That was the end of her.

The bereaved father sold the Seed of Destruction for one cent to a millionaire from Detroit and embraced the Catholic religion.

And now, once again, the Seed of Destruction was on the market. The slump had struck America, and the millionaire from Detroit, in straitened circumstances, had sold his collection of jewels to Tortilla, the dealer, who was waiting to see how much he could get for the Seed of Destruction, which I could have bought for twenty-five pounds that day in Ziska's shop.

More than two years later, as I was whistling to a taxi in Piccadilly outside the place where they sell dog collars, an extremely elegant young man stopped me and said: "Excuse me, you're Mr. Kersh, aren't you?"

I said that I was indeed.

"I don't think you remember me," he said.

I said: "My memory is getting very bad. As a matter of fact, I don't think I do remember you."

"Does the name of Ziska convey anything to you?" he asked. "My name is Ziska. Many a time I saw you in my father's shop."

I said: "Why, of course it conveys something to me. Surely you must be Ziska's son?"

We shook hands. A taxi came and we shared it. I asked young Mr. Ziska how his father was. He sighed and said: "I have taken over the business. But I'll never be anything like he was. What a man he was! What a personality! What a businessman! But, of course you know, in our business we have to have good eyes. A jeweler who can't see straight might as well retire. Dad was marvelous. But about five years ago his poor old eyes gave out on him. He got a cataract, had an operation, and he was never the same again. I took over. What a man he was! I daresay you remember that funny business about the Seed of Destruction?"

"I know," I said, "because I happened to be on the spot when your father made it up!"

Young Mr. Ziska said: "Yes. I know. I wish I had a half of the old man's imagination. *I* can't do it. He could spin a story about anything. I have known him to sell six pennorth of pinchbeck for ten pounds just on the strength of the story he made up about it on the spur of the moment. Well, as I was saying, it was his story that made that Seed of Destruction what it is today. He bought it for fifty shillings, and sold it for fifty pounds. And now—I can speak to you freely because you're an old friend—it must be worth five thousand pounds if it's worth a penny. I've been offered four thousand pounds for it."

"Oh, have you got it then?" I asked.

"Yes, I bought it off Tortilla for three thousand pounds. I knew I could get four thousand pounds for it anyway, so I bought it. Who wouldn't? I knew it would please the old man. He was a great guy. I wanted to give him a little surprise so I brought this Seed of Destruction home and said to him: 'You'll never guess what I've got.' Then he asked me what I had got and I told him and he was as pleased as punch. He was pretty sick, and getting on in years, as I daresay you know. I said to him: 'Well, here you are, Dad, you invented it, you made it, you built it up, you worked miracles with it; you picked a tuppenny-ha'penny spinel out of a boot box full of rubbish and turned it into a property by your own genius, and here it is—worth a packet. I make you a present of it,' I said. And then he asked me how much I had paid for it, and I told him three thousand pounds, and he sat up in bed with the ring on his little finger and he shouted 'Oi!' and passed away. Heart failure. Shock. It had cost him fifty shillings. He was a great guy. Where are we, Shaftesbury Avenue? I get out here. Nice to have seen you again. Bye-bye." #

News Beat by Nightmare

The diary spoke incoherently of disaster and a thing called love, but one thing was clear: its writer showed a strong desire to survive

by JOSEPH E. SHANER

"It will be difficult to decipher this," the elder scientist said, "but with our new equipment we can take a stab at it."

"Something to do anyway," the assistant yawned. "These rocket-ship trips bore me."

"Where are we?" the elder asked.

"About 75,000 feet."

"Lots of time then."

They began reading:

My back feels as if the spear end of a tent pole is jammed between my shoulder blades. I shall probably die in the ruck of this debris before help comes. If I could only push away this anguishing weight . . .

Writing this is difficult. A suffocating dust seeps through a chink in the wreckage far above, clogging my nostrils. I'll do the best I can.

It's pitch black under here and what I write may be hard to read. The blood from the gash in my forehead feels dry to my fingers. I must have lain here three hours. It is hot. I've tried yelling, but no one replies. I can't hear a sound outside. A child's foot is near my head. I yanked on it awhile ago, hoping he was all right. When he didn't answer, I pushed the foot as far away as I could.

I wish this were my dream again. Ever since the first day I walked into a newspaper office, I've been possessed by it. I dream I'm in a train wreck or plane crash and I'm the only survivor, but I can't get my story in. I hold the scoop of a lifetime in my hands and either I can't find a telephone or, after I do find it, I discover it's a dead line, and I wake up sweating and cursing . . .

I wish I could wake up. That would solve everything, but my back is an agony I know I'm not imagining. I can hear my pencil scratching over the pad in front of my face. The kid's foot is right over there where I can reach it. When I dig my fingers in the earth, it is warm as though it lay under an August sun in Nebraska. If I don't get out of here soon I'll have to eat grass. That will keep me going awhile. After that . . .

All I can tell you is that the air stood still when I came out of the Public Library. Then it expanded and drew tight and everything went cockeyed. I must have been lifted up and hurled over on the grass. I guess something inside one of the office buildings exploded and blew bricks and windows in all directions. I must be way down under. The debris must be forty feet high. They'll never get to me, I guess.

Sally was to meet me at the Radio City ice rink. She's waiting still, I know. I love you, Sally. I hope to God someday we'll laugh at this obit with "I love you, Sally!" right in the middle of it!

Oh, God, I wish I could free myself. Of course, the afternoon sheets have covered every angle of this story by now. It's only a follow up: FIREMEN DIGGING FOR ADDITIONAL BLAST VICTIMS. But I don't give a damn about the story. All I want is to get out of this tomb.

Sally, remember me as a guy who had wonderful dreams for us.

Darling, I'm going to attempt to shove this girder or whatever it is off my back. When I do, the whole place may cave in. If it falls on me, here's 73's for you—and you know that means I'm sending you my best, and here's a 30 for me. Good-bye, I love you.

"Bombs away!"

I managed to extricate myself, but I believe my back is broken. I couldn't pull the kid out—too weak. I crawled on my belly through debris and mangled bodies. At the top, stifling dust a foot thick descended over me.

The whole sky is filled with dust, black as though a cloud of locusts swarmed toward a field of wheat and I wade knee-deep in dust as though it were drifts of black snow.

I never imagined in all my most horrible dreams such death and desolation. There is no one left. I call out, but all I can see are despairing embers and ashes, the vaporous smoke. Where is my city? This is not Manhattan!

I'll try to reach the river. I'll crawl, though the dust chokes me and the turgid, acrid air burns my lungs out.

God, this isn't the East River! There is no water, only the whirlpools of murky fume. Yet, this must be it, for there lie the wrecks of ships, twisted, almost inhumed by ashes.

I've got to find a telephone. When I tell my story to rewrite I'll wake up. Yes, I'll bust out of this cursed dream, but, God, don't make it so real!

I must write the story. I haven't a soul to check with . . . I'm choking. My insides are burning up.

At least, I've got the date right. *Bulletin!* Yes, I'll slap on a by-line. There's nobody to stop me.

Bulletin! No, this is too big. *Flash! Extraordinary Service! Disaster*

By Charles Timmons

New York, July 22, 1952—

The world ended today.

In a catastrophic deluge of suffocating dust following an explosion and flash fire of unearthly ferocity, all life lay smothered.

Whether caused by a collision of planets or by the bursting of atomic power from the hands of its makers, the cataclysmic blast leveled skyscrapers and bridges, museums and statuary, homes and industry, all that man ever built.

In New York, the fire . . .

I'm choking again. My mouth is full of dust. Sally, Sally, I love you. I love you. Good night to all points, good night, good night . . .

The young scientist paused after he had finished reading, and then asked, "What is love?"

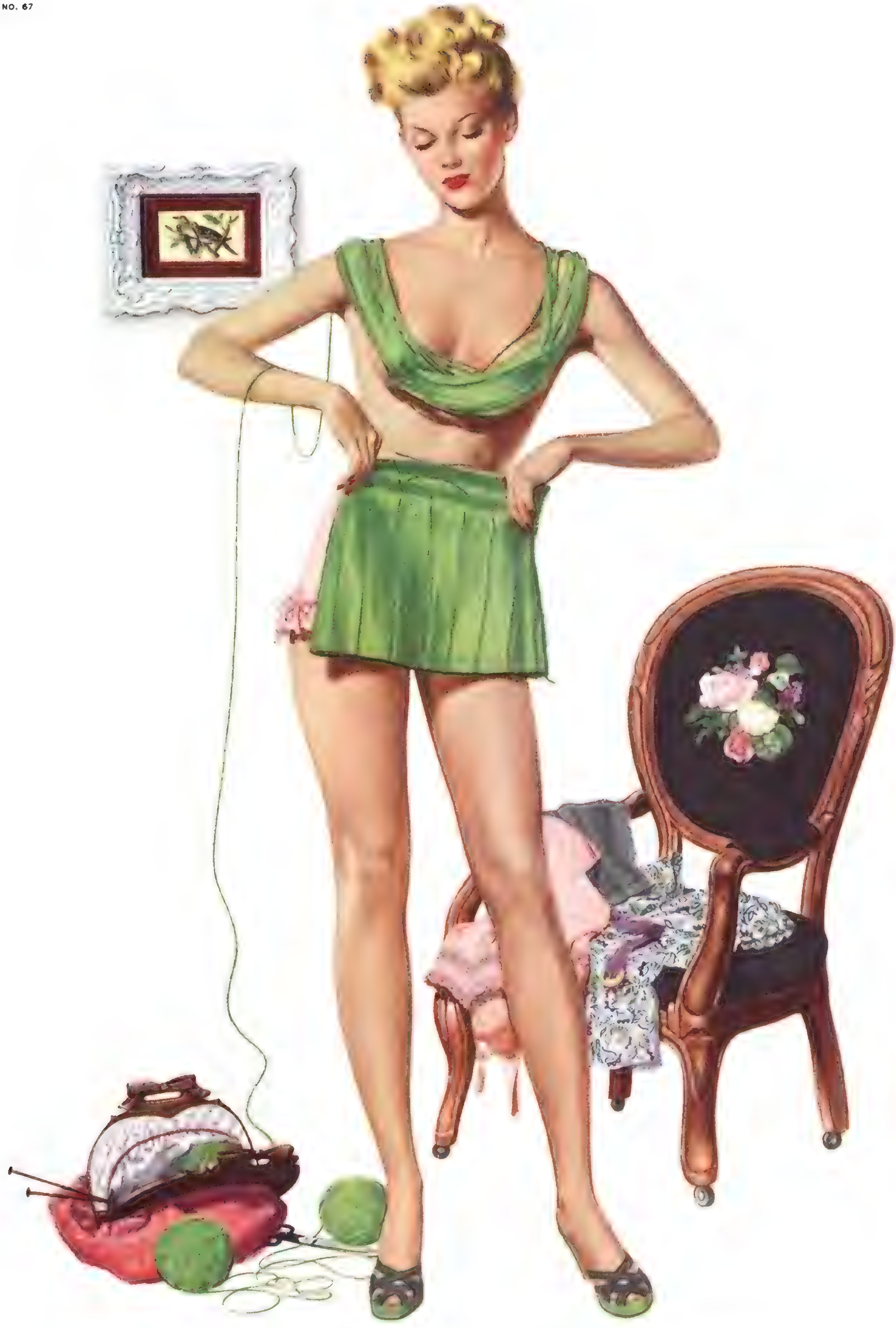
"A curious and peculiar attachment which existed, according to records already excavated, between the male and the female," the elder replied.

"What is a by-line? A name?"

"Those, based upon studies just completed at the University of the Moon, were designations employed to describe individuals, character, places and things. Each human being had a name."

"And this remark toward the end, atomic power? What is that?"

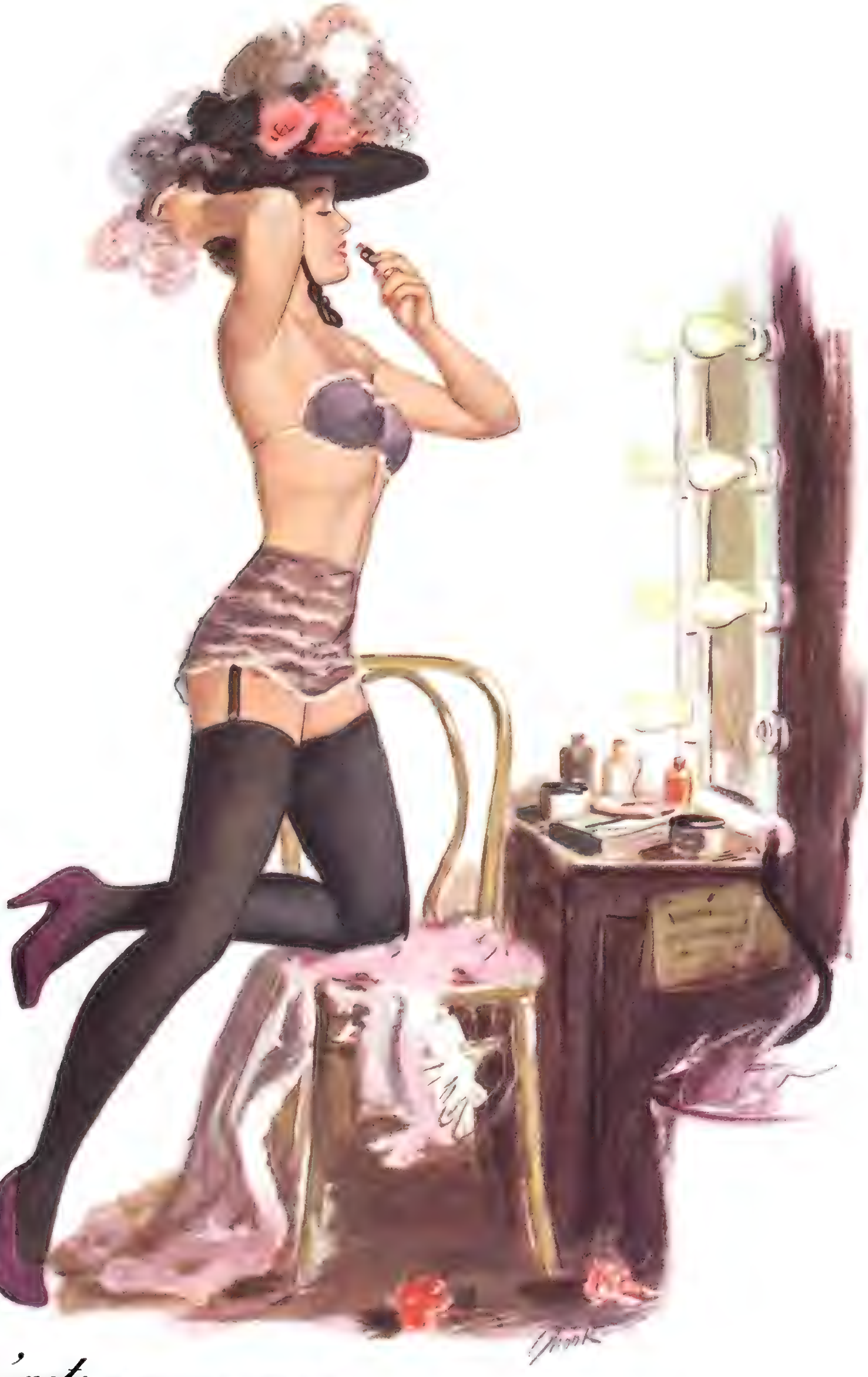
The elder hesitated. "We on the moon, in spite of all our years of traveling to the earth to study the culture that once existed there, do not know. Perhaps we shall never know." ⌗



Versatility by REN WICKS

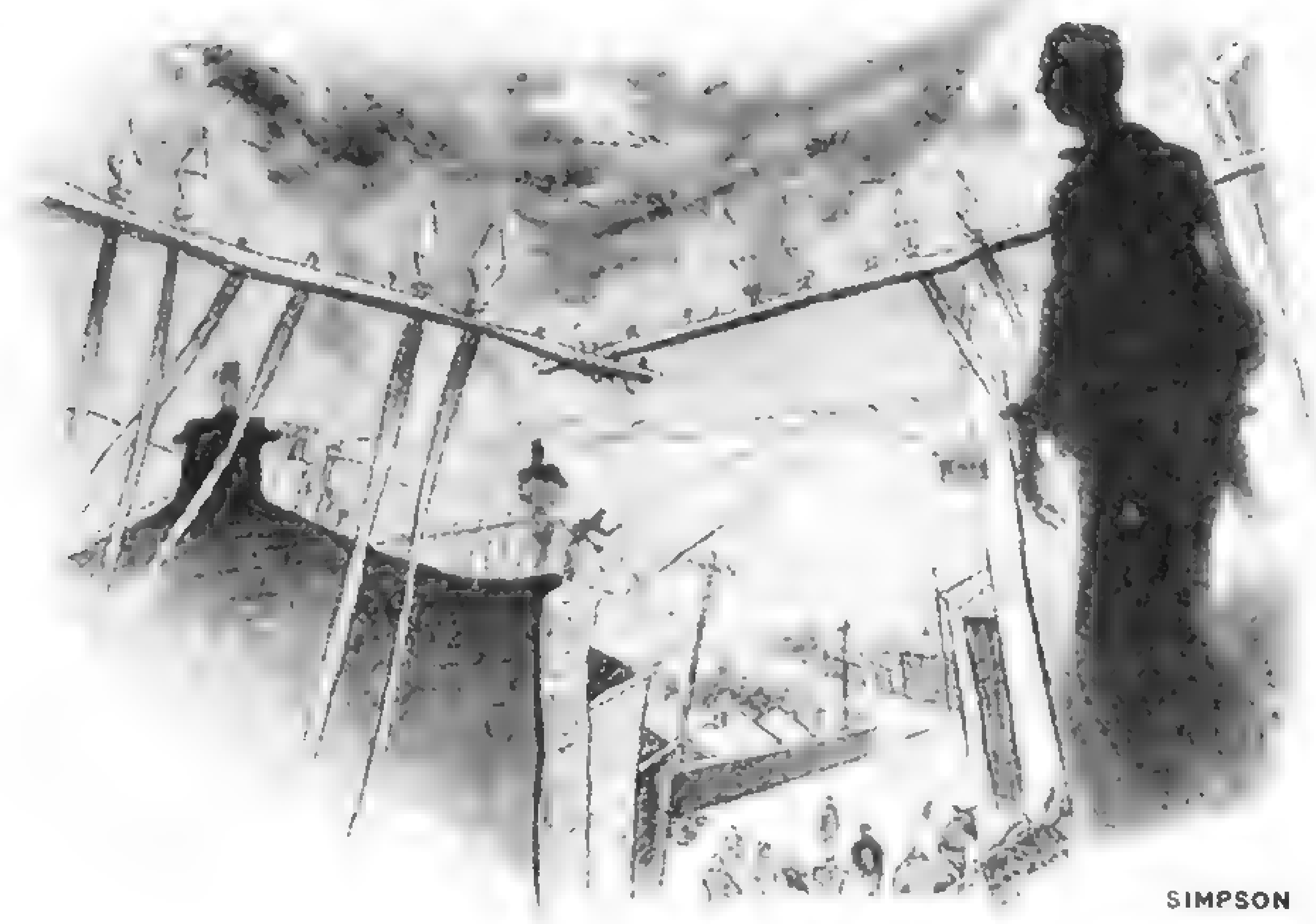
That beauty is quite its own excuse for being is a fact which Ralph Emerson and other philosophers have planted permanently in our literature—as if it were necessary! Now comes Ren Wicks to demonstrate a concomitant fact—that beauty may not always be sufficient unto itself. Why else could one expect to find such an attractive specimen as the Esquire Girl at hand, indulging in a pastime ordinarily associated with grey-haired ladies and others whose hands are heavy with time. She knits, if you please, which means she has the homebody talents whether she needs them or not. All we can say is that she has gone quite far enough in her knitting—and we mean that literally!

ESQUIRE GALLERY NO. 68



Entr'acte by **EUCLID SHOOK**

Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he can attend a musical revue without finding himself violently, intoxicatingly in love with some charming chorine—at least from 8:30 till 11:00? An enchanting creature from this special world of music and moonlight, our Esquire Lady of the Ensemble is pleasantly aware of her power. Soon she'll be out there enjoying her little moment before the spotlight, including the folks in the gallery as well as the lads in A-row in a big, warm smile. After giving her final kick for the grand finale, she'll take off her grease paint, gather her orchids and resume her role in the great human comedy in which "love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot."



Concerning the Good Doctor

When he gave with the *Pigeon Blues*, the mood came from somewhere way down deep

by **RIFF CHARLES**

The Good Doctor wasn't married and he didn't have no close friends but me. I don't think anybody in the whole world cared about him but me. I guess maybe that's because he didn't care about people, or anything else for that matter. He didn't have but one suit of clothes. He didn't have no car. And though he got paid good money playin' jazz he never had more than a couple of bucks to his name. He just didn't have no interest in anything. Except pigeons.

He used to eat breakfast at the same restaurant every evenin' just so he could look out the window and watch the pigeons on the big buildin' across the street. He paid the manager a monthly rent on this table just so it would always be there whenever he wanted it. He'd fall in regular about 7:00 p.m. on his way to work and sit there and drink a cup of coffee and study the pigeons. They'd be all over the side of the buildin', flyin' and playin' round the way pigeons do just before they go to bed, and he'd sit there for an hour, till it got dark, and never take his eyes off 'em.

One night I was sittin' there with him when the Good Doctor up and spoke a question. He says: "Do you know who owns that building?"

I suppose he's askin' for information and since I can't help him out I say, "No, man, I got no idea who owns that mess o'mortar."

And he says, "I know. It's the pigeons."

Now any of the other cats I know would've laughed right out when he said that. But I look out the window where these piegons are massed all over the buildin' and I study 'em for about two minutes. Then I say to him, "What's his name?"

"What's whose name?" says The Doctor.

"The pigeon who owns the buildin'," I say.

The Good Doctor reaches over and puts his hand on my arm and when I look at his face I see he's got that expression he gets sometimes, but not often. Not that blank one he has on him most of the time, but that sorta painful, squeezin'-it-out look, like when he's singin' real good. And he says: "Look, pops, here's what I mean. I mean that there's some guy who's got a deed on that building, pays taxes on it, repairs it and buys insurance for it, and maybe even names it after himself. But it's the *pigeons* who really *own* it!"

"Well what in hell did the guy build it for in the first place?" I say.

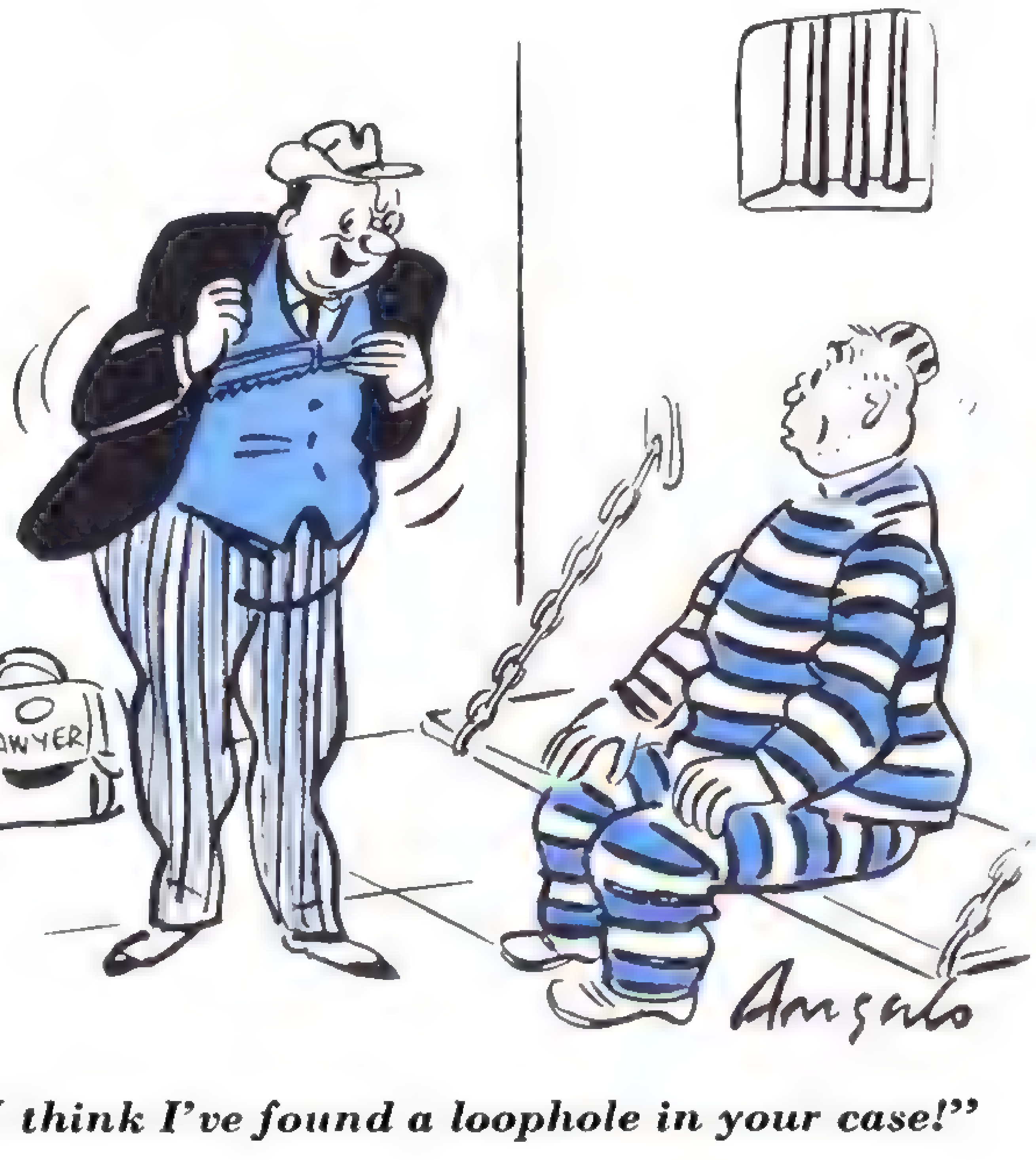
Says The Doctor, "That's the most intelligent thing that's come outa your mouth all night."

Y'know, sometimes I wish I'd gone to college or somethin', then maybe I could've seen this jive The Good Doctor was always seein'. But then again maybe a cat's better off not to see no more'n he's supposed to. Take me and The Good Doctor for example; I'm alive and happy to be here, and The Doctor is . . .!

I remember the time we was both playin' The Deuces on 52nd Street, and The Doctor says, "Come on down to the corner."

When we get to the corner, at 6th Avenue, he stops and says to me, "Jack, turn around and look back, look at The Street from here and tell me what you see."

"Oh-oh!" I say to myself. "Trapped again." But I do like he says and I look back at the block of 52nd Street between 6th and 5th Avenues. I tell him, "Man, all I see is The Street. The Street with all its joints and a helluva lota people movin' round."



"I think I've found a loophole in your case!"

The Doctor pulls me over outa the way of traffic and says, "Now look, look real sharp, man, and think. Take those joints there, the way they're lined up and facin' one another. And the way they're all lit up, and the great big posters out front. And those characters standin' on the sidewalk barkin' the show inside. Can't you see that it looks like a carnival? Only instead of Jo-Jo the Dog-faced Boy, and Fatima the Kootch Dancer, there's The Brush, The Mop and cats like you and me. You dig that, don't you, pops?"

"Yeah!" I say.

"Fine," says The Doctor. "Now tell me one more thing. When you're up there on that stand blowin', and you look out and see all those squares comin' in and payin' their money and lookin' up at you with their big mouths open, do you feel like a freak?"

A short time after this The Good Doctor went off on that extra-long pigeon kick when he spent two days thinkin' he was a pigeon.

It started as usual with The Doctor not showin' for work one night. Of course I knew right away what was wrong, but it didn't worry me none. I knew for sure where he was and what he was doin'. The next day I strolled over to Central Park, and there, sure 'nough, on his regular bench was The Good Doctor. He's eatin' pigeon food out of a paper sack and going, "Coo-oo, coo-oo, coo-oo."

I sit down next to him for a few minutes to see if he's happy and all right. And then I go away and let him be.

But long towards the end of the second day I'm gettin' concerned. And when it clouds up and starts to rain I decide I'd better grab hold of the situation. So I take The Doctor by the hand and lead him to his hotel and take him up to his room and put him to bed. When he appears to be asleep I leave him.

When I step outside the hotel I glance casually up at The Good Doctor's window. Great God Almighty! What do I see but The Good Doctor himself standin' out there on that ledge!

Before I can get my feet in motion to run back up to the room I see The Good Doctor bend his knees and lean forward and start flappin' his arms up and down. For a split second it seems he's gonna sail away and then he's layin' at my feet. In a heap.

I knew The Good Doctor's ambition in life was to be a pigeon. And sometimes he went around actually thinkin' he was one. But I swear I never thought he'd try to fly off that 18-story ledge.

Now I'm not so sure that everbody else wasn't right after all, and that I was wrong; that The Good Doctor *was* . . . well, completely mad.

Wait a minute while I throw one of The Good Doctor's records on my phonograph. I wanna hear his voice and try to make it seem here in this room, now, the way it used to be with him around. Dig these blues he's layin' down:

Lord, I wish I was a pigeon
'Cause that bird sure lives a life of ease.
Yes, I wish I was a pigeon
'Cause that bird sure lives a life of ease.
I got a million dollars
But, Lord, I'm so hard to please.

Yeah, poppa, I hear you talkin'. I know, man, you was always tryin' to get at somethin'. And I know you was never quite able to make it. But what I'm not sure about, daddy-o, is whether in the end you maybe didn't make it after all. ##

A doll like Flora makes a fellow burn to prove himself, to have a profession with showmanship and class like dirty wrestling

REHBERGER

A Matter of Talent

by MEL MATISON

THE way I see it, talent is a wonderful thing, but it don't get spread around right. Some guys have more than they know what to do with. Other guys beat their brains out and all they get is headaches.

Take me, for instance. I am a wrestler. I practice, I study, I struggle at it with all I got. But I am still a mug of blubber, a wrestler who don't have no color. I don't even have a nickname, being plain and simple Wilbur Gowdy, a guy who wins or loses and nobody gets excited. I don't quit, I keep plugging. But to eat regular I get a job as a bouncer at Smiley's Club next door to the gym. This is a trade which takes muscles, but no talent.

But take a guy like Ricardo. He oozes with talent. He is not only the headline act at Smiley's, but he is also handsome and romantic. Even romance is a talent with him. Dames stumble over each other running after him.

Still I am not jealous of Ricardo. In fact we are good pals. But when he hires a new dancing partner, Flora LaFleur, I feel bad that one guy should have so much and the next guy nothing at all.

Flora's first night at Smiley's, she sits at a table with Ricardo. It's before the supper show. I walk by and Ricardo calls me over.

"Flora, *muchacha*," Ricardo says, "this is Wilbur, the bouncer. Such patrons who yoohoo at you while we dance, he removes."

She gives me a smile which lights up the room. Her eyes are like fresh-roasted chestnuts, they are so big and brown and warm. I am full of electricity, a direct current to her.

No dame ever does this to me before. I want to ask her where she's been all my life, what is she doing after the show, can I take her home? But I stand there like a statue and she don't even know I am there. Ricardo is giving her his best technique, his burning look, holding her hands and cooing. I even hear poetry.

Then it comes to me. I am out of my class here. Ricardo is a talented guy, an artist. I am a nobody, the bouncer, a fifth-rate wrestler. I walk away.

But all night long I can't get Flora out of my mind. If only I am a Grade-A wrestler, somebody with his name in lights. I got to keep trying, maybe I will find myself. Maybe it will sneak up on me one day and overnight I will get some talent and be in Flora's league.

One night I am sitting at my corner table at Smiley's, a picture of misery, Flora walks over.

She slides into the chair next to me. "Say," she says, "I saw you bounce that barfly during the supper show. You handled him like a pail of coal. Where did you learn to heave people?"

I feel my face get red. "I'm a wrestler," I say. "That's my real profession. Only I'm not very good at it." With other dames I tell them how good I am. But with Flora it's the truth.

"Well, don't be discouraged," she says. "Look at me, I wasn't always Flora LaFleur of Ricardo and LaFleur. I was once Flora Burke of the Dream World Ballroom at ten cents a dance."

It's not only what she says, it's how she looks when she says it, all shining like a searchlight. With talk like this from her I feel I can go out tomorrow and be world champ. I reach across the table and take her hands in mine. She lets me.

"As a matter of fact," she goes on, "you never know how much success can come to you. Ricardo is talking about taking me on a dancing tour of South America."

I let go her hands. This shows what different worlds we are in. She goes on a South American cruise, I take nickel subway rides to Brooklyn.

But an hour later I get a different story. I see Ricardo at the bar putting away a large glass of rum.

"What's this I hear about a South American tour?" I ask him.

"So Flora tells you," Ricardo says. "Yes, *amigo*, I am considering such a plan."

"How come?" I ask.

"Well, Wilbur," he says as he puts up his finger for more rum, "Flora is a challenge to me. Never before have I met so beautiful, so *charmante* a *señorita*. And never before have I been so completely spurned. My approach is perfect, my *simpático* superb. But she does not respond. Not even a kindly glance."

"So what do you want to take her to South America for?" I ask him.

"Don't you see, my friend," he says, "she is a challenge to my reputation, my ego. In South America romance is everywhere, and her coldness will be thawed out by the warmth of the tropics. Then she will respond."

So that's the program. With Ricardo, how his partners respond is very important to him. His last three partners, for instance. Pepita don't respond so good, he gets rid of her in a month. Rosita is much better. She responds good enough to last six months. Marie is fair, three months. I know Flora will be better off in the U.S.A.

"Ricardo," I tell him, "if you take Flora to South America she won't respond. She will only get homesick. I got a better plan."

His eyebrows go up a half-inch. "Yes?" he says.

"Do you ever notice," I ask him, "how nice Flora is to all the big-shot wrestlers who come in here from the gym next door?"

Ricardo nods his head up and down very serious. What he don't know is that Flora is under orders from Smiley to be friendly with these wrestlers as they are big spenders.

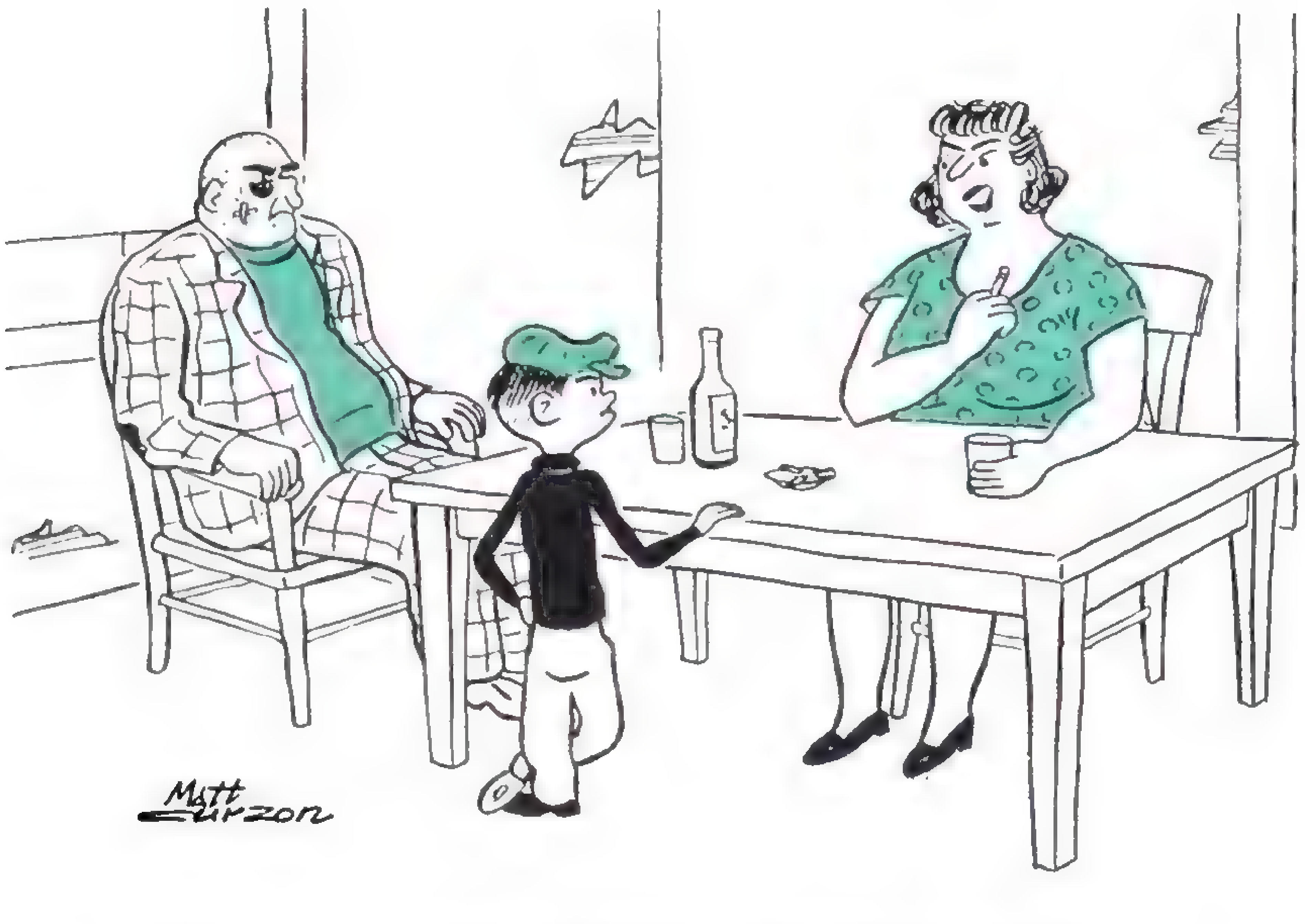
"So what is your plan?" Ricardo asks me.

"Well, kid," I tell him, "Flora likes husky guys with muscles. If you had muscles Flora would respond swell to you."

"But I have no muscles," he says, twiddling with his mustache.

"That's where I come in," I say. "I will give you workouts every morning. You can meet me at the gym at ten and in no time you are built up, you feel better, you look better, and Flora responds."

He bangs his fist on the bar. "*Excelente*. This will



"Junior, stop bothering Daddy, he had a very hard day at the D. A.'s office"

make me heroic as well as romantic. We will do it. Tomorrow at ten o'clock."

In the morning Ricardo shows up on the button. I take him back to the locker room and he gets down to his shorts. His arms are like sticks, his shoulders are narrow and droopy, and he's got no chest at all.

The first thing I do is give him a half-hour of setting-up exercises, bend, hup, bend, hup. Maybe the guy ain't got strength, but he sure has rhythm. Next the punching bag, which he don't hit hard, but he does hit graceful. Where he falls down is on the bar, which I make him chin ten times. After each chin he flops to the floor in a lump, wheezing like he's got whistles in his throat.

I don't have the heart to work him any more so tell him to shower and get dressed. He stumbles to the shower room, I follow him to make sure he don't drown.

The shower brings him back to life. "Wilbur," he calls out, "even without the romance it will bring, this physical activity is pleasing to me. It gives me, how shall I say, a feeling of power."

So it looks like Flora stays in this country for a while.

In three weeks Ricardo's got signs of muscles here and there and he begins to get a chest. Also he puts on ten pounds. As far as he is concerned he is now in the giant class and he is beginning to get restless because Flora don't even start to respond to him yet.

One morning at the gym he tells me my plan ain't working, Flora don't appreciate him at all. "In spite of my physical development," he says, "she remains cold. No, frigid."

"Wait a minute, Ricardo," I say. "You got much more powers to get. I only give you setting-up exercises. You still got to get lessons in self-defense, to use your strength. Let's get on the mat."

He watches me lug a mat onto the middle of the floor. To stall him a little longer I will wrestle him a little, not too much as he is too frail and can break.

"What do we do now?" asks Ricardo, shaking a little.

"Ricardo," I say, "today you are a man. Today you are strong enough to wrestle. Let's go."

I grab him and throw him down on the mat. Of course I am gentle with him. I grab both his hands in one of mine and with my other hand grab both his ankles and hold him out in front of me, swinging him back and forth.

"*Amigo*," he yells, "dear Wilbur, release me. I fear for my safety."

He is as safe as a baby in a mother's arms. For a laugh I make off like I will toss him about ten feet. Then something comes over me and I decide to really do it, only I will toss him so he lands just right, the way the high-class dirty wrestlers do. I fling him.

He lands on the floor. And scrambles up. And rushes over to me, hollering. "How wonderful, my friend, you throw me with such force and I am unharmed. Truly you are an expert. No, you are more than that. You are a genius."

I sit down on the mat. What have I done? Me, Wilbur Gowdy, a fifth-class wrestler, I forget who I am and have used one of the fanciest wrestling tricks in the game. I got talent. I can feel it growing inside me. I am a guy who can now hold up his head to a girl like Flora.

Now I am not giving away any wrestling secrets when I say that you got to be a real artist to handle dirty wrestling, the rough stuff. You got to know how to kick a guy in the kidneys without crippling him. You got to gouge an eye just deep enough and no deeper or you're in court for mayhem. When you flip a guy out of the ring, the way I just flip Ricardo, you must handle him so he lands right so that his skull stays in one piece. I watch this stuff in the two years that I am a wrestler, but I never dream I got it in me to do it. And now by accident I find out I can.

By the afternoon I am anxious to give myself a real test with a wrestler and I talk to Louie Fenesse, a real gent.

"Louie, I got an idea I got a talent for dirty wrestling. Will you work out with me?"

He twists up his face like he is eating a lemon. I know I am asking a lot. If I don't do right by him he can wake up in the hospital.

"Look, Louie," I plead, "I will start easy. If you see I am not handling the situation right, we quit."

We get on the mat and he starts in by working a leg lock on me. I roll him over, he hangs on to my foot and with my free hands I yank at his hair, a mild dirty trick. He pulls his head to one side and I give him a punch in the jaw, coming down with what looks like all my strength and making a loud smack. But really the force of this wallop goes right into the palm of my other hand which is under his chin. Even at five feet away no one can tell the difference.

"Great stuff, kid," grunts Louie. "Open up."

I do. Kidney punches, elbows in the eyes, illegal full nelsons, tickling, biting—the works. In the middle of all this action I notice we got a crowd around us of a dozen wrestlers or so. They keep saying, "Nice going, Wilbur," "Yay, Wilbur," and all that.

After about a half-hour of banging around this way we wind up with a whameroo. My left knee is buried deep in his stomach, my right foot is pushing up at his chin, my both hands are trying to dig his eyes out and he is banging his hands up and down on the mat like he is in great pain.

"Enough," he calls out. I let go, we get up and all the wrestlers crowd around me, asking where I been hiding my talent, they never know I am so sharp, how do I get this way, does Eddie Lester know and all that. I take more punishment in back slaps these few minutes than I do in the half-hour I work out with Louie.

In the shower room I find Beefy Harris with a sour look on his face. Beefy is known all over the wrestling world as King of the Bad Men, a title he earns by being the leading dirty wrestler of Eddie Lester's stable.

He sticks his face right up close to mine. "I see that act of yours, Gowdy," he says, "all of it. You better stop copying my stuff."

I don't move. "Beefy," I say, "I don't like your face in general. I like it less when it's so close to mine."

Beefy's jaw drops a little. Then he wets his lips with his tongue and turns around and walks off without a word.

The shower wipes out the taste of Beefy. Then I go to the locker room to get dressed, after which I plan to go at once to Eddie Lester to tell him that I am his new Bad Man. But I don't have to go to Eddie. He comes to me, right in the locker room as I sit on the bench lacing my shoes.

Eddie throws his cigar on the floor like he's mad at it. "Wilbur," he says fast, "I am sorry to have to tell you this, but you can't do no dirty wrestling."

A kick in the head by a mule can't hurt worse. "Why?" I ask him.

"Well," says Eddie and he's very busy squashing the cigar with his foot, "it's pretty risky stuff and takes a lot of experience. For one thing, you can hurt the guys you're wrestling with."

"You mean I can hurt Beefy Harris' reputation."

Eddie puts his hand on my shoulder. "I'm sorry, kid, but Beefy is the guy who draws the crowds and if he don't like you to wrestle his style, you don't wrestle his style."

He walks off. I sit on the bench for maybe an hour. Finally I get up and walk out.

I drag myself over to Smiley's and go to a corner table. Again I sit for maybe an hour with my chin in my hands. Then all of a sudden I hear a familiar voice, a loud one. I look up, two tables away sits Beefy Harris with Flora and Kitty Taylor, one of the kids in the chorus.

Flora catches my eyes and waggles her finger for me to come over. Being not at all afraid of Beefy, I do.

Flora says pleasant, "How goes the wrestling, Wilbur?"

"Ask Beefy," I say through my teeth. "He fixes me up fine today."

"Good old Wilbur," Beefy says laughingly. "I knew you'd appreciate what I did for you today." He smiles at the girls. "Wilbur, here, has an idea he would like to go in for dirty wrestling. But Wilbur is a friend of mine. He's got a great (*Continued on page 103*)

MAGGIES
MAGGIE'S
DINER
MAGGIE'S DINER

"I've always dreamed of seein' my name in lights!"

Paris remains a charming if expensive lady, and these hints will help you to know her

Messieurs, Paris Vous Attends

by RICHARD JOSEPH

What is Paris like these days? Much better than you'd imagine from reading the glum reports of political conflict, with dispatches hinting darkly, from time to time, of impending civil war.

Paris is as Paris was. Always, in France, things are better than they seem. In a country where political crisis has been the normal state of affairs for many years, you're much less conscious of the tension than you would be on the outside reading about it.

Ask a Frenchman how things are going, and he will shrug his shoulders and say "*Ça marche.*" And things do march in France today. With much noise and smoke and dust and excitement—like a typical French train—France is moving along the road to recovery.

Everything is black market. Despite this—or maybe because of it—products are making their reappearance in French shops, prohibitively expensive at first, yet gradually seeping down to the reach of the lower income groups. Bridges have been rebuilt, railroads repaired; in the factories machinery has begun to turn.

Paris is one town you've got to dig. It might come to you some night in the little country village up on the top of Montmartre, by the side of Sacré-Cœur—as you dine under street lights and stars, while Paris stretches out at your feet like an illustration from your fifth-grade geography. It may hit you as you chug along the Seine in an excursion boat, or as you steep yourself in the luxury of the Place Vendôme. Something simple might do it, like the rays of street lamps shining green through the leaves of the trees as you come out of the Métro, or a couple necking enthusiastically on a bench along one of the main drags, while nobody pays them any mind.

At any rate, someday you'll look around in Paris and say, "How long has this been going on? Where have I been all my life?" From then on, you're a Parisian, whatever your nationality.

Meanwhile, how to spend your time until the rhythm of life in Paris opens up to your ears.

What to do: Café-sitting is the Parisian's favorite recreation. Over an apéritif on a stone-topped table he will read, drowse, conduct his business, curse the state of contemporary politics, argue with his wife, court his mistress, and watch the world go by.

Café-sitting will probably seem a rather vapid diversion for the average American tourist, supercharged with a compulsion to see things fast and get things done in a hurry. Then, as Paris begins to seep through to him, he will worry about how he is going to find time to do all the sitting he wants to do.

There are all sorts of cafés to suit all sorts of tastes; big, shiny places with wide terraces along the Champs-Elysées—the Colisée, Marignan, Select, Fouquet's; opulent spots like Weber, on the Rue de Castiglione; big, noisy places along the boulevards, like the Café de la Paix where—according to the cliché—sooner or later you will see everyone in the world.

All the above cafés are on the right bank, where you'll meet wealthy Frenchmen and the international tourist set. Go over to the left-bank cafés and you're more in the heart of the real Paris. There's the Café du Dôme, which was home to a whole generation of American expatriates during the years between the wars. There, in the old days, you'd find Ernest Hemingway, Henry Miller, Ed Taylor, Waverley Root, Jay Allen, Elliot Paul, Gertrude Stein, Leland Stowe and the rest of the American literati. Later, some split off and started patronizing the Coupole across the street.

Visit the Café de Flore any evening, and you'll find Picasso there, holding court as he has for the past fifteen years. Near by, facing the famous old church of St. Germain de Prés, is the Café des Deux Magots, also an excellent place for studying your soul.

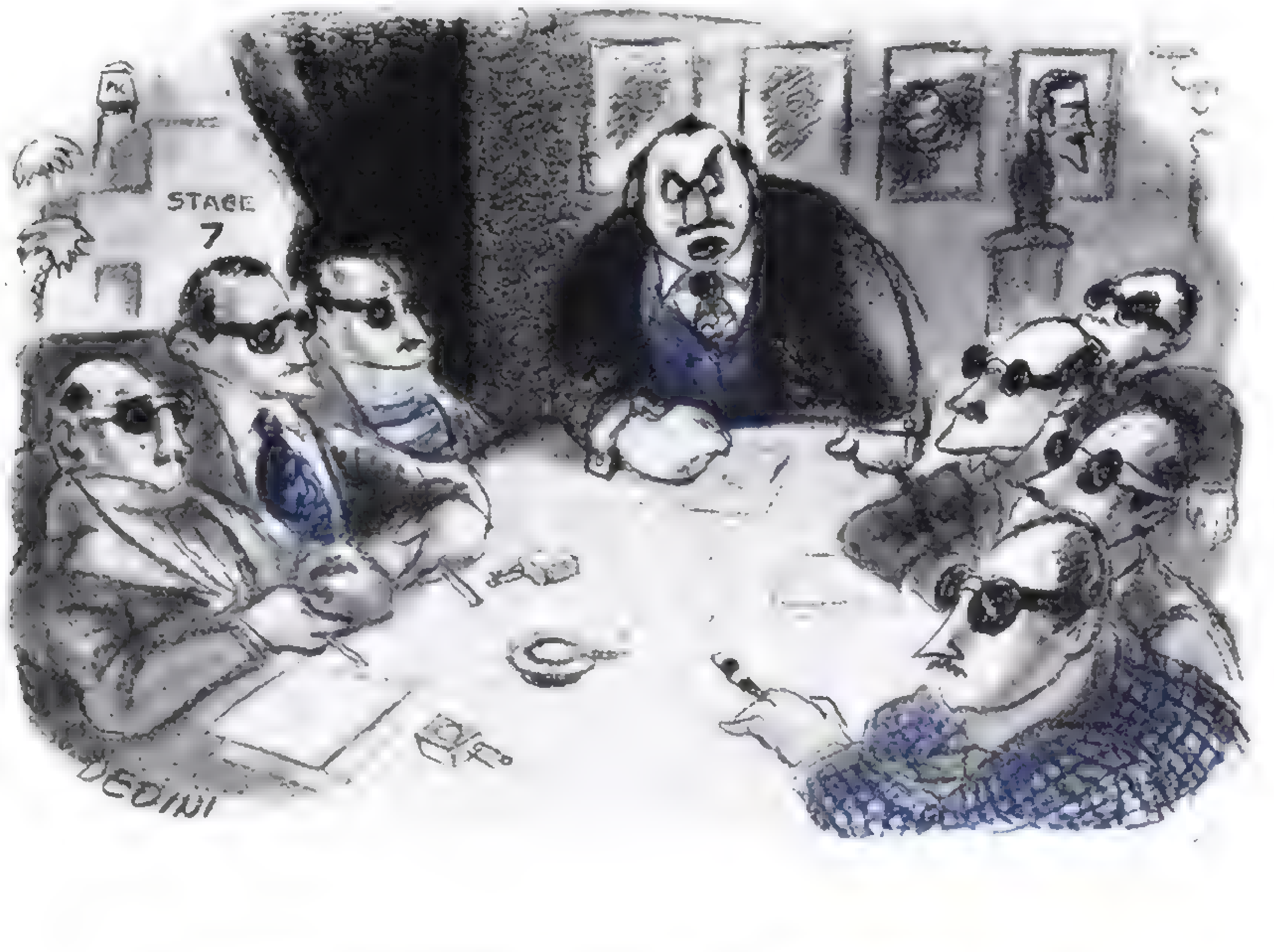
Quite likely you'll settle down in some unknown little café in a side street, probably near your hotel. One day the boss will decide you're a fairly chic type, despite your atrocious accent; the *patronne* will take you to her capacious bosom, and that café will be your home for as many days or years as you remain in France. You'll meet your friends there, get your mail and make your phone calls, and you'll eat there when you're broke.

Assuming you're still in the tourist class, though, you'll want to know about the famous night life of Paris. Start off with one of the music halls; the Folies Bergère, Casino de Paris, A.B.C., or someplace like that. Orchestra seats run about $2. Ticket brokers charge about fifty cents for booking seats. It's wise to buy your seats from a broker, as theatres and music halls are scattered all over town, and you'd run yourself ragged going to box offices. The ticket agency in the Lido arcade at 78 Champs-Elysées is a good one. Ask for Mlle. Daisy.

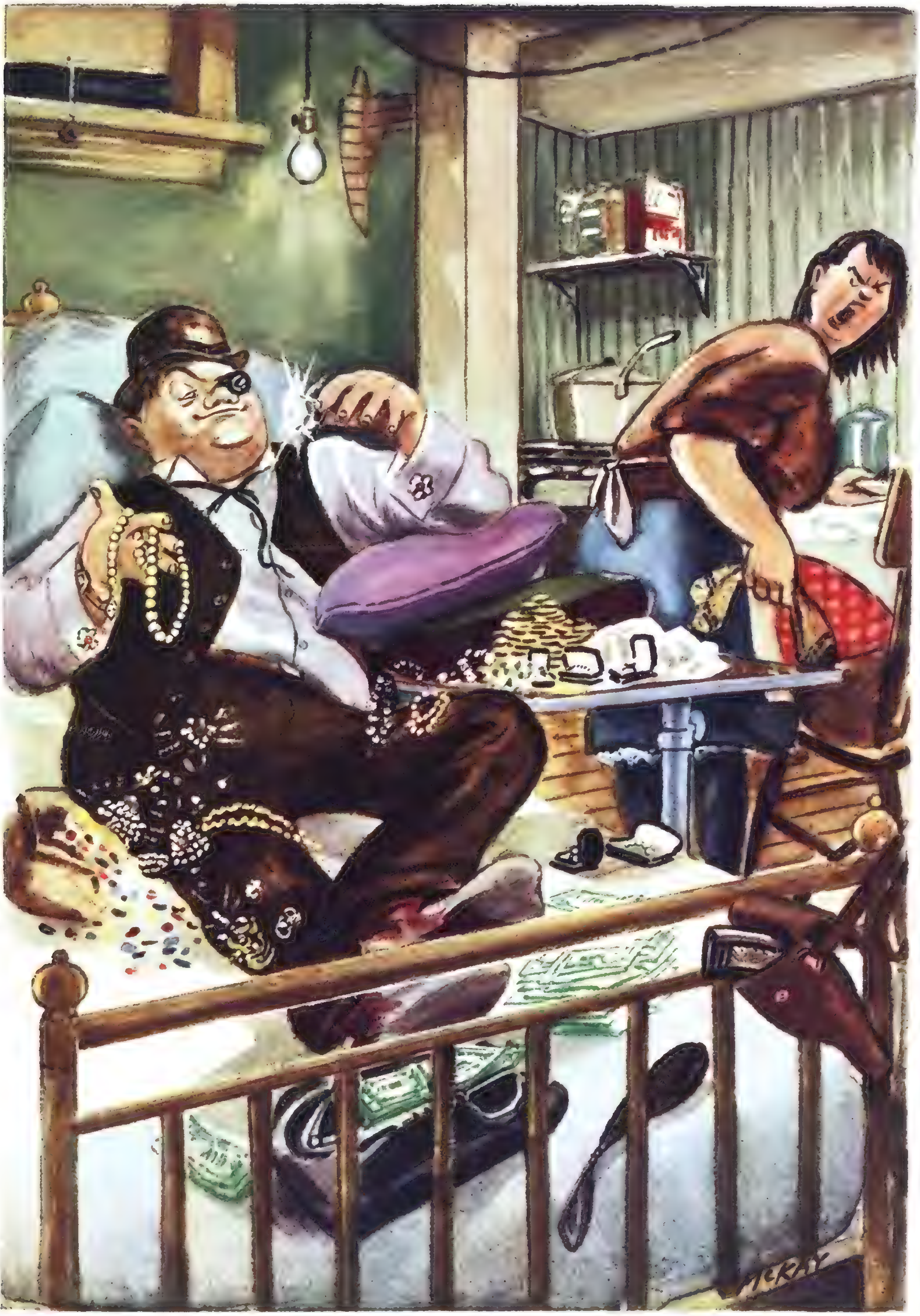
Paris music halls, or variétés are long famous for the elaborateness of their presentations. The French demand lots of entertainment for their money, so shows begin at 8:30 and last until 11:30 or later. By that time your head is vibrating, your ears are echoing, your eyeballs are aching, and you are surfeited even with bosoms. Not satisfied with all that entertainment, some Folies-Bergère customers even visit the "Dance du Ventre" downstairs under the lobby, where they pay thirty-five francs to watch three kootch dancers in a vaguely Arabian atmosphere. Save your two bits; it's strictly from Coney Island.

After the music hall, the usual tourist itinerary would take you to a night club. Probably the most famous boîte in Paris is the Bal Tabarin in Montmartre, where they've danced the can-can ever since the days when Napoleon was a pfc. The show at the Tabarin is still terrific; gals wearing long blonde wigs and shy smiles who ride on prancing white plaster horses that rise up from a sunken stage; gals in long ruffled skirts who leap into the air and land in a split, conking their foreheads against the floor as they come down; gals who bounce around interestingly as they walk; gals period.

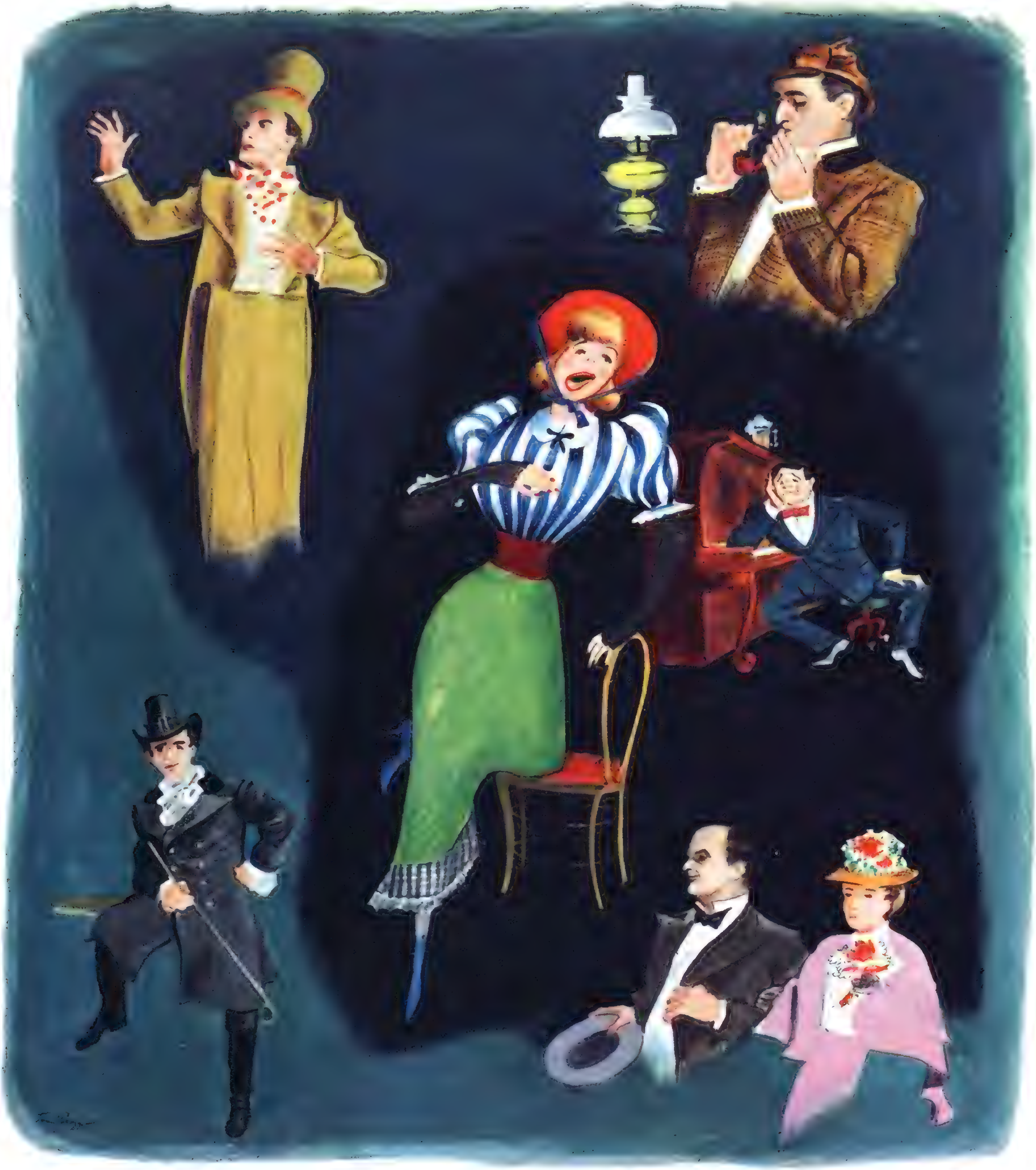
If you sit at a table, you'll find a bottle of champagne already chilling in a (*Continued on page 148*)



"Confound it, Phillips—if you're here, speak up!"



"Okay, Diamond Jim, supper's ready!"



She Is More To Be Pitied Than Censured

Painting by
Tony Palazzo

Emotions ran high in America as the Century skidded to a turn, and into the favorite ballad of the day crept a bold new note of tolerance. Weeping audiences were enjoined by tremuloso sopranos to forgive the wayward gal from the Bow'ry because of a mitigating circumstance: "A man was the cause of it all." In tent shows, vaudeville and "opera" houses, tragedians of the oh-the-pain-of-it genus vied with joking, jigging minstrels as box-office smackeroos. De Wolf Hopper, already renowned for his gusty recital of *Casey at the Bat*, laid New York low in 1900 with his comedy cross fire in a burlesque called *Fiddle-de-dee*. William Gillette made a genuine contribution to the theatre with his dramatization of *Sherlock Holmes* and his inspired enactment of the title role. On September 5, 1901. President William McKinley made a prophetic speech which included the statement: "Isolation is no longer possible." The following day he attended a reception at Buffalo's Pan-American Exposition. Extending his hand to a man named Czolgosz, he received the assassin's fatal shot.

WM. DuBOIS

A Critique on the Jukes Family

If the lads continue killing good plays with their wit, it's good-by to drama and to drama critics too

by LEE SOMERS

That fabulous invalid, the theatre, has survived all manner of vicissitudes, including depression and war. In recent years the movies and the radio have taken away its mass public and it is not recruiting sufficient new patrons among younger people to replace the old-timers. Today's theatregoing public is largely middle-aged.

The attitude of the present generation was effectively expressed by a young soldier, recipient of complimentary tickets from the USO, who sat beside me at a play in New York some three years ago.

"What's the name of this movie?" he asked during the first act.

I told him, adding that it wasn't a movie, but a play. That was all he needed to know. He popped up and left the theatre.

The fatal blow for the invalid, however, may come from those who should be its friends. The New York critics have themselves invited criticism in the last few years by their cavalier attitude toward plays that deserved a better fate.

Few legitimate theatres remain in the land today. Excluding the straw hats and amateur playhouses, there are probably less than a hundred "legit" houses outside New York City.

The theatre's golden age was in the twenties, before the movies had taken their toll; some of the best plays ever written for the American public were then produced. Burns Mantle still has his "ten best plays" each year, but his current selections are unlikely to measure up in many ways to those of fifteen or twenty years ago.

The American theatre came of age around 1915, for most previous plays had little merit. The late George Pierce Baker and his "47 Workshop" at Harvard and at Yale helped effect the renaissance of our theatre, by inspiring such men as Anspacher, Sheldon and O'Neill. The twenties brought it to its finest flower. Since then both its artistry and material resources have declined. Aside from the inroads of radio and movies, the savagery of critical comment has been a destructive factor, which playwrights and producers increasingly resent.

John Golden wrote an illuminating article for the November, 1946, issue of Esquire, stressing the point that critics today tend to be exhibitionists; that they have a show of their own to put on, and to hell with the other fellow's show if they can make capital of it. Protests have also come from Irwin Shaw and from Maxwell Anderson, who first labeled the New York critics "the Jukes family."

The problem is not new, however. The late William I. Sirovich, a well-known surgeon and liberal New York Congressman, became so inflamed against the critics that a decade ago he conducted public hearings before a congressional committee about them. He had a personal interest, for among his other activities he was a playwright. He contended that New York critics were destroying the theatre, and found enough talented followers to put on quite a show. Peggy Fears, then a producer, was his star witness. Nothing much came of Dr. Sirovich's investigations, however.

Now, what qualifies these "Jukes family" boys to exercise this supreme power besides a talent for vituperative writing? Some of them have a genuine interest in the theatre, but they think they can win more readers by cursing out a play than by saying a kind word for it.

Seldom do they agree about the merits of a play if there is any room for doubt, and that is often the case. That was brought out clearly on the radio program, Broadway Talks Back, in which the "Jukes boys" showed up poorly when confronted by writers, producers and actors they had manhandled in prose.

Broadway Talks Back is off the air now, possibly for two reasons: first, not enough plays, and second, apprehension on the part of the critics that the public will find them out.

Of course there are almost as many publics as there are plays. Certainly there is a special public for the Lunts, for Ethel Barrymore, or Noel Coward—a public that flocks to the box office to see anything featuring their names, be it good or bad. There was, for once, virtual unanimity among the critics that the current vehicle of the Lunts isn't much of a play; the same thing is true of Coward's *Present Laughter*. Yet the Lunts and Mr. Coward prosper.

Long-run plays are generally mediocre, but they have something that appeals to a wide segment of the public. *The Bat* today would be a run-of-mine mystery, but in its day it was the first. *Irene* was the Cinderella story reduced practically to lowest terms—but what musical comedy of its era was anything else? *Abie's Irish Rose* prospered, I think, because it had a human message, opposing prejudice. *Life with Father* isn't really much of a play, but it is amusing. *Arsenic and Old Lace*, creating comedy out of homicide and insanity, was a successful novelty. *Oklahoma!* had a marvelous score, a notable ballet, and a very ordinary book.

Winchell, an old trouper of long experience and a radio commentator with a tremendous following, has saved many a play, including Olsen and Johnson's *Hellzapoppin*, which went (*Continued on page 141*)

GLANTZ

Working Press: Earl Wilson and Cronies

Boswell to the Booze Who and Saloon Editor are only two of the epithets which other writers have flung at the fortunate reporter above. He's Earl Wilson, his beat is Broadway and his forte is writing about people with a brash frankness which makes for good copy. References to girdles, gay deceivers and navel decorations stud his writing and he's the guy who once researched into the washroom habits of the Duchess of Windsor (she doesn't tip the attendant). His column is syndicated for the benefit of readers from Paris to Honolulu who find in it just the proper blending of snideness, disrespect and fact-finding. Incidentally the blonde and brunette occupational bonuses are Ann Mace and Jayne Westbrook, two very good reasons why Wilson and many others like to visit Nicky Blair's Carnival.

A hymn of praise to that libation which embodies the very goodness of our land

Bourbon: An American Gift to the Spirit

by SCOTT HART

DAVIS

THE old man stopped talking for a moment. Somewhere in the trees near the front porch where he sat a blue jay sounded a note like the sudden crack of a silver whip. The old man's hand reached slowly for a glass on a low table at his elbow. The ice tinkled. The bird now flew erratically from the tree as if in zigzagging pursuit of an insect. The old man watched it out of sight and smiled slightly. In his quiet pale eyes was a lot of proud and peaceful and patient living and a vast knowledge of nature gained from old thumb-marked books and the smell of bluegrass after early morning rains.

He put the glass to his lips and held it there a long moment as a woman might do with a flower. "I tell you," he said, "that bourbon is enduring. It will last as long as good men love America. We love America, really, because of our gentle childhood impressions, the big fields of corn we used to see, the earth we smelled and the cold clear spring water we drank. Those things did more for the American spirit than we think. And we put all those things into something tangible—bourbon whiskey. I think of it not as coming from a still, but entirely from the earth."

Most historians agree that bourbon whiskey was first made in 1789 in Bourbon County, Kentucky, where nature could meet the test. Kentucky had the abundance of cold clear water with limestone base essential to the distilling of honest bourbon. When any old man says, "Go, son, down to the branch and fetch me a flagon of water to wash this likker down," he speaks from a profound and basic understanding of the meaning of good water at any stage to good bourbon.

And Kentucky also had the corn, and mountain-grown white oak was available for bourbon to mellow in. Fortunately, too, it experienced an economic accident which hastened the birth of bourbon.

When Kentuckians found their grains selling poorly on the Eastern markets a few years after Cornwallis surrendered, they simply distilled their grain into whiskey and took the finished product to the eternally thirsty market.

Tradition says that they blundered upon the blessing of the charred keg, in which good whiskies are mellowed, by storing some whiskey in what they believed were the usual uncharred kegs. But when one keg was opened the strange red color of the liquor perplexed them. By some accident the wood had been burned. They were convinced the liquor was poison. But one stout Kentuckian braved a swallow. He swore it was the finest thing ever to pass down his throat. The yarn may be apocryphal; but to this day any bourbon distiller will argue over the proper depths of charring as a fine watchmaker would argue about the proper tensions of a mainspring.

Many proud Kentucky families gave their names to their product and were willing to defend it from twenty paces at dawn. Each kept its own distilling secrets, those finer nuances which convinced them their bourbons were best.

In a typical distillery, the well-cleaned grain is ground into meal. In the mashing process, the corn meal is mixed with hot water, eighteen to twenty gallons per bushel. After a process of cooling by vacuum pumps, rye meal is added. The addition to the mash of malt, made from barley, converts the grain into sugar. Cane or beet sugar never goes into bourbon. Yeast is added to the mash to cause fermentation. Most yeast has a family tree, prized and protected, traceable to original cells generations old.

The fermentation room contains gigantic round vats made of cypress, which, like white oak used for aging, provides a soothing effect.

Next comes the actual distillation, when the product is boiled and the vapors condensed into liquid through cooling. Then it goes to the cistern room and is reduced in proof with distilled water, and the white liquid is put in new fifty-gallon charred white-oak barrels to age and color. Government inspectors cut the proof, number of gallons, and add other odds and ends of information on each barrel. The barrels then are placed on racks in long storage houses in a summerlike temperature which helps the whiskey marry the wood.

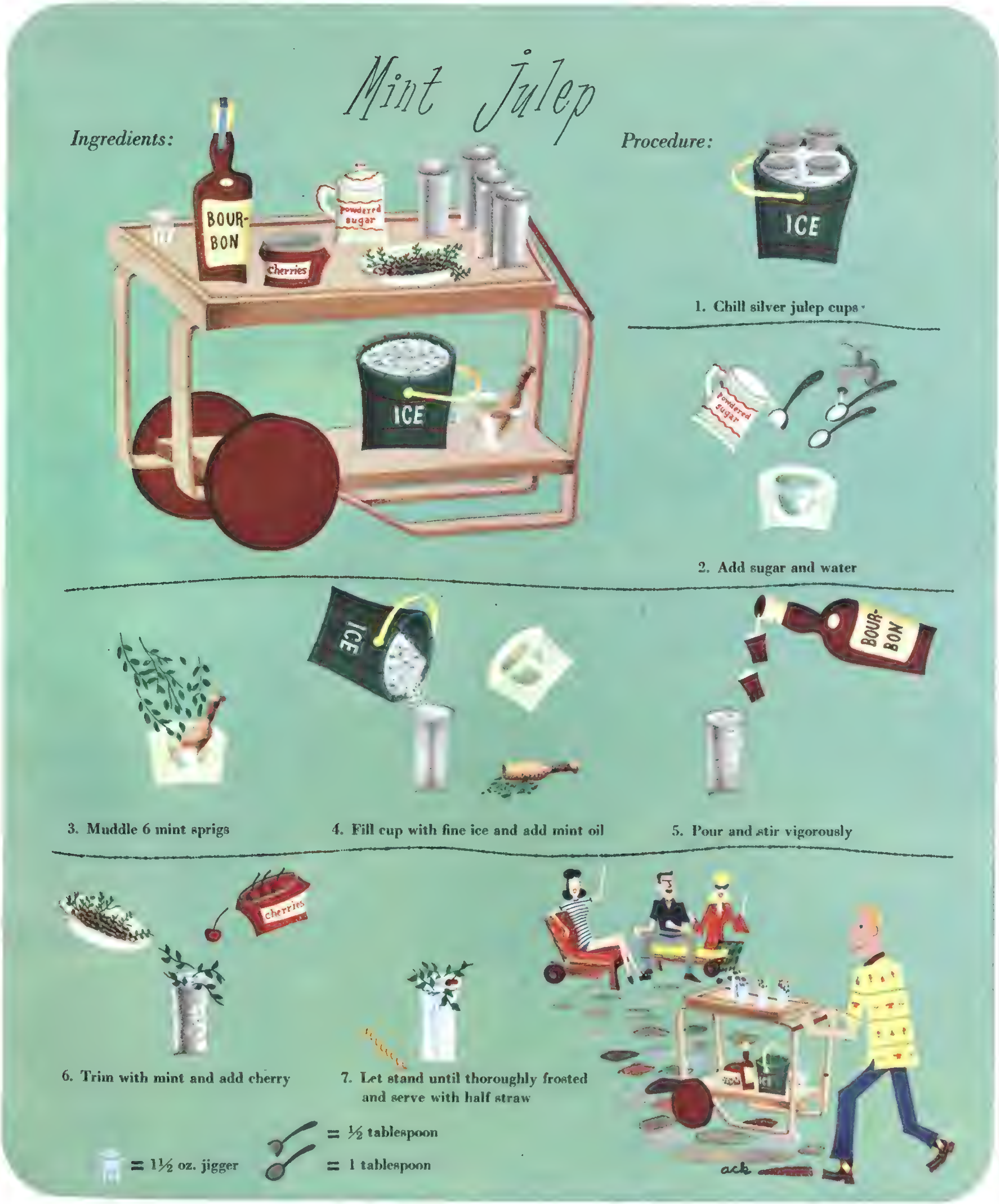
There are as many variations in the distilling of bourbon as there are distilleries. James Boone Wilson, a leading authority, says that the determining factor of bourbon whiskey is the proportion of corn used. Bourbon, to qualify, must contain not less than fifty-one per cent corn. Generally corn is proportioned from sixty-five per cent to seventy-five per cent.

Whatever the variations, the end result is bourbon, but bourbon of different aroma, taste, color and body. The difference is caused by the proportioning of grain, the kind and quantity of water used in mashing the grain, the proof at which the whiskey is distilled, the kind of containers in which the whiskey is aged, the period of aging, and the quality of grain and yeast used. Out of a superb study, Mr. Wilson concludes that *(Continued on page 146)*

GLANTZ

She Bets on the Human Race

Henrietta Moore's sage manner belies her twenty-two years, a precocity which may derive from her contemplation of man's brief span and his chances of loss by flood, fire and hurricane, in the course of her work as an insurance underwriter. Officially licensed in the State of Pennsylvania, Miss Moore has a persuasive way with clients and a background of fearsome facts gleaned while slaving away at clerical routine in her father's insurance company at Aliquippa, Pennsylvania. Prior to this practical education she attended Penn Hall Prep and Junior College, specializing in interior decorating. Our interviewer reports that this blonde young lady has a husky, Bacall-like voice, and confessed that he went to scoff and remained to insure his property against every hazard, including hail.



Mint Julep

Ingredients:

Procedure:

1. Chill silver julep cups

2. Add sugar and water

3. Muddle 6 mint sprigs

4. Fill cup with fine ice and add mint oil

5. Pour and stir vigorously

6. Trim with mint and add cherry

7. Let stand until thoroughly frosted and serve with half straw

= ½ tablespoon

= 1 tablespoon

= 1½ oz. jigger

Esquire's

BLEND AND BEND

Recipe No. 5

Sketches by Herb Ackerman

Gentlemen fortunate enough to be initiated into a Kentucky colonelcy are doubly to be envied, for, in addition to the title, they receive a hallowed recipe for that sacred drink of the bluegrass country—mint julep. Now Esky offers his own Blend and Bend mint julep in the service of readers who were somehow passed over when the paper eagles were passed out. The mint julep is traditionally a drink for warm nights when the birds have signed off and there is perhaps some barbershop chordmaking offstage. But Esky vouches that even without the traditional plantation surroundings, a julep is still a mighty fine long, cool potation. Nice thing about it, too: though the colonels made it and claim it, privates and corporals are permitted as many as they can hold.

Boston's candidate for Westminster Abbey or limbo is a tough scribe to tangle with

Bill Cunningham's Eight-Day Week

by **JOHN HENRY CUTLER**

SIMPSON

When Ring Lardner put his sports-writing pencil down and set off in pursuit of more significant copy, he foreran a tradition which has since spread like a disease through the ranks of sports reporters everywhere. Westbrook Pegler, the late Damon Runyon and Paul Gallico are the best-known of the writers who started out in section two and ended up in section one of their newspapers. Up in Boston, the loudest, shrillest typewriter of all the converted sports scribes holds forth—and the man at the keys is five-feet-eleven-inches of extroverted vehemence named Bill Cunningham. And Cunningham's conversion, be it known, is still not complete.

Cunningham is a Boston institution, loved and hated as an institution usually is. Magna vox of the Boston *Herald*, syndicated columnist, emcee, lecturer, and radio analyst on a coast-to-coast hookup, he writes each month the equivalent of a novel—and caramba, how the man writes! He has the most racy, buckety, slam-bang vocabulary in journalism.

Cunningham's popularity stems from his ability to put himself in his readers' shoes and say things the way they'd like to say them. One day he may write a tearjerker about the kid next door that is as chokingly sentimental as a page out of Dickens. Another day he gleefully tells of his embarrassment when he was caught in a photo with Al Capone. His cascading prose is more breathless than deathless, but he has followers who'd recommend him for a crypt at Westminster Abbey.

Bill's abuse vocabulary is especially lush, and his clientele has more fun than Sundays down on the farm when he insults people in high places. He has panned the Duchess of Windsor for taking along too many trunks on her trips, Gene Tunney for not hitting harder, Joe Cronin for not winning more pennants, and the late Gene Talmadge for wearing red suspenders.

Some of his blasts at the brass hats during the war led to the correction of abuses, others to Congressional action. Shortly after Pearl Harbor he sashayed past the sentries at the Charlestown Navy Yard with a bag of grapefruit under his arm and planted them in broad daylight around the main clockworks. Next day he sounded off about the criminal carelessness of those in charge. Those grapefruit might have been bombs, pardner, he told his constant reader. Something ought to be done about security regulations. Something was.

In his extrovert columns Bill snorts, glowers, needles, praises, pontificates or simply yammers. His pet hates are jug-headed gossoons, box-footed baboons, tangle-footed drizzlepusses, flannel-mouthed jerks, or, when he is feeling more charitable, simple lunkheads, dunderheads, addlepates, bindle stiffs, political pismires, dim specimens or twirps.

Even readers who wonder what words like swami, panjandrum, Gaekwar, six-sheeting and olla-podrida mean, like them because, in addition to sounding important, they have a rhythm all their own. Sometimes Bill gives the impression of playing the language by ear. Few of his readers realized he meant oil wells when he spoke of the "sudden smash of black gold against the crown blocks of drilling rigs."

Bill is less inflammable these days than he was in the rock-and-sock twenties and thirties when he traded insults with Hearst columnists who made a career of handing him the hot end of the poker. They called him a blustering Texan, a local windbag who was full of static. Most of them wound up looking like Keystone cops wiping the custard out of their eyes. Cunningham is particularly eloquent when he is pawing like a shorthorn bull.

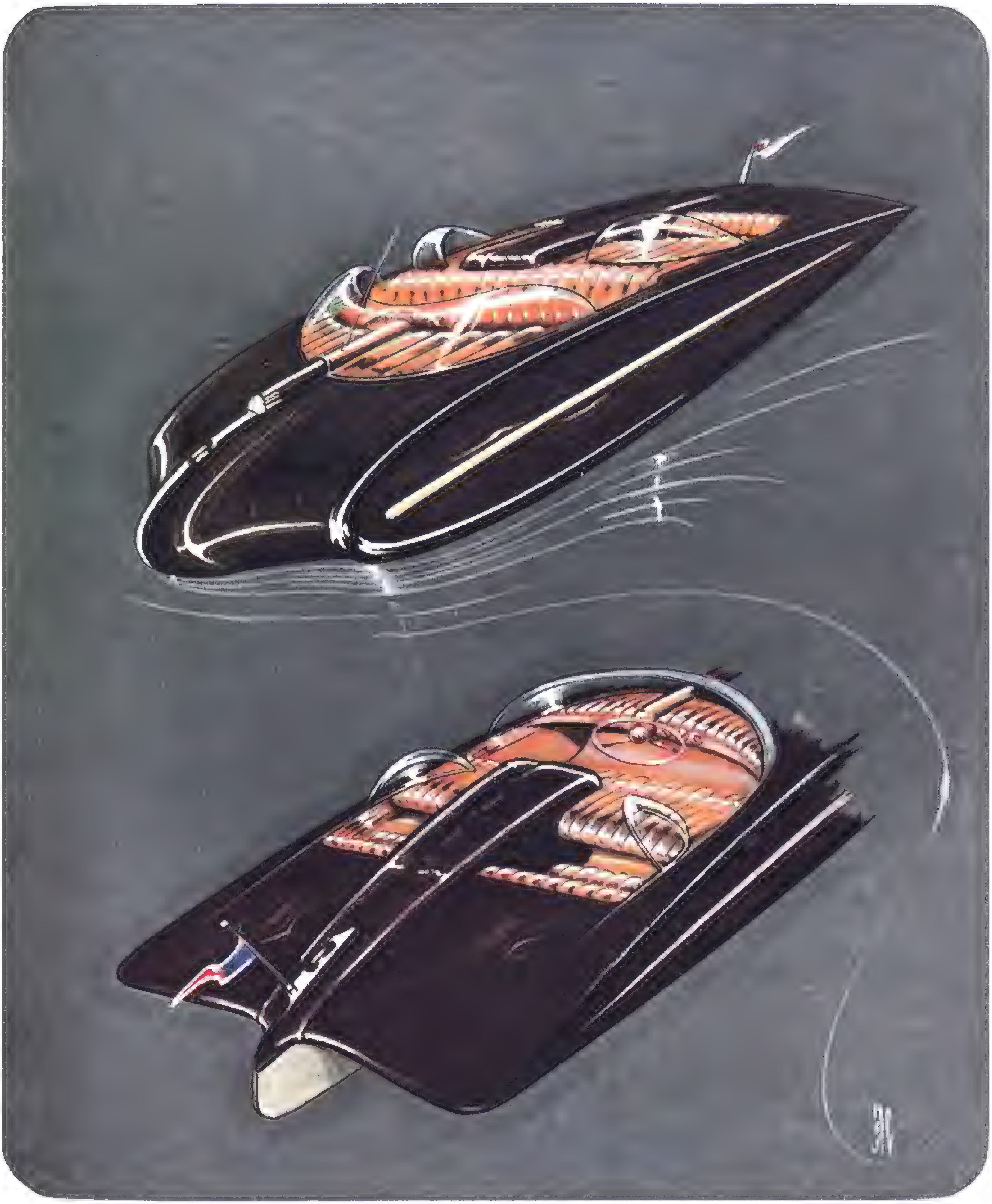
Bill is no violet by a mossy brook, but his readers like to hear him call himself the "green, dumb and trusting sort." Most of his fans think of him as the rugged football center who figured in such polite forms of mayhem as exchanging punches in the nose with rival players, and they would be shocked if they knew that in prep school Bill won a gold medal for effort, which he still wears on his watch chain. He also keeps mum about the Emerson prize he won at Dartmouth for writing *Shakespeare the Modernist*. He writes instead, on his space-filling days, of Dartmouth when it was more of a refined lumber camp than it is today. He earned his way through Dartmouth by playing the piano at the local movie. And by collecting and reselling the peanuts the students bounced off one another's heads in that beloved spot. Bill's fond-father attitude toward Dartmouth resembles the late Alexander Woollcott's proprietary interest in Christmas, which he sometimes shared with Santa Claus the way Bill used to share Dartmouth with President Hopkins.

Since 1921, when he teed (*Continued on page 135*)

GLANTZ

Cook's Tour: Tarquinio Pellersi

Italian-born Tarquinio Pellersi is a true democrat, for after eight years of hearing that pleasant cliché, "My compliments to the chef," from patrons of the Coq Rouge, he concludes that celebrities have the same essential drives as you and I—the leading one being, of course, hunger. After serving his European apprenticeship in Nice and the Lido in Venice, Signor Pellersi came to New York, stopping off in the kitchens of the Old Waldorf, the McAlpin and other famed dining places, before settling down at the Coq Rouge. Here he has served Saltinbocca *to Lily Pons,* Poitrine de Pantade Montmorency *to Katherine Cornell and English Sole* Belle Meunière *to the Duchess of Windsor. To amateur performers in kitchenettes, he recommends a foolproof recipe,* Tournedo Rossini: *Broil in the oven a small filet mignon. When done to your pleasure, remove from the oven, cover with an ounce of* pâté de fois gras, *a small piece of butter and finely chopped parsley. Then serve.*

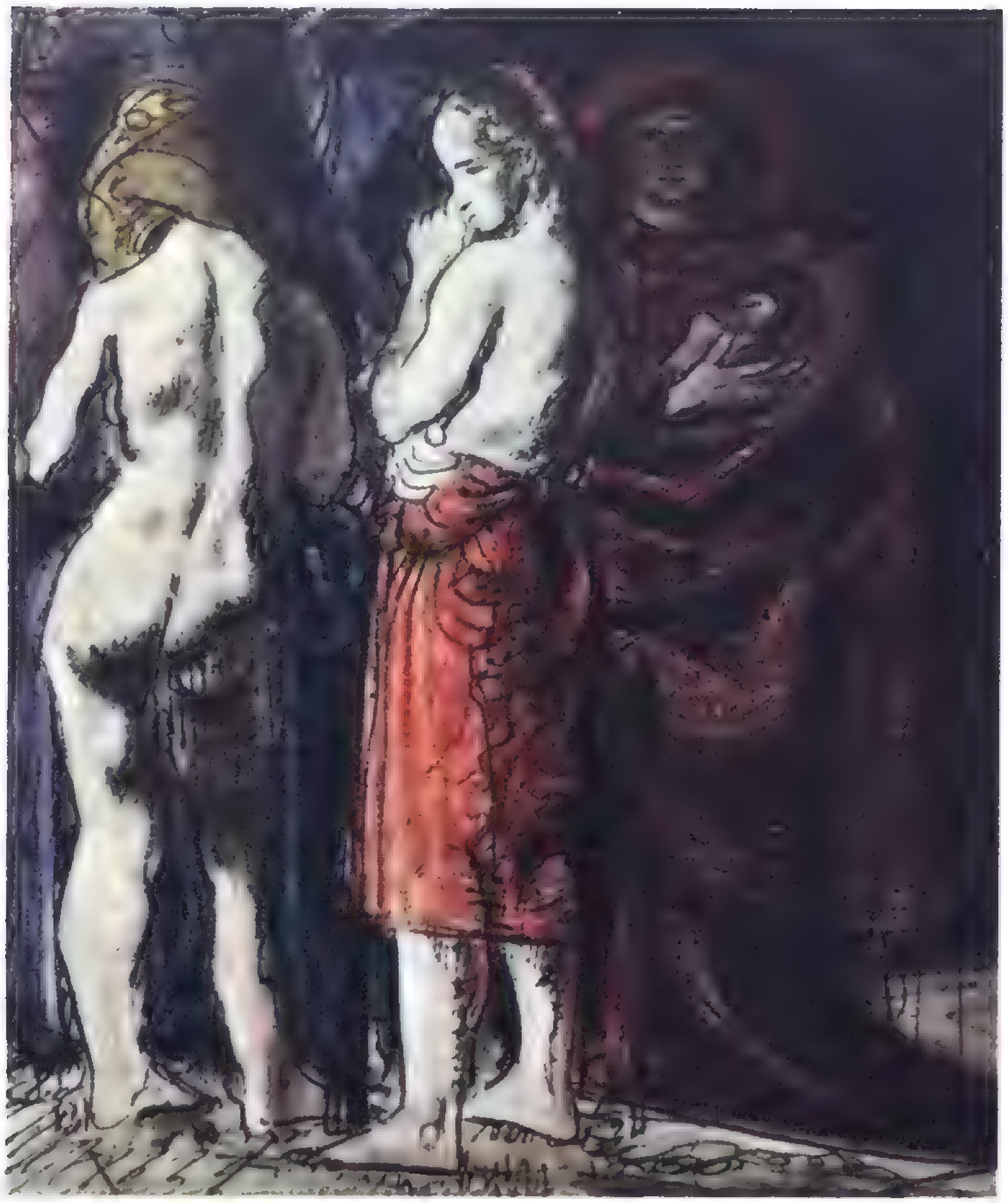


MECHANICAL PROPHECIES, NO. 14

Seagoing Windbreaker

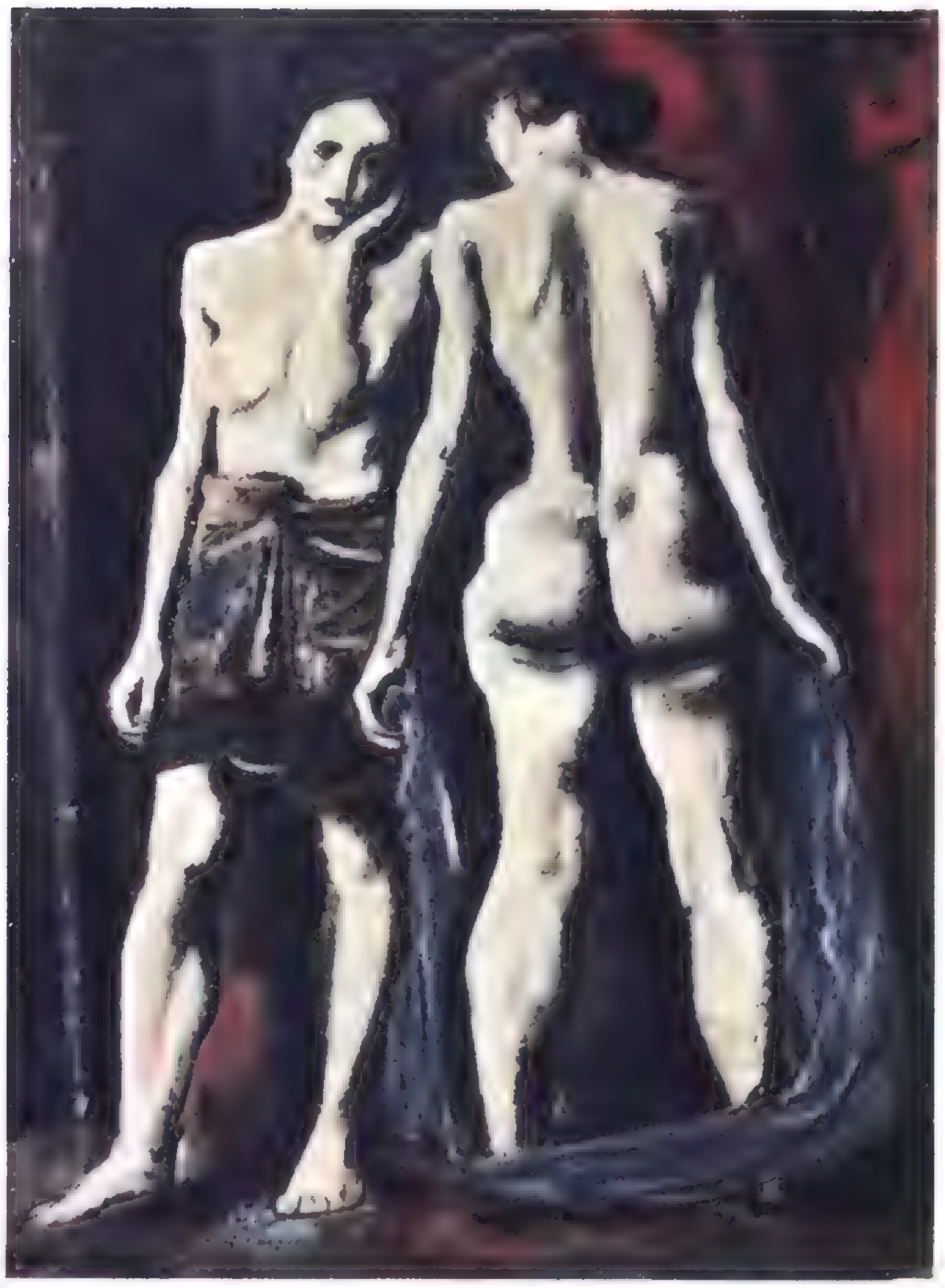
by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

Back in the Thirties, speedboat designers introduced the sensational airplane-wing design which tests later proved to be even safer than its predecessor. Now Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky goes the whole industry one better by applying his vision and touch to the new model. He has given the bow lines that are as sleek as a champion filly and has added a new wrinkle—also borrowed from the airplane—the bubble canopy windshield. Even the passengers profit, for there are two spray and wind deflectors for the rear seats as well. And, never a man to let efficiency suffer the slightest, Count Sakhnoffsky has converted the raised central section between the rear seats into a housing for bar and picnic compartments. Did somebody say, Ahoy?



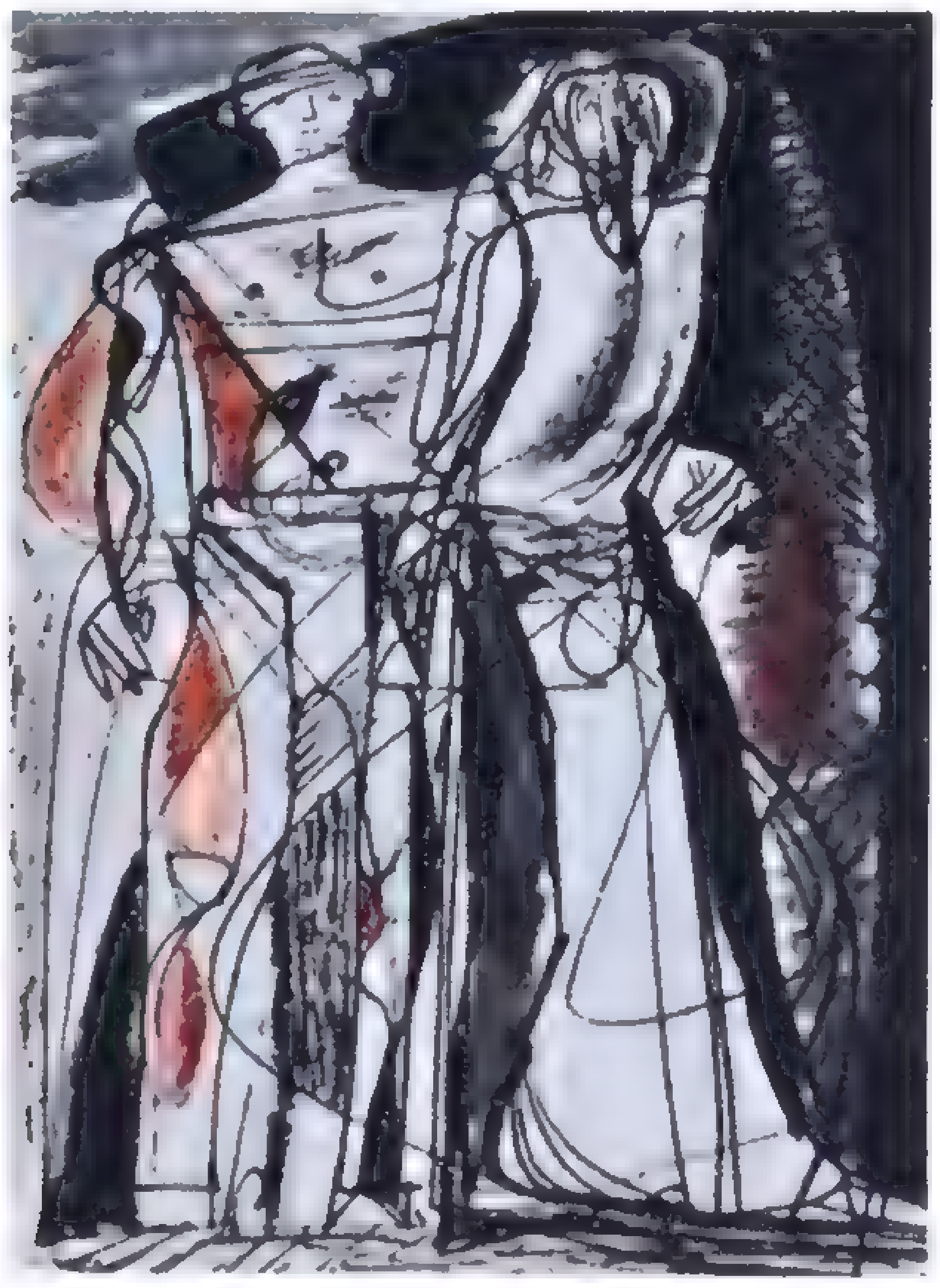
OIL 18" X 14"

THREE FIGURES



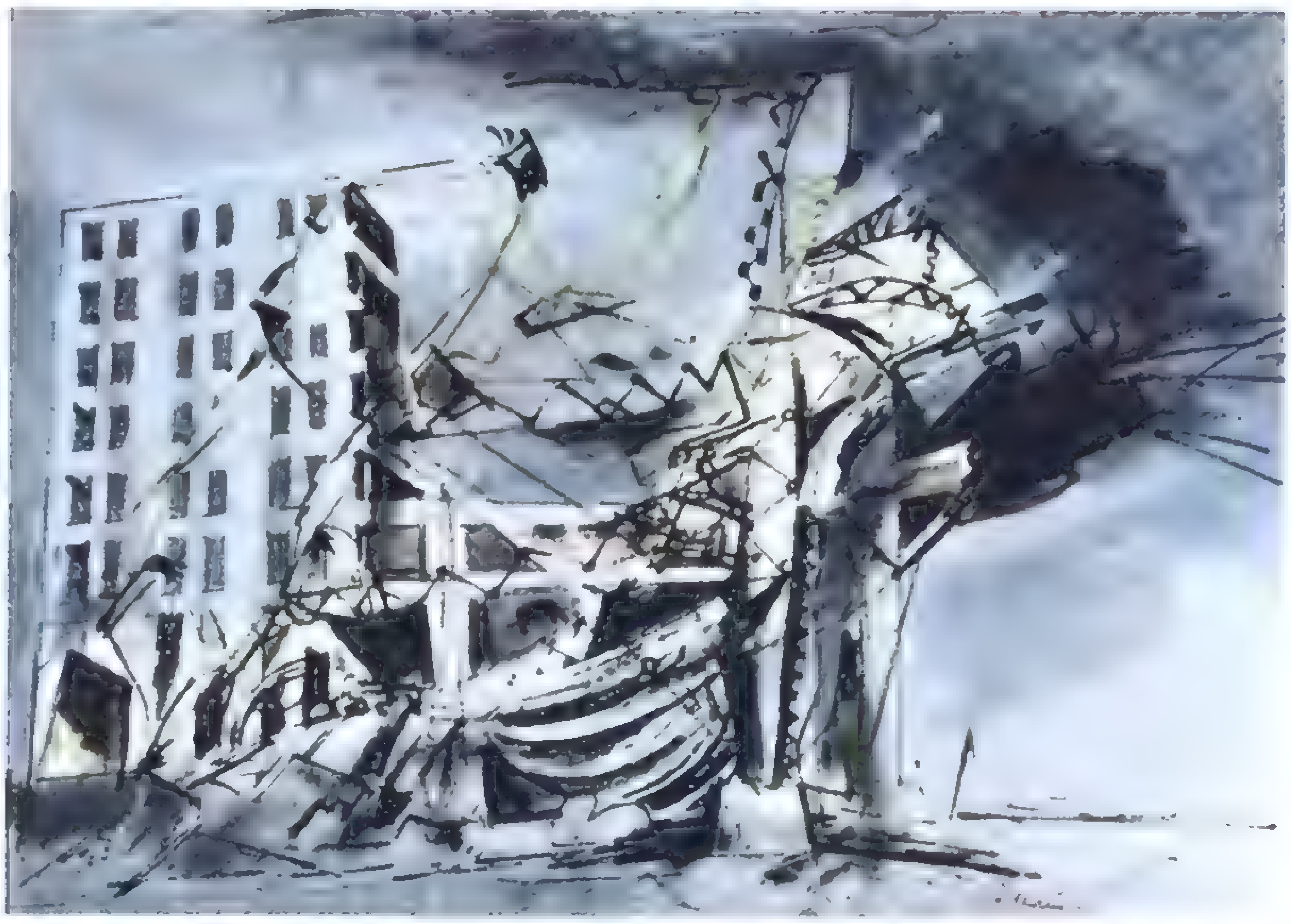
OIL 19" X 14"

TWO FIGURES



PEN & INK &
WATER COLOR
13" X 9"

SEMIABSTRACT

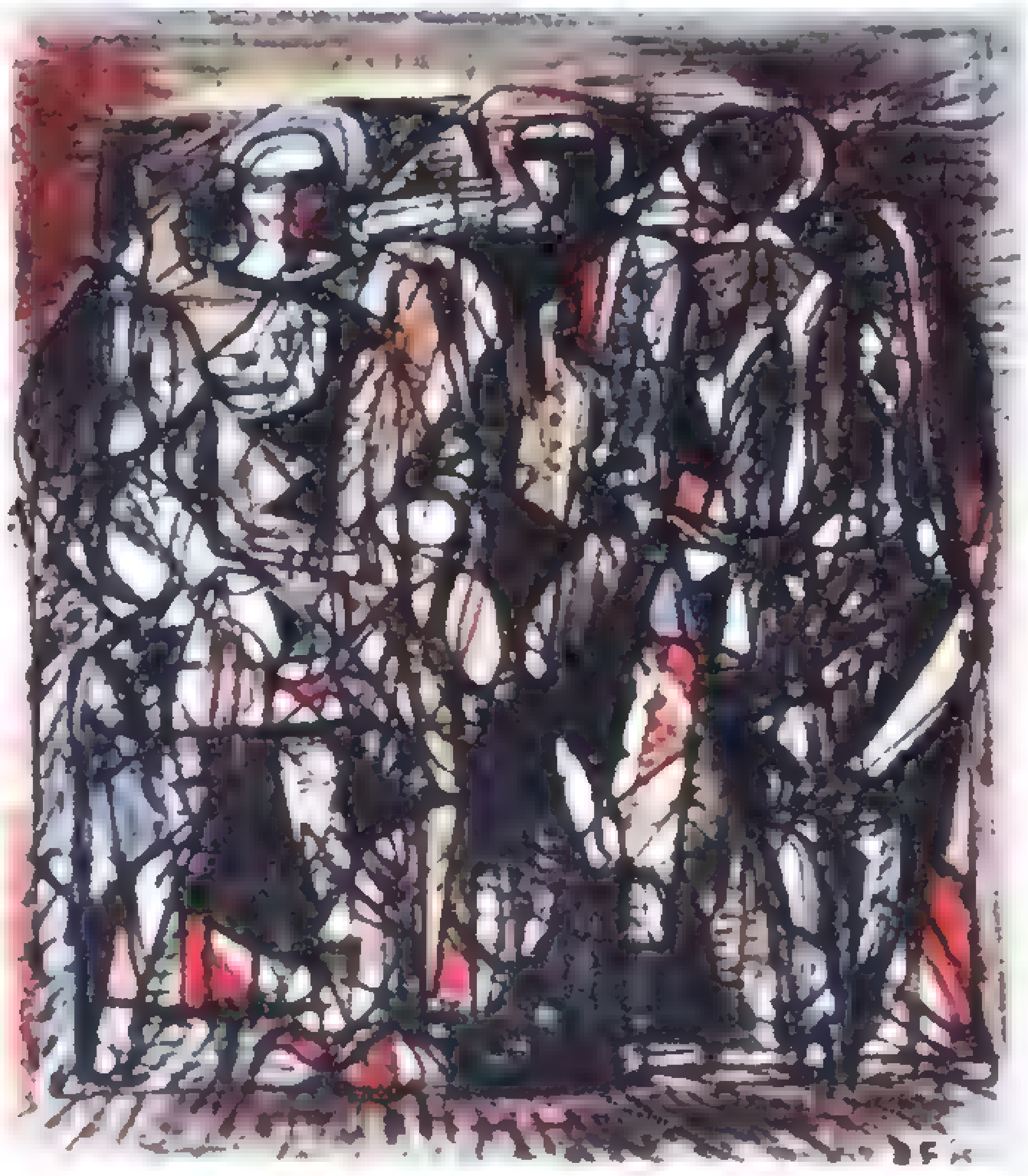


PEN & INK & WATER COLOR 11" X 15"

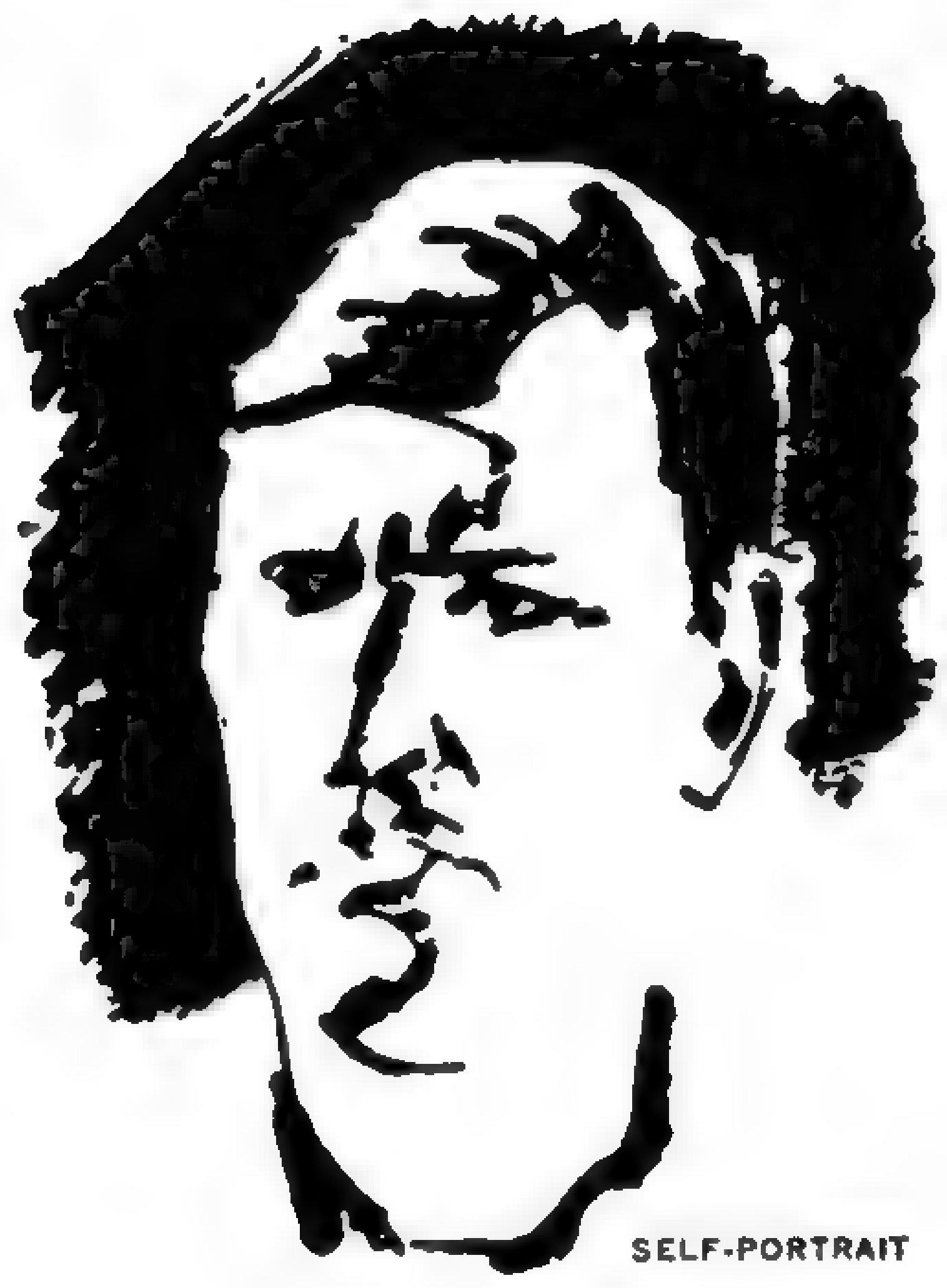
DESTRUCTION

ABSTRACT DESIGN

PEN & INK &
WATER COLOR
11" X 9"



Art Portfolio:
ROBERT FAWCETT



SELF-PORTRAIT

Robert Fawcett: Modernist

Having proved his skill as a draughtsman he employs provocative new forms for the expression of his subconscious imagery

by ROBERT ULRICH GODSOE

An artist is a character who does what everybody wants to do. For the expression of self is one of humankind's most elemental needs. Yet the artist of integrity sweats blood in the process, even though he may be master of all the techniques necessary to his expression.

Such an artist is Robert Fawcett; nature and the schools endowed him with know-how beyond the capacity of many of his contemporaries. He ranks as one of the principal illustrative artists in America today. All that the schools had to offer in the way of standardized technique he commands with an easy authority. He learned well. His work itself refutes the oft-hurled charge that modern artists work that way because they don't know how to draw. As a draughtsman he is superbly gifted. As a colorist he is subtle, wise, mature. His composition is strong, frequently monumental, and always necessary . . . by which is meant devoid of the extrinsic verbiage with which ineptness often seeks to fill the void left by incompetence. All that goes into his canvas counts. In other words, Bob, as the academies have required him to do, has learned to paint a picture. Being an artist and not a camera, he discovered, a long time since, that mere picture-making was not enough. It became necessary, as it does with all men of integrity, to find methods for saying more essential things, things which, as far as he knew, were uniquely his to say. The very knowledge that this was so at once removed him from the sterile domination of the academies. Thus he became one of the searchers after truth rather than formulae. As such he became a modernist as opposed to an academician.

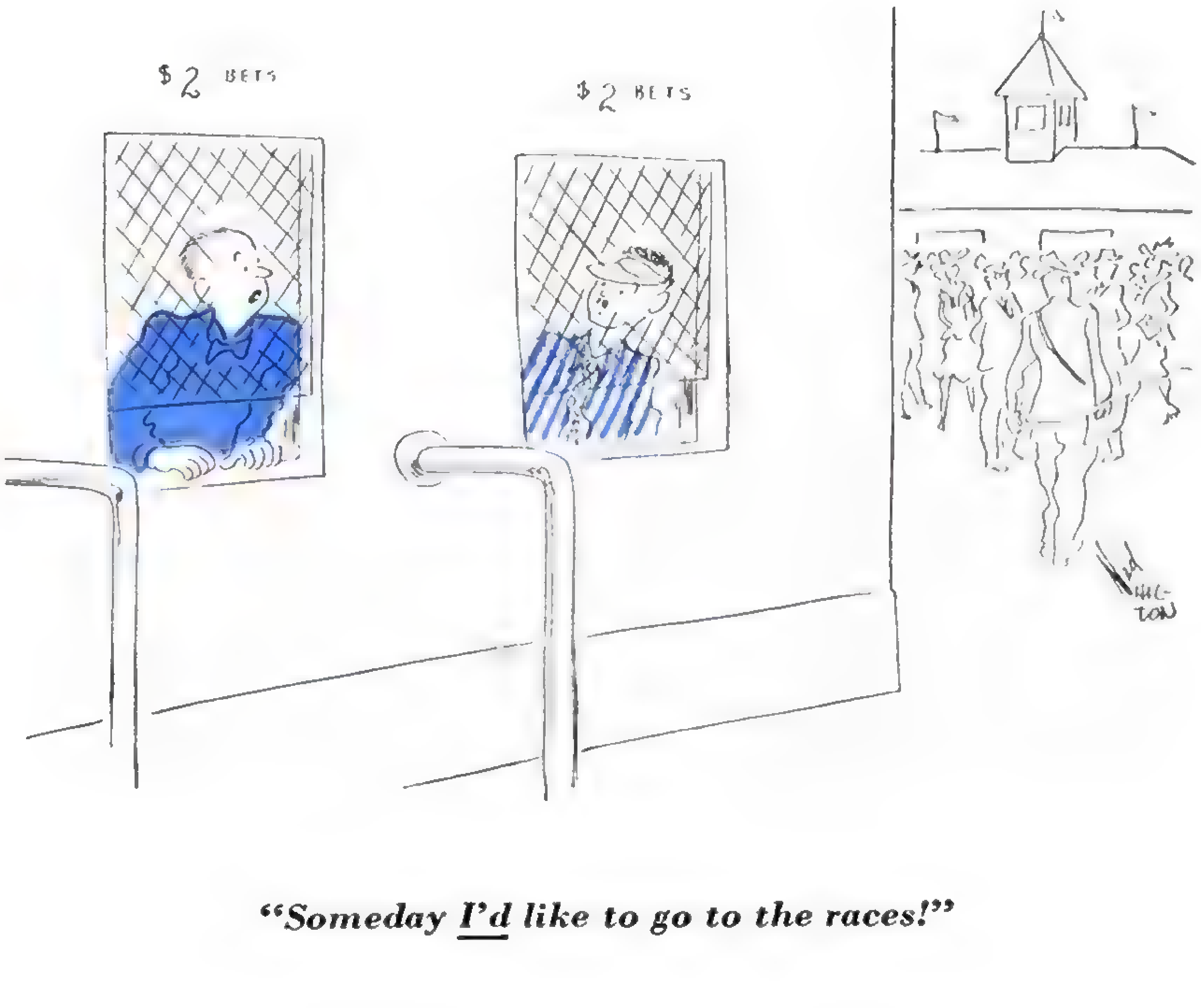
For all practical purposes we can divide Robert Fawcett's work in two. There are pictures where the rules of the academies still hold. There are other pictures, however, where the man is seeking to come closer, and ever closer, to the things that make him tick, to the inner experiences which are profoundly his own and which demand articulation. The earlier work exercises tremendous appeal. The later work is difficult to embrace. In both cases sensitivity, knowledge, inventiveness are everywhere apparent. He is obviously successful in the conservative vein, less obviously successful but nonetheless honest, ardent, able, provocative in the later work.

Curiously, in the conservative work, Fawcett is still not academic in the dry-as-dust sense of the word. For, though his training was almost Spartan in its rigidity, in its agonized adherence to rules, it was not sufficient completely to obliterate the great natural gifts he brought to painting. Those natural gifts are a rich sense of color, a sensuous appreciation of texture, a broad conception of form which keeps him always meaningful and never permits the overlay of empty jabber so often found in the academic painter. Of his masterful draughtsmanship we have spoken before. There is something magical about mastery of a pencil. This magic Fawcett has. It underscores all of his other achievements. By all of which is meant that the conservative work never falls into the classification of mere empty picture-making. It is always a creative act, using tried methods, it is true, but committed with taste, talent and temperament.

To Bob Fawcett this is not enough. Hence he is a modern. He must forge implements which, in his hands, will permit him to do more. Like all of the other moderns he finds it necessary to make the tools with which to make the pictures. The whole modern experiment in art is, succinctly, this: to develop the tools which life, function, expression in the modern world, require. Industrialists will understand this thoroughly. We retool in industry when we find it necessary to attack new problems, new demands, the new concepts of a changing world.

Fawcett's experimental work, in which forms seem to dissolve, in which what was placid, monumental, at peace with the world, takes on an aspect of torment, of desire restraining itself only with difficulty, of impatient inquiry, cannot be discussed in terms of academic curricula. Nor can you use the outworn slide rules which have become only too handy to the conservative critic, the conservative maker of editorial policies. We are dealing with matter here which is as inapposite to the academic systems as a Gothic cathedral is to an Indian pueblo. Composition? It is the academy asking the question. But composition is the mere organization of effects on canvas. All works of art are composed, even if unconsciously. Composition is the organizing of effects so as to best serve the objectives of the composer. To the academic mind it is a law unto itself. This is hogwash; composition is a tool. Bob Fawcett's late linear work is composed to express a driving inner concept. It can no more be discussed according to academic rules of composition than you can discuss the flavor of an orange by comparing it to an apple. His line drives itself parabolically about on paper. It cuts in upon itself, insists, executes a pattern which reflects the tempo of modern living, it leaps and retreats, makes a delightful arabesque, suddenly grows savage. You can, they say, read a man's character in his handwriting. As such it is intrinsically personal. However, remember it is the handwriting of a man who knows all the rules of penmanship while daring, nevertheless, to throw them overboard.

With the advent of surrealism we have come to accept a certain automatism of expression by which subconscious imagery is induced to make its way directly from the inner consciousness out onto paper or canvas without the interference of the censoring, conscious mind. This is already old hat to those interested in art therapy. Surrealism, unfortunately encumbered by much ballyhoo, much chi-chi, much conscious charlatanism, nevertheless has made valid contributions to the aesthetic theories of our time. When it deals with automatism it is on fertile ground. Fawcett is not a surrealist but in his interest in allowing the subconscious image its unimpeded passage from the secret inner mind to paper he is sharing with surrealism a common objective. Unable longer to content himself *(Continued on page 147)*



"Someday I'd like to go to the races!"

Flirtation Is a Fine Art

Cogent tips for the gallant who yearns to make time with the lasses in hotel lobbies, on trains, bathing beaches and the telephone

by HERB GRAFFIS

When the oldest inhabitant was a wee lad—and probably before that—tailors began getting their names in the papers by saying that men should wear gaudier garments.

Usually in those stories there are references to the psychological effect of color in uplifting the sagging spirit, but always there is approval of the genius of nature in making the peacock and the cock pheasant showy for the purpose of stirring the passions of a peahen or a maiden pheasant.

I never could see much sense to those stories myself. When buying clothes I do not have in mind choosing garments of such colors as would make me the object of the affectionate ambitions of a celibate female pheasant or a peavirgin—or whatever you call a peahen before she has reached henhood.

The truth undoubtedly is that more maidens have been lured for better or worse by gentlemen in blue serge suits than by gents in gaudy bathing trunks, zoot uniforms or lurid clothing. The supreme demonstration of the fact that a lady does not necessarily need to be baited by gay trappings was widely given by the GI clothing which surely was not designed to trap the female of the species. Yet, despite this evidence, which conflicts with that offered by the tailors who propose flamboyant attire, there are no recorded cases of a young man of our armed services having been compelled to lead a monastic life because of his handicap of drab clothing.

Then what is the real point of the tailors' recommendation of men's clothing in such colors that the maiden will be unable to resist the appeal of the chromatic scale in coat, pants and vest? The tailors really are trying to assist gentlemen who are inept in arranging to enjoy the company of a fair member of the opposing sex. And, on the evidence, gentlemen do need a great deal of education in that respect.

It is a sorry reflection of the slump in the niceties of chivalry to see how today the most unsavory, greasiest bums so often are basking in the sunshine of radiant women.

The reason simply is that the bums have availed themselves of a few of the elementary principles of flirtation. Flirtation used to be an art among dashing courtiers who were as hardy a group of courageous cutthroats as ever made history. But now even the word flirtation has sort of a swish to it. A modern dictionary might even define flirtation not as "a playing at courtship," but as "the warm-up," or as "going on the make."

A student of our times and manners still may see in action a few—but very few—of those who keep brilliant masterly flirtatious technique, adapted from the court of King Arthur, the Field of the Cloth of Gold and other romantic arenas. What magnificent success these adept and rare moderns have! With apparent ease they throw nets over wonderful wenches while eager but awkward candidates for the ladies' favors lament in frustration and longing.

Seemingly the experts rely on the principle set forth by the sage La Rochefoucauld. He observed: "Flirtation is at the bottom of woman's nature, although all do not practice it, some being restrained by fear, others by sense."

This 17th-century duke learned from them all; the Queen, Mme. de Longueville, Comtesse de La Fayette, Mme. de Sévigné, and other ladies of high and low degree. Those were days when a gentleman could very quickly get his gullet deeply and permanently lacerated by flirting with the right lady at the wrong time, or vice versa. The duke lived to a ripe old age, so let his testimony stand.

Naturally, in testing the duke's maxim, today a gentleman's competitive instinct as well as fairly good judgment may lead him into most ambitious experiments with the restrained women. It is equally true, although La Rochefoucauld did not say so, that men also are restrained from flirtation by fear or sense, but very seldom by sense if the lady looks to be a hot-enough number. Fear of the prey becoming a hard-to-shake nuisance is another restraining influence, but, again, if the lady looks choice and gives a responsive signal with one eyelash no gentleman with stalwart hormones will back away.

Now take the case of a gentleman flirting with a lady on a train. The fellow gets out his brief case and starts the same old strictly business routine he goes into at the office. Then he gets thinking to himself, "What's the use of getting out of town if I am going to keep my nose to the grindstone?"

So he looks across the aisle of the Pullman and, lo and behold, there is something much better to keep his nose to!

Because of the bottom of her nature, as La Rochefoucauld says, the lady also may be aware of the gentleman's presence. But who is going to crack first to relieve the boredom?

Of course it should be the gentleman.

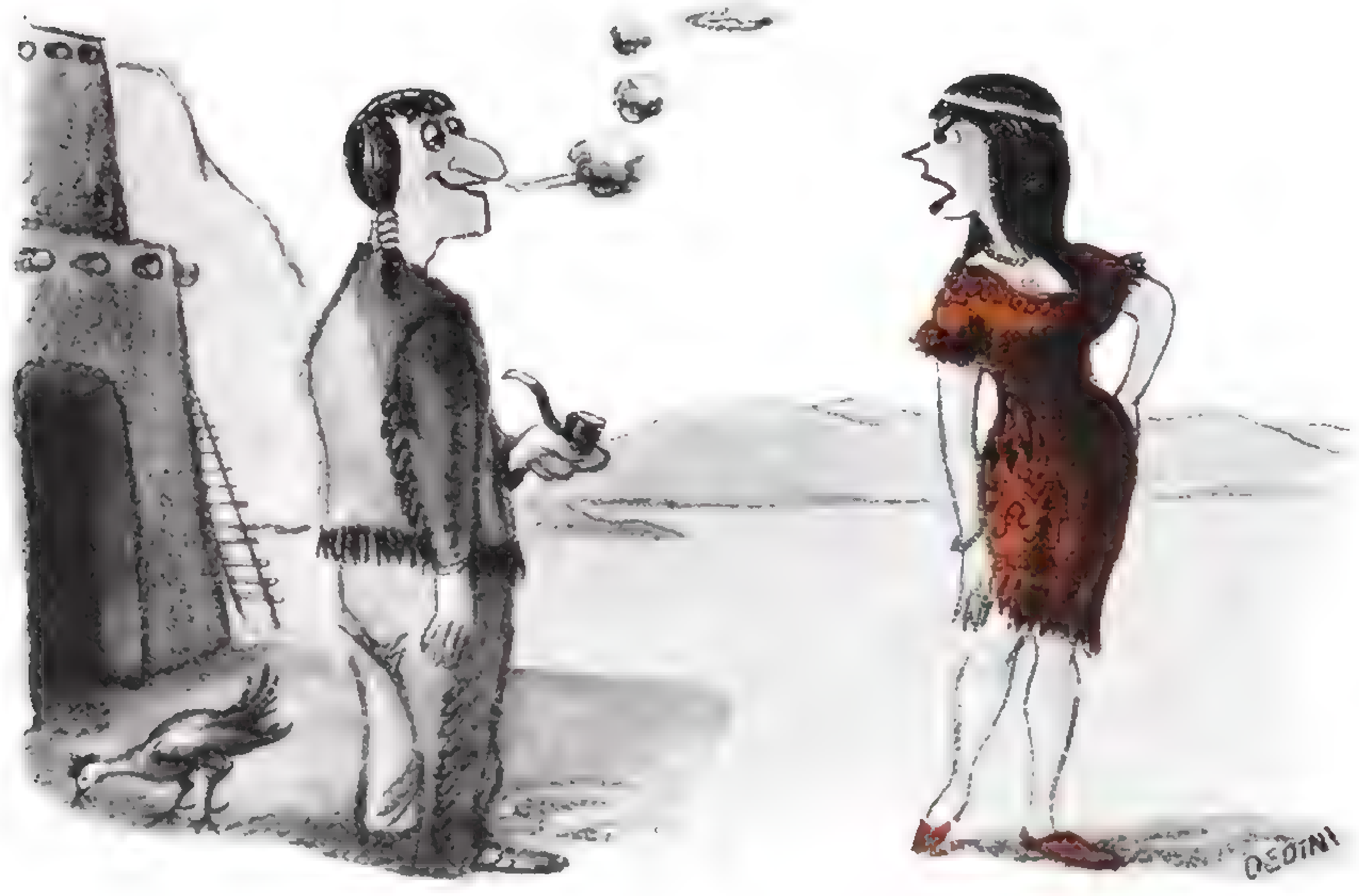
But how?

One flirtatious method almost always works, whether the lady is dumb or magna cum laude from Vassar: the literary opening bid. It even gets those houris whose ambition it is to be mentioned in *Variety* in the L. A. to N. Y. or N. Y. to L. A. department, though some of those broads would have tough going spelling words in the Superman comic books.

Two things should be done in preparation by any gentleman who is going to do a lot of traveling.

First: He should get a book that looks like it reeks with culture and is much too good for the common people. Get one with some meaningless title such as "What Now of the Moon?" or "Navel Shade." There are many such to select from. You can pick them up for about 39 cents at almost any bookstore that hasn't been able to unload them. Or if you want to be a Big Man, go for one of the $5 numbers that aren't sold in every railroad station or by book clubs. You might as well get accustomed early to not getting much, if any, change back if you are going to be successfully flirtatious.

Second: You should brief yourself by reading the book advertisements in *The Saturday Review of*



"Not on your life!"

Literature. This will give you some of the surest knockout words and phrases in the whole litany of culture. They won't make sense to you or anybody else, but they are great stuff for confusion and that's what you want as a flirtatious opening. By using the words and phrases of book-ad writers and book reviewers you can get even the wiliest and most suspicious lady so confused she will enter into a conversation to learn what the hell it's all about.

For instance, you can draw the bait book from your luggage and as though by sudden impulse hand it to the lady, saying in your most cavalier manner, "I'm sure you won't mind my intrusion, but I'd like awfully to present to you this sheer delight, this subtle metaphysical whimsy, this charming 'must' book."

Shove the book right in her hand like the brush man does business.

While she is trying to gather her defenses, continue with the book-ad phrases: "It's as remorselessly graphic as Schlmielsky's other undoctrinaire volume—the one that glowed with living fire—'Midnight Tolls for the Cockroach.' "

By that time the lady is limp. She is thinking to herself, "This is one kind of a nut I haven't met, so why not?"

Then, little by little, lunch or dinnertime will come along and there seldom is a lady who will refuse a free loading on a train. Perhaps before chow call there will come a point in the conversation where you can graciously remark, "My dear, I am spitting cotton so let's me and you go into the club car and have a drink."

The technique can be varied slightly when the lady has a magazine or a book lying beside her. The book can be McGuffey's *First Reader* or the magazine "The Burnt Leather Home Worker's Monthly." Anything in print goes. This method is especially effective when the lady is an occupant of a compartment and the flirtatious male happens to pass and observes the door is open wide enough to confirm by a quick survey that the lady is alone and, possibly, pining. Always use the literary approach first. That is basic in assuring her that she interests you solely because of her obvious and fascinating intellect. That is called in military circles a diversionary action.

There are places, of course, where the male cannot carry a book in his search of a female companion with whom to while away the hours.

A chap would look very silly toting a book around a bathing beach, where he may be sure that comely maidens do not visit for lolling in the delights of solitude or developing their culture. He also might be regarded as a character to be avoided were he to romp along a beach beating his bosom like Tarzan and bellowing mating cries. The flirtatious procedure must be more delicate, although it does not require high genius inasmuch as it is quite apparent that the lady already has gone to great trouble to reveal herself as attractive.

The most reliable routine at the beach is to step politely up to the choice specimen who is to be given the pleasure of your company and ask her, in your Grade-A Oxford accent, "So sorry to bother you, but have you a match?"

As she is wearing a bathing costume that is so tight a bobby pin beneath that veneer would ruin the lines, you may be sure that she does not have a match. In that case, she will feel quite apologetic, and you can win her deep gratitude by relieving her of embarrassment and using your own matches.

Another garden of dalliance is the hotel lobby where often the sweetest romances blossom in the sunshine of a friendly glance. It is customary in those innocent flirtations which take place in this setting to play a version of drop-the-handkerchief.

The game is played with a hotel key instead of a handkerchief. The gentleman who wants to play, by fortuitous muscular reaction, drops his key practically at the feet of the lady with whom he chooses to engage in a pleasant pastime.

Then, bowing in the charmingly abashed manner of a sweet and simple schoolboy, he should say: "Oh, pardon me for being so clumsy."

Then he should pick up the key, look at the lady inquiringly and recite: "This is my key, isn't it?" Before she has opportunity to reply, he should hasten to add, "Oh, yes, of course. My room number is 572. My memory is apt to play me tricks so I always make it a habit to associate my room number with other things I find easy to keep in mind. For instance my room number 572. That I associate with 5 o'clock being a lovely time to meet and 7 o'clock being a nice time to go out to dinner, and 2 being two people. So very helpful to one's memory."

Then if by 5:15 p.m. the flirtation hasn't flowered into a beautiful and instructive friendship, get on the phone.

The telephone too is an instrument of valuable service to members of the Lonely Hearts Club. Used expertly it is one of the safest of all elements of a campaign. One must not tumble heels-over-eardrums into romance with the voice with a come-on, but proceed with caution. There are ladies with voices that sound like one of those canary-and-electric-organ programs on the radio. When you listen to them you can hardly be blamed for feeling that the pipes of Pan are playing your accompaniment as you sing, "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love."

But, monsieur, you are *le chump prodigieux* if you ever, ever commit yourself to a personal appearance without first making a surreptitious preliminary inspection. Tell her to wait for you in front of the corner drugstore and to wear a rubber plant on her left shoulder so you will be sure to recognize her. Then hire a cab and tell the driver to keep in high gear while you drive past and look the lady over.

There may also exist the possibility that you yourself are no superb find, although you may have a telephone voice that vibrates and penetrates to a maid's marrow. Consequently a highly desirable creature who may be on the other end of the telephonic coquetry is going to have you unwittingly pass in review before she is willing to become acquainted with more than your fascinating vocal chords.

There is no use letting masculine conceit fool you. You never can be sure whether you are flirting with the lady or she is flirting with you. Often, when a gentleman thinks he is progressing by sheer skill and irresistible personality, he is actually as gullible as a mouse that tells itself it is making great headway in attracting the attention of a piece of cheese.

That is the reason a gentleman usually is fooling nobody but himself when he indulges in an office flirtation. The lady who gives a gentleman in an office a coy strip tease with her eyes and sighs gentle words is seldom reacting to the gentleman's warm importunities. Usually she is performing in that manner merely to exhibit her superior talent over the rest of the female help or to win a bet.

The debonair or gay and gusty salesman who comes in to further his mercenary plans by flirting with the beauty at the reception desk is probably taking on the most difficult problem in casual amours. The reason that lady holds her job is because she is bombproof to bushwah. She will react to your sweet nothings by gazing at you with a soulful look and undulating her exquisitely sculptured brassiere so you think you have struck oil with your fatal charm. And while making believe that she is but putty in the passionate embrace of your syllables, the minx will lie brazenly to you. She will tell you her boss left town the day before yesterday on a trip of uncertain duration to the sacred city of Tibet.

In the entire field of flirtation your best chance for making romantic venture immediately profitable is among waitresses. The waitress is so constantly bedeviled by rude and clumsy flippancies of the male of the species that a display of genuine cavalier talent is rewarded by your getting your chow almost by jet propulsion and the choice cut that the chef has been saving for himself. But your technique had better be good or she'll sneer at you as just another one of those dopes who thinks he's a Romeo every time he tucks his bib up and orders from a lady whose feet are giving her hell.

Beyond doubt the most amazing adventure in flirtation would be that of a gentleman with his own wife, but the dame might drop dead from shock in the first stages of the experiment. So play safe, and try flirtation on strangers.

Thus concludes this little lesson from the primer of romance. #

Sullen Water Dripping

There was no longer any escape from her; he had to kill her before the thought and sight of her drove him as mad as she was

by **WILLIAM VALRICK**

GRANT WOOD

For two years I've known that someday I would have to kill my sister. The vision of that obese monster crouching, forever listening and watching at the front window, would have to be blotted out. As I walked down the deserted streets I thought of simple methods of homicide. Only in simplicity—in the mundane—must I look for ways to kill my sister.

Suddenly it was all clear. There would be nothing crude, like shoving her downstairs or rigging up a way to electrocute her in the tub. I'd kill her in a way that could never be brought home to me. I'd hate her to death.

Day by day I would pour baleful maledictions upon and into her mind. Everywhere she looked she would see my eyes hating her, asking for her death. No matter where she might hide, her mind would always hear me telling of my loathing, of my willing her to die.

As I walked up our sidewalk I could see her silhouetted in the window—listening, waiting. Always before I had entered the house with fear in my heart. But not tonight. As I stopped to hang up my topcoat and hat, I could hear her wheel chair moving toward the fireplace. While I knew this was impossible, because the floor was thickly carpeted and her chair had thick rubber tires, yet I did hear it, and she *was* in front of the fireplace when I opened the door. I stood silently telling her of my hatred.

Minutes passed as I chopped at her with the first mental blows of what I knew was eventually to be her doom. Then she became aware of my presence. I knew this by the tensing of one fat bejeweled hand on the arm of the chair. Her hand was red and scabrous in the firelight. Slowly she turned the chair and faced me. I stood there and hated her, hated her, hated her.

At what point this bizarre scene came to an end, I do not know. For my next conscious act was when I found myself alone and in my own well-lighted room. I walked over to the mirror. My eyes had a tired look, but they were no longer haunted.

Before I attempted anything more on a physical plane, I sat down, lit a cigarette, and hated—hated to the utmost of my ability. And as I sat silently hating, I could feel it sinking deeper; I could feel flesh and mind squirming under the vicious blows of my hate.

Before I heard the distant whine of the small electric elevator bringing my sister up to her bedroom, I did but one more thing. I searched in the bottom of my cluttered closet until I found my old fishing-tackle kit, which I had not used for almost eleven years; not since I had been unable to leave my sister alone for more than an hour or so. From it I took a tapered trout line and, shoeless, crept down the long dark hall to the small unused servants' utility room that is next to my sister's room and between our two. First I turned on the cold-water tap just enough to let the water fall in glistening, plump drops. It wasn't quite the effect I wanted. I went back to my room, got several of the cardboard stiffeners that were in the shirts just back from the laundry, and placed them under the dripping water faucet. The sound the drops made on them was still too staccato, but I knew the cardboard would soon become soaked and then each drop would resound through the quiet house.

I quickly made a small slip noose in the fishline and fastened it on the faucet handle, so that a sharp pull forward would shut the water off. For the first time I became aware of how easily the faucet turned. It was as though someone had spent a long rainy afternoon putting in new oiled-leather washers and rubbing down the metal stop bar with emery paper and jeweler's rouge.

When had I done such a thing? I somehow knew that I had. But I hadn't decided to kill her myself until just that evening.

Anyway, it had been done, if not by me, by someone, and it *did* help. From the handle of the water faucet I led the cord out of the room and along the wainscoting in the hall. It ended several feet short of my door.

I'd been in my room only a few minutes when I heard the slow whiny crawl of the elevator up to the second floor. Until all was quiet in my sister's room I gave her some more hate.

With time all became quiet. I could hear the water dripping far away. I could imagine what it must be to her. It became an ominous, dreadful thing. I could imagine what she must be thinking. Yet she was too proud to call upon me for aid.

After awhile, when its sullen, insistent thud began to bother me, I slipped out into the hall, found the fishline, and jerked it.

The house was suddenly quiet. I mentally lived the whole thing with my sister. The omnipotent sullen, dripping water and then—silence. And no footsteps could have been heard.

She screamed then, the first of many screams that continued until her death. The first, while she was still moist-throated, before they became harsh rattles in her dried, dying throat.

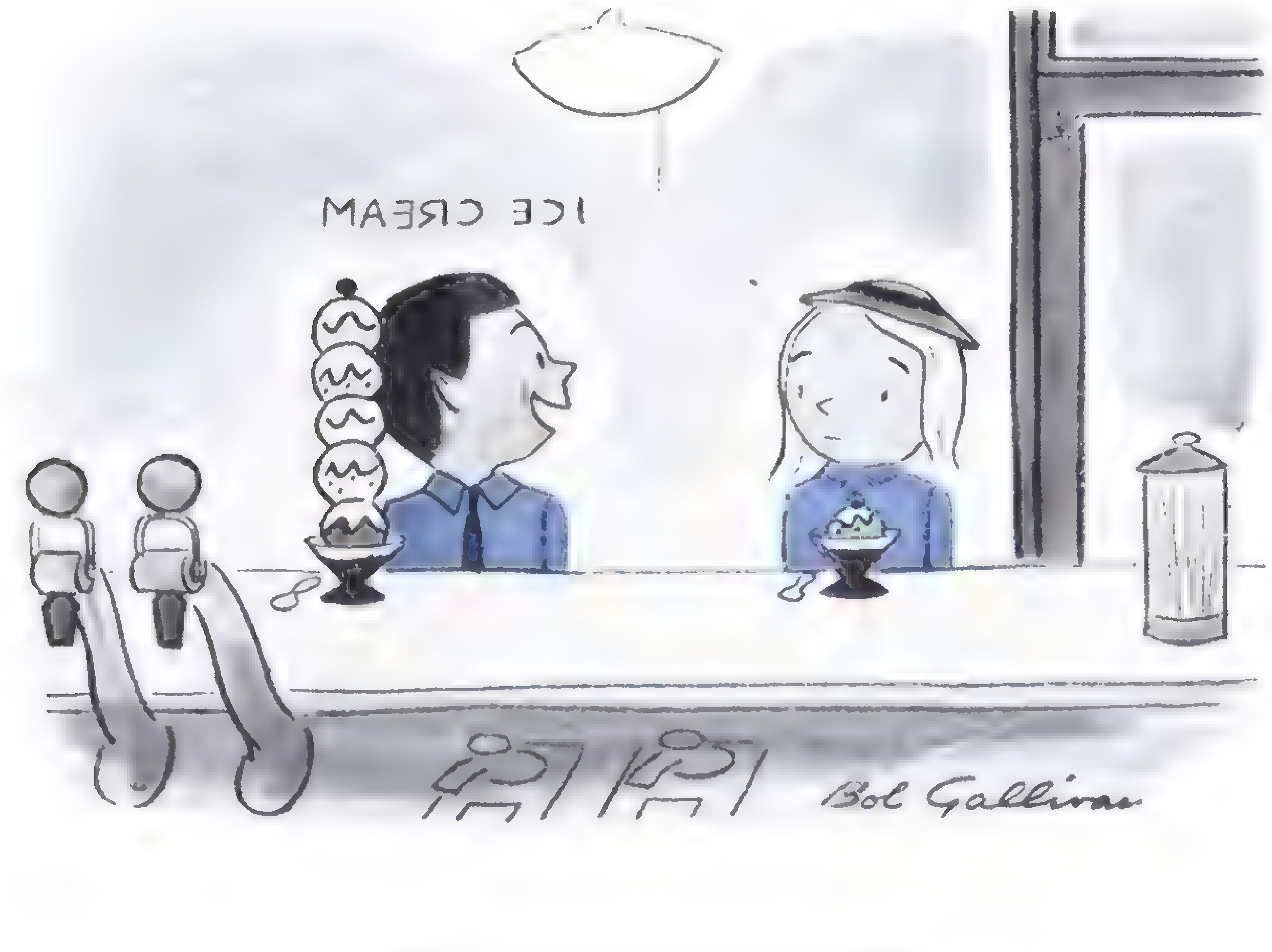
I suddenly wished that I hadn't hated, that I hadn't played my childish trick. I ran toward her room. Still, as I did so, I rapidly gathered up the fishline and shoved it in my pocket.

When I jerked open her door I stood aghast. Her poor fat legless body lay rigid, and she was screaming and looking at nothing.

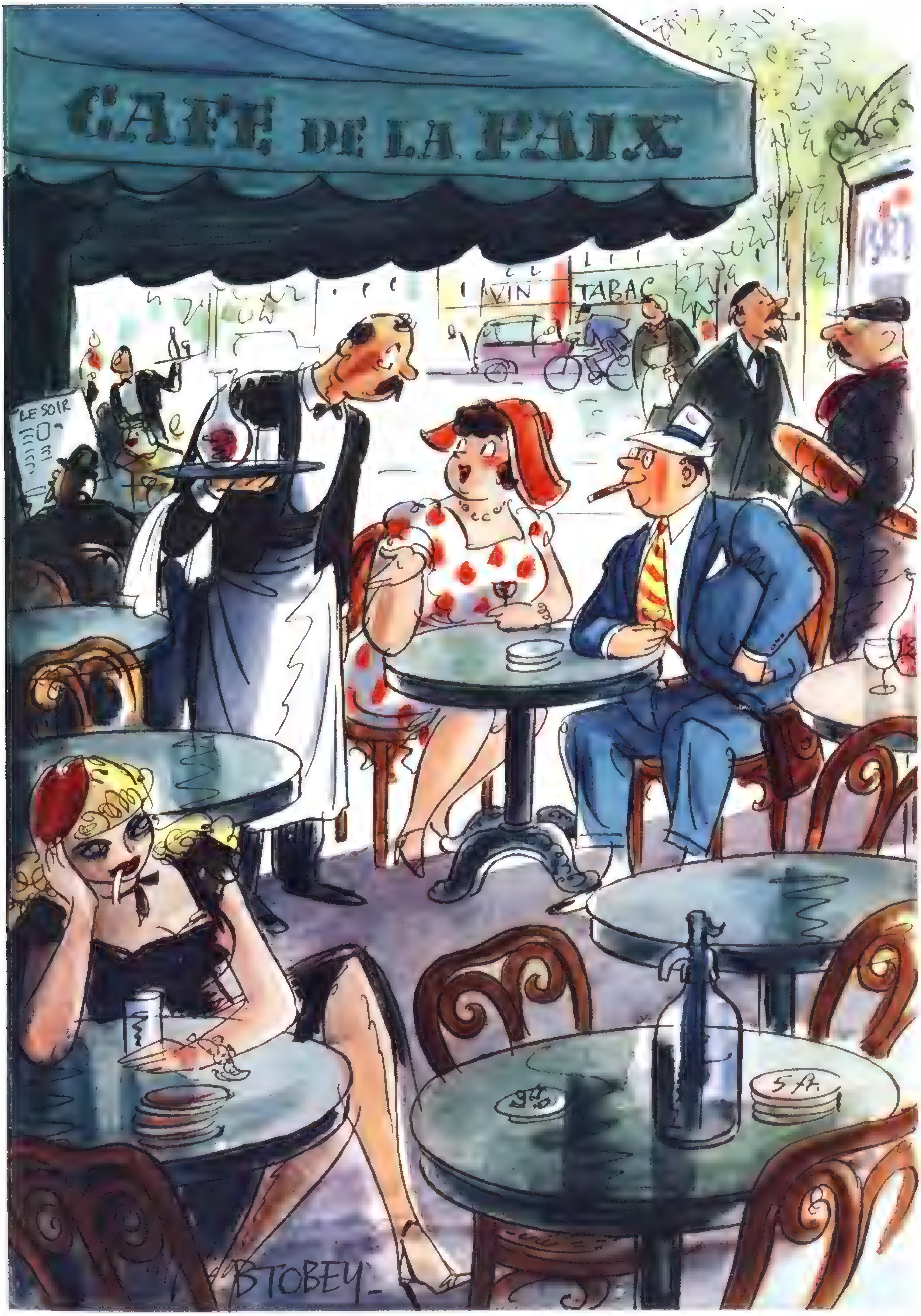
I wished to be punished, but my evidence of a fishline and water-pulped shirt stiffeners were of no avail against a coroner's report of death through congenital insanity plus hysteria.

People seemed to forget then that I had hated her. All that they remembered was that I had stayed by her misshapen side through all the long lonely years. Even my explanation that Father's will would have left me penniless otherwise didn't change their opinion.

So I killed my sister. And I am an exile, the money from the sale of our home gone long ago. I live for the day and dread the night. For some night I too shall hear sullen, dripping water stop, and I will have heard no footsteps. ###



"Sure you won't join me?"


CAFÉ DE LA PAIX
VIN
TABAC
LE SOIR
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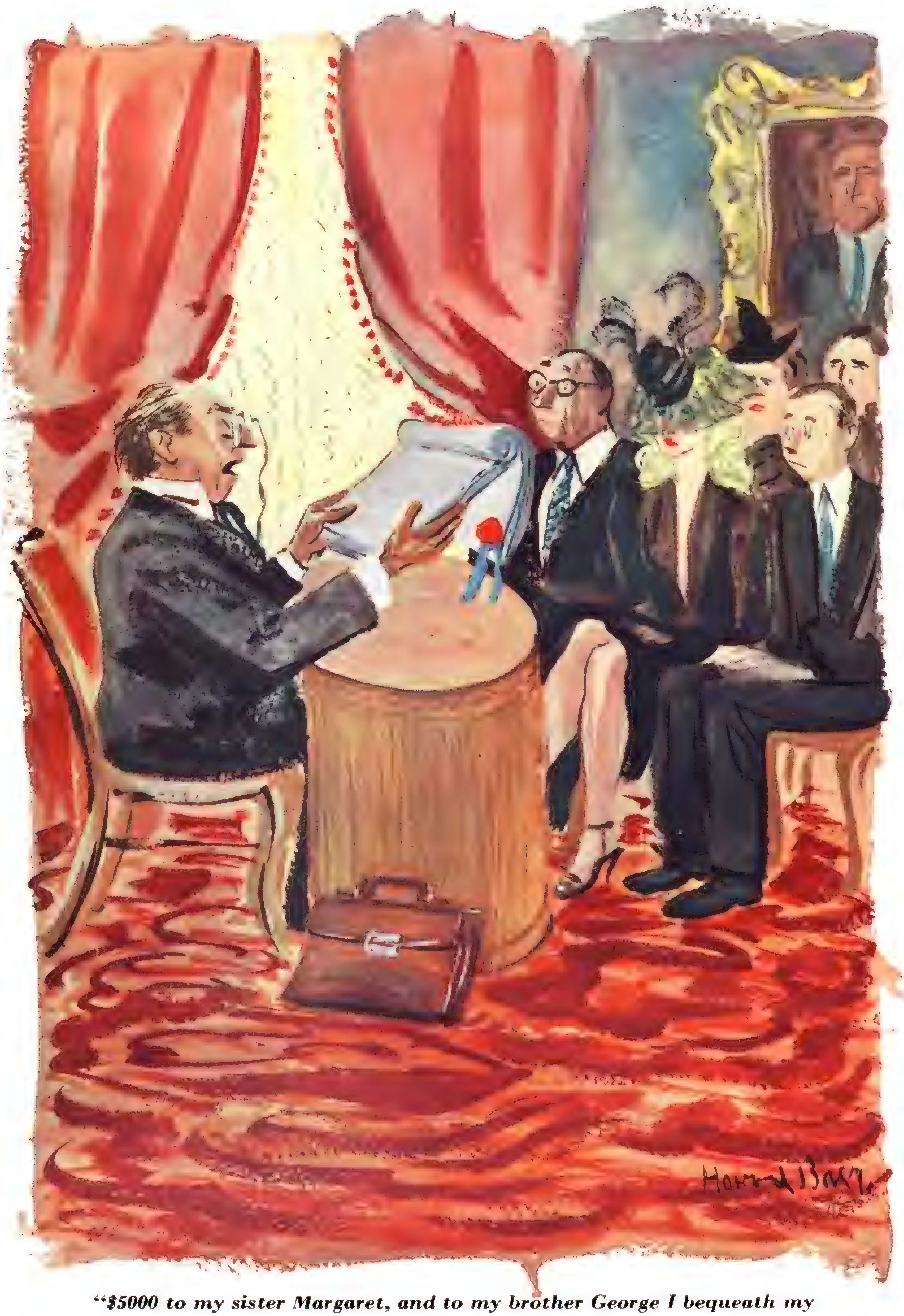
B TOBEY

"Are these the tables you got under during all the air raids?"



"$5000 to my sister Margaret, and to my brother George I bequeath my guaranteed-for-life fountain pen which has a good twenty-five-year ink supply left"

REHBERGER

THE SPORTING SCENE:

The Roaring Crowd

The very best standardbreds and drivers compete regularly on the Grand Circuit

by **JIM CROSSETT**

What the big leagues are to organized baseball, the Grand Circuit is to harness racing. It's the pinnacle, the end of the rainbow, the very top for horses, drivers, trainers, owners. When you hit the Roaring Grand, you arrive.

Once you've said that the Grand Circuit is like the big leagues, the comparison with baseball—or with any other sport for that matter—ends. For the Grand Circuit is unique in professional sport. In a nation which has made sports big business, the Circuit stands alone as an organization which supervises the operation of a multimillion-dollar athletic industry on a mutual-trust almost avocational basis.

The Roaring Grand, which now numbers fifteen of the big harness tracks in its membership, started out modestly enough back in 1873 with four member tracks. The purpose of the organization then—as now—was to provide an itinerary of mile tracks for harness people to follow during the summer months. As seasons progressed, more and more tracks were added; at one time or another more than fifty standardbred turfs have taken part in sponsoring the biggest show in the sulky sport.

As might be expected, big names—both equine and human—stud the record of the Grand Circuit: Rarus, Maud S., Lou Dillon, The Abbot, Peter Manning, Greyhound, Billy Direct, Volo Song among the standardbreds; Edward "Pop" Geers, Ben White, Tom Berry, Sep Palin, Harry Fitzpatrick, George Loomis, Guy Crippen and Doc Parshall among the drivers. Yet for all its stature, the Grand Circuit has continued to be a nonprofit organization which has aided the sport by serving as a grand-scale booking agent for the very best in harness racing.

In keeping with its sporting character (and the image is used deliberately), the Grand Circuit recruits almost all its officers from the wealthy owners and track managers, a habit dating back to the time when harness racing was a rich man's hobby rather than a public pursuit. Today, its roster of officials reads like a financial-row who's who. The president is Octave Blake, an eastern electrical goods manufacturer. V.P.s include financier E. Roland Harriman, Leo McNamara, Joseph Neville and Charles Phellis, four gentlemen who long ago ditched all fears of having to peddle pencils for a living. Administratively, the arrangement works out beautifully because these men are models of trust who are interested in the harness business more for thrills than for profits.

Hobby or no, however, the Grand Circuit has done all right in keeping pace with modern racing, even to the extent of adopting the debbil pari-mutuel machines. Public support, inspired by the chance to wager freely through the tote windows, has made the generally conservative membership adopt a double-time pace. Today, nine of the fifteen tracks on the Circuit have pari-mutuel betting. And purses for 1947 have been upped to an all-time high of $1,660,000—a figure ten times the purse total offered on the Big Wheel of the first year of its operation. Hollywood Park, most glamorous of the newer Circuit members, paid out $416,000 alone in a twenty-seven-day spring meeting this year, including two purses with the almost unbelievable take-home of $50,000 each. It is significant that Hollywood is the first harness track to come up with a million-dollar handle for a day's work.

Now that the average nonhobbyist has been enticed to Circuit tracks by the lure of pari-mutuels, the Roaring Grand has taken steps to protect him as much as possible from unnecessary fleecing. Photo finishes have been made compulsory on all tracks, and so have saliva tests for winning horses. Joe, the Golden Goose, still manages to leave the track lighter in purse than when he arrived, but insofar as honest supervision can guarantee it, he drops his money on truly-run races, and that's as good a shake as he can expect.

The Grand Circuit has never dictated to its member tracks—in fact, it couldn't if it wanted to, for each track has a representative on the Board of Stewards, which is the Wheel's legislative group. Incidentally, the $250 dues that the tracks pay annually are the Circuit's sole income.

As might be expected in a business enterprise which has grown as rapidly as this big league of harness racing, the Grand Circuit occasionally feels the gripe of growing pains. Two controversies are even now raging in the body—one over the question of night racing, the other concerned with half-mile tracks. Old-time conservatives have attacked both trotting under lights and on the smaller ovals, but the modernists are winning out. Certainly, if the sport is to continue mushrooming ahead, the major consideration will be whether the paying and betting customer approves. The latter, it seems, doesn't care how he gets his racing, just so he can get to the window for a wager. And that may not be as it should be—but it certainly is what might be expected. ⵌ

COLLINS

Joe, The Suffering Bar Steward

An old-school cosmopolite, Joe, who tends bar at Shepheard's in Cairo, Egypt, has served them up for tipplers in Brooklyn, Khartoum, Paris, Salzburg and various way stations. The sight of him grinning his big grin should rekindle memories for many a North African veteran who paused for refreshment at the famous Long Bar during the recent world excitement. Joe, as ex-GIs may remember, is famous for inventing drinks which go down easy and hit hard thereafter. His latest opus is called the Suffering Bar Steward, and Joe discovered it one morning when searching desperately for a pickup after a bad night. It goes like this: ½ jigger bourbon, ½ jigger gin, 1 tsp. lime juice, a dash of bitters, two sprigs mint, ice and fill up with ginger ale—or if desperate, ginger ale and more whiskey.

CAMPUS PORTRAIT:

Tulane University

A school celebrated for its study of tropical medicine as well as its obvious southern charm

by G. E. PFLEEGER

Down in New Orleans, the romantic, semitropical city of hot jazz, iron lace, pralines and pelicans, is one of the South's greatest universities: Tulane. More than half of the 7000 boys and belles enrolled in its various schools come from Louisiana, and for native pride can hold their own with all the Apleys in Boston. They invariably refer to New Orleans as "the city," boast that their Sugar Bowl is the largest football stadium in the Deep South and will one day be the biggest in the land. And that's a fact.

On the other hand, Tulane, like New Orleans, has an agreeably cosmopolitan atmosphere. Creole expressions flavor the southern accent; for example, an organization which sponsors student stomps is called "Lagniappes" (translated, a little extra present for the customer). Yankees (all 48 states are represented) are graciously tolerated by students holding Confederate descendants' scholarships. Moreover, the fact that Tulane commands the gateway to Central and South America brings many Good Neighbors, who teach Tulanians the authentic rumba and are in turn assisted in orientation by a Latin American relations department.

A short-lived enrichment of the undergraduate idiom was sponsored by the Veutian movement—followers of jazz composer Slim Gaillard, who greeted each other with a spirited dance routine and spoke in rhythmic, rhyming jive talk. When an ex-GI leader of the movement was recently questioned he replied, doubtless sobered by a quiet talk with the Administration, with this telegram: "Believe to the best interests of the University not to pursue Veutian any further." Or, as the Veutians have it: "Got to cut out now."

Speaking of Tulane's nationally celebrated Midwinter Sports Carnival, students quip that New Orleans is the natural spot for a sports mecca since it was here that fencing was introduced to America by the vehement Creoles, and here, also, Count Bernard Mandeville de Marigny inaugurated the popular game of dice or "craps."

Tulane University, including its coed division, the Sophie Newcomb College, has excellent facilities for training its student body in most fields of higher learning. Especially outstanding are its Medical, Law, Engineering and Social Service branches and the Newcomb Art School. The Medical College, Tulane's oldest, is notable for its Graduate School of Medicine which specializes in the study of tropical disease. For years medics flocked to Tulane to study under Dr. Rudolph Matas (world-famed surgeon and now professor emeritus) who is renowned for discoveries in the treatment of aneurisms (blood vessel swellings) and for pioneering in the use of anesthesia. Prominent alumni of the medical school are Dr. C. C. Bass who discovered malaria plasmodia, Dr. J. C. Geiger, director of public health in San Francisco and Dr. H. Windsor Wade, director of Culion Leper Colony in the Philippines.

Tulane's Law School points with pride to an alumni that includes Louisiana Chief Justice Charles A. O'Neill, Jefferson Caffery, U. S. Ambassador to France, Monte M. Lemann, member of the Wickersham Commission and Charles E. Dunbar, Jr., author of Louisiana Civil Service laws. It was a Tulane engineer, R. E. Brunswick Sharp, who designed turbines for Hoover Dam. And Sophie Newcomb's daughters (who, as the yearbook testifies, are more beautiful than career women have any right to be) look to the laurels won by such graduates as writer Fanny Heaslip Lea, and artist Rita Hovey King.

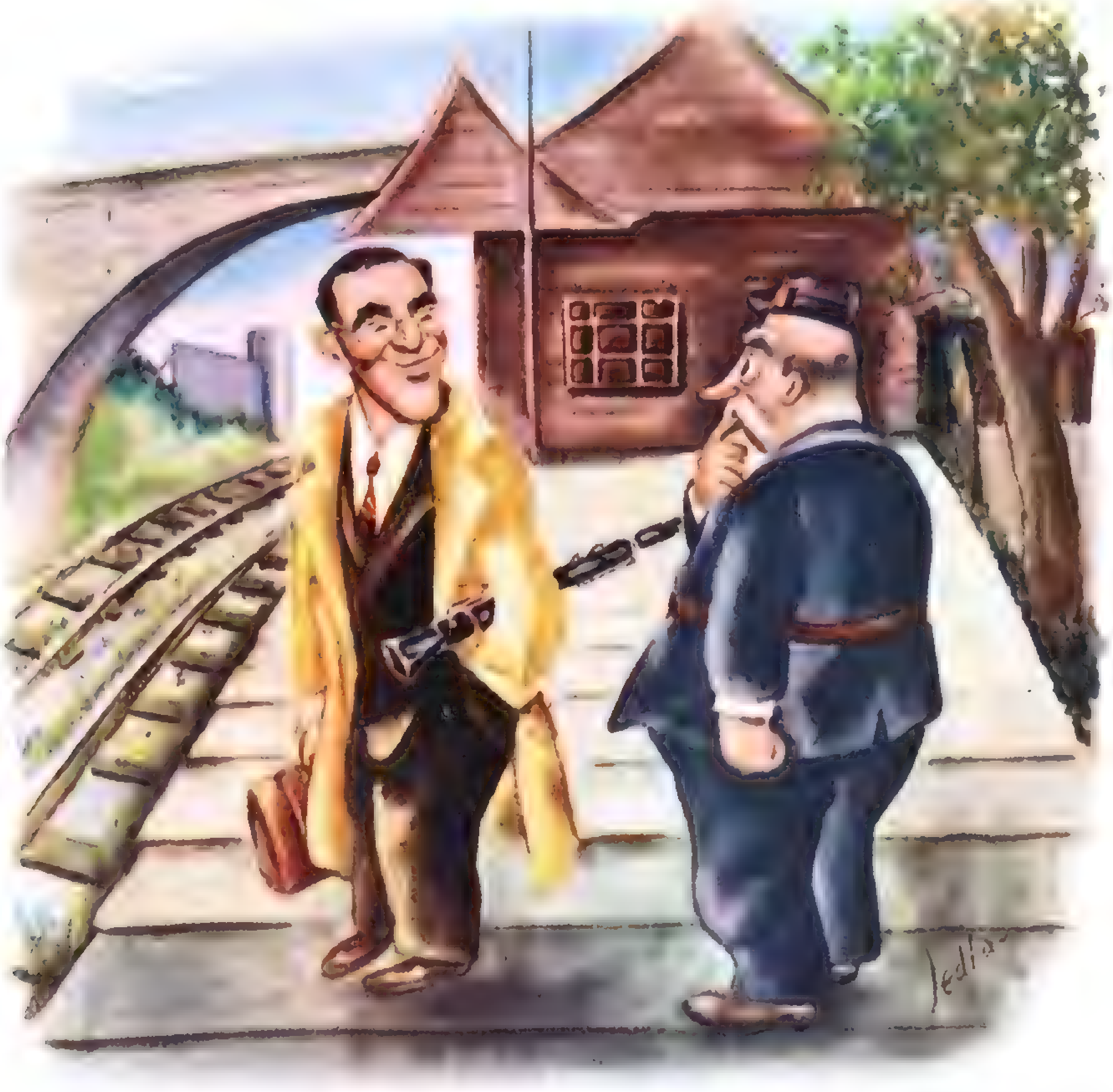
Tulane's social life is augmented by the usual quota of Greek-letter fraternities and sororities, whose members perform in skits at "Campus Nights," sponsor beer and shrimp suppers, Mardi Gras truck rides, picnics on Lake Ponchartrain, and boat rides on the Mississippi as well as formal and informal dances.

Fraternities boast that whereas other universities write pages of rules and bylaws, Tulane's are brief and effective. In a word: all mixed parties are chaperoned; Friday and Sunday night parties cease at 11:00 p.m., Saturday night and holiday-eve parties, at 1:00 a.m., all fraternities must govern their parties in an orderly and gentlemanly manner, and "there will be no women in the houses before noon."

During the season of 1946, Tulane's Green Wave performed valiantly but showed a none-too-brilliant football record, since the Greenies suffered the inevitable gaps in training from having contributed so much to that costly contest, the War. However, morale remained high, and the Sugar Bowl was crowded with exuberant rooters. Such favorite yells as Hullabaloo-ray-ray were led by a lively, seven-member cheering squad, featuring three comely coeds known as "Tulane's swivel-hipped backfield."

Great things are expected in 1947, with Claude "Monk" Simons as Green Wave athletic director and Henry Frnka as head football coach.

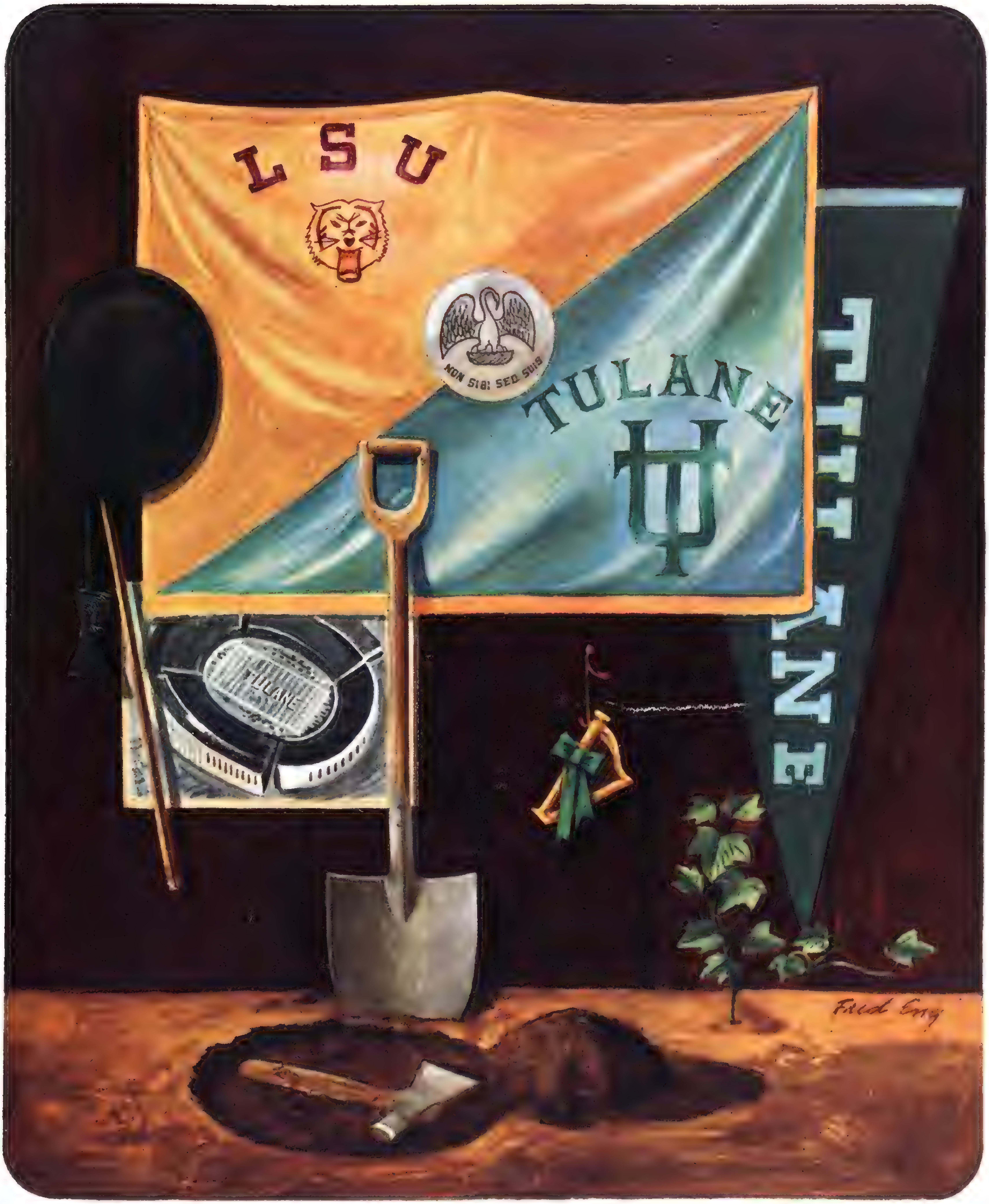
As they sing at the lusty pep rallies: "*Here's to the Greenbacks that never will say die.*" ⌗



CARICATOON BY JEDLA

A BENNY GOODMAN CLASSIC

"That was no flute you saw me with last night—that was my fife"



TULANE UNIVERSITY

A Profile

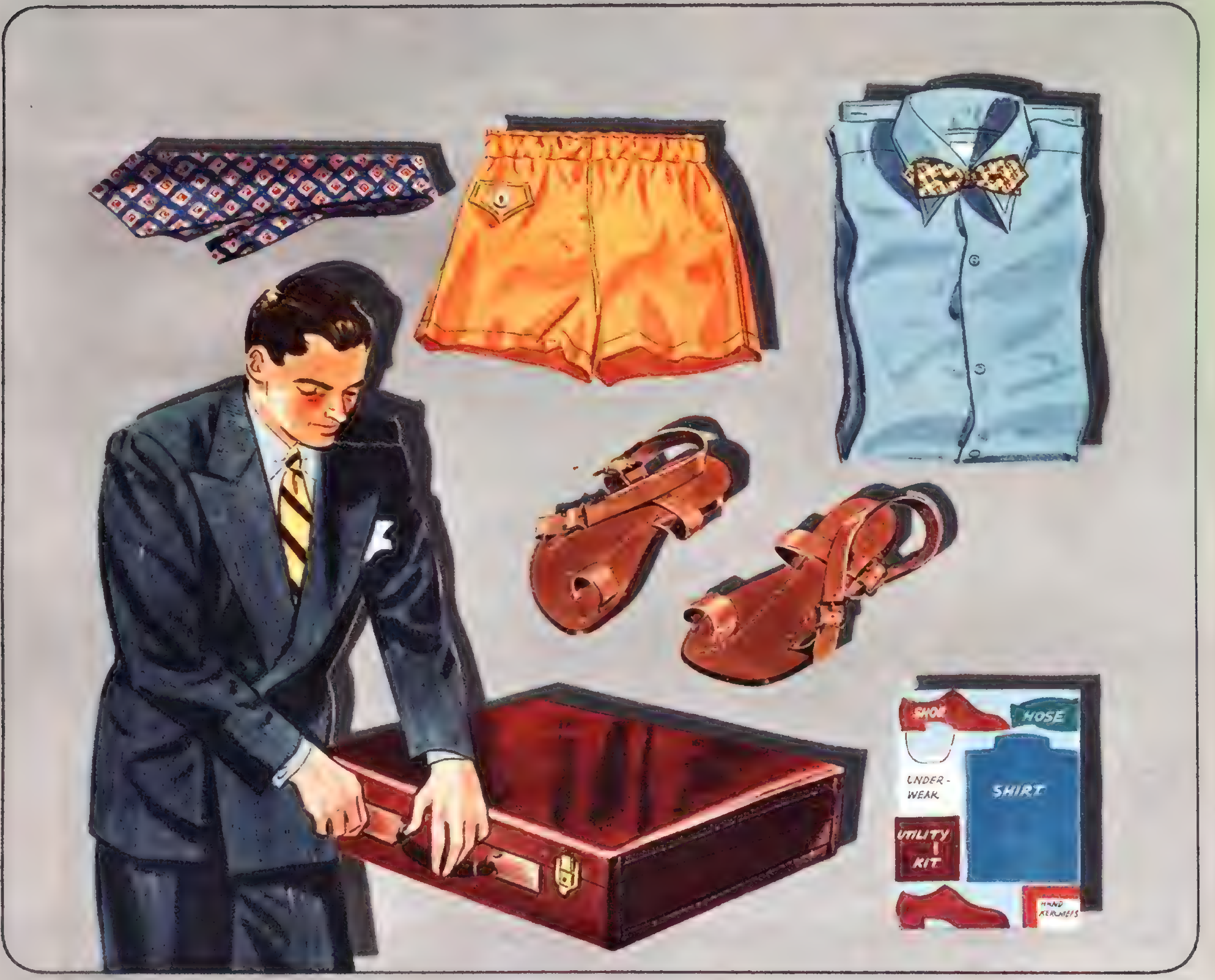
Painting by Fred Eng

Alumni of Tulane will recognize this jambalaya, or mixture, of traditional symbols, though some of them are peculiar to individual colleges. Dear to football fans is "The Rag," a trophy awarded annually to the winner of the gridiron contest between Tulane and its special rival, Louisiana State. On New Year's Day the stadium is full to its 72,000 capacity for the famous Sugar Bowl game. During Homecoming Week seniors of the law school flaunt derbies, bow ties and canes. St. Patrick is patron saint of the Engineers. Come spring, Newcomb freshmen and sophomores end hostilities and bury the hatchet. The medical school celebrates Ivy Day by planting a sprig of (naturally) ivy near the Richardson Memorial Building, uptown.

Going Away? Been Away? Clothes Okay?

Esky's midsummer apparel syllabus of what's correct and cool for vacation-goers as well as for city sojourners

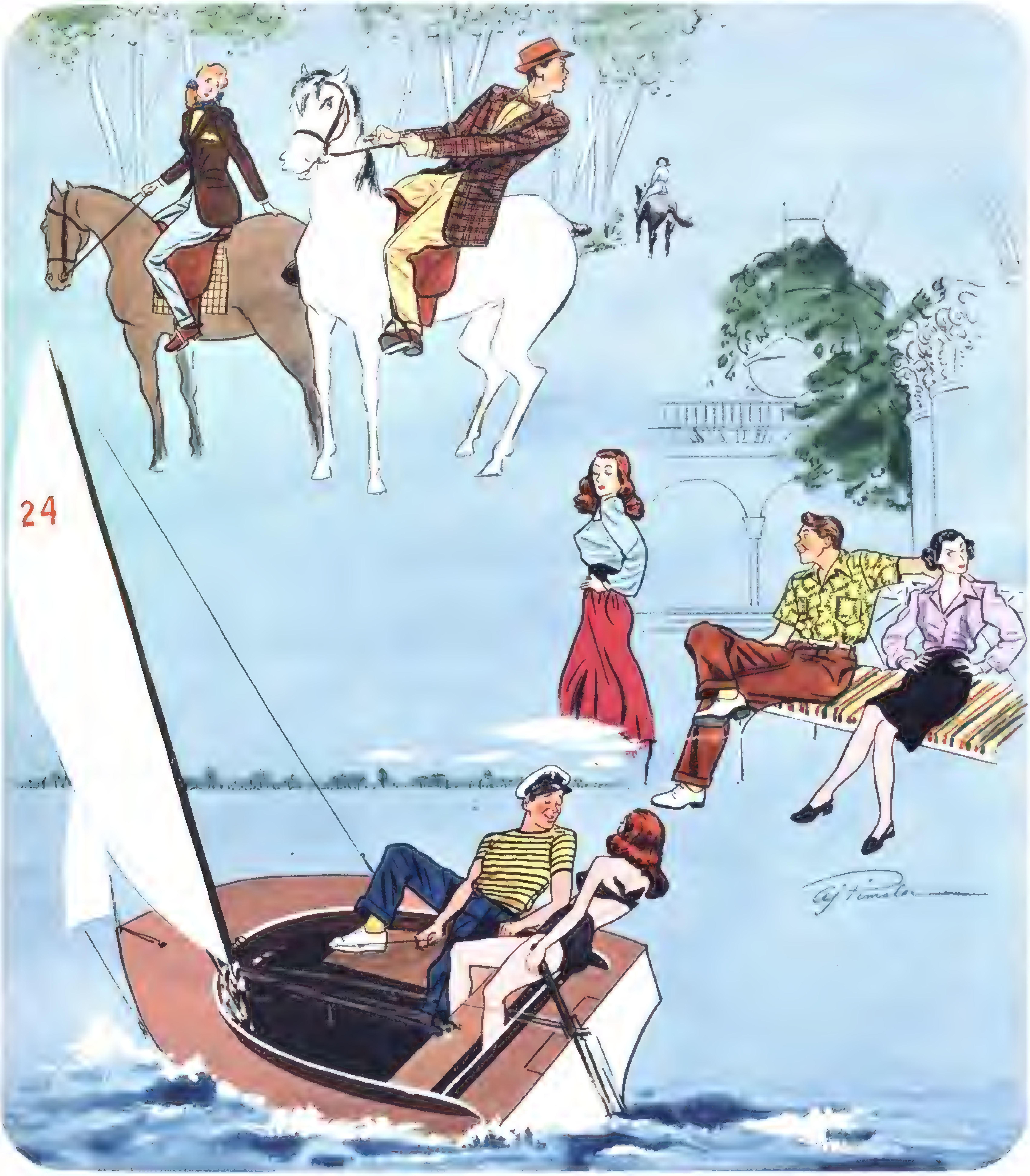
by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**



YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU

Drawing by Al Pimsler

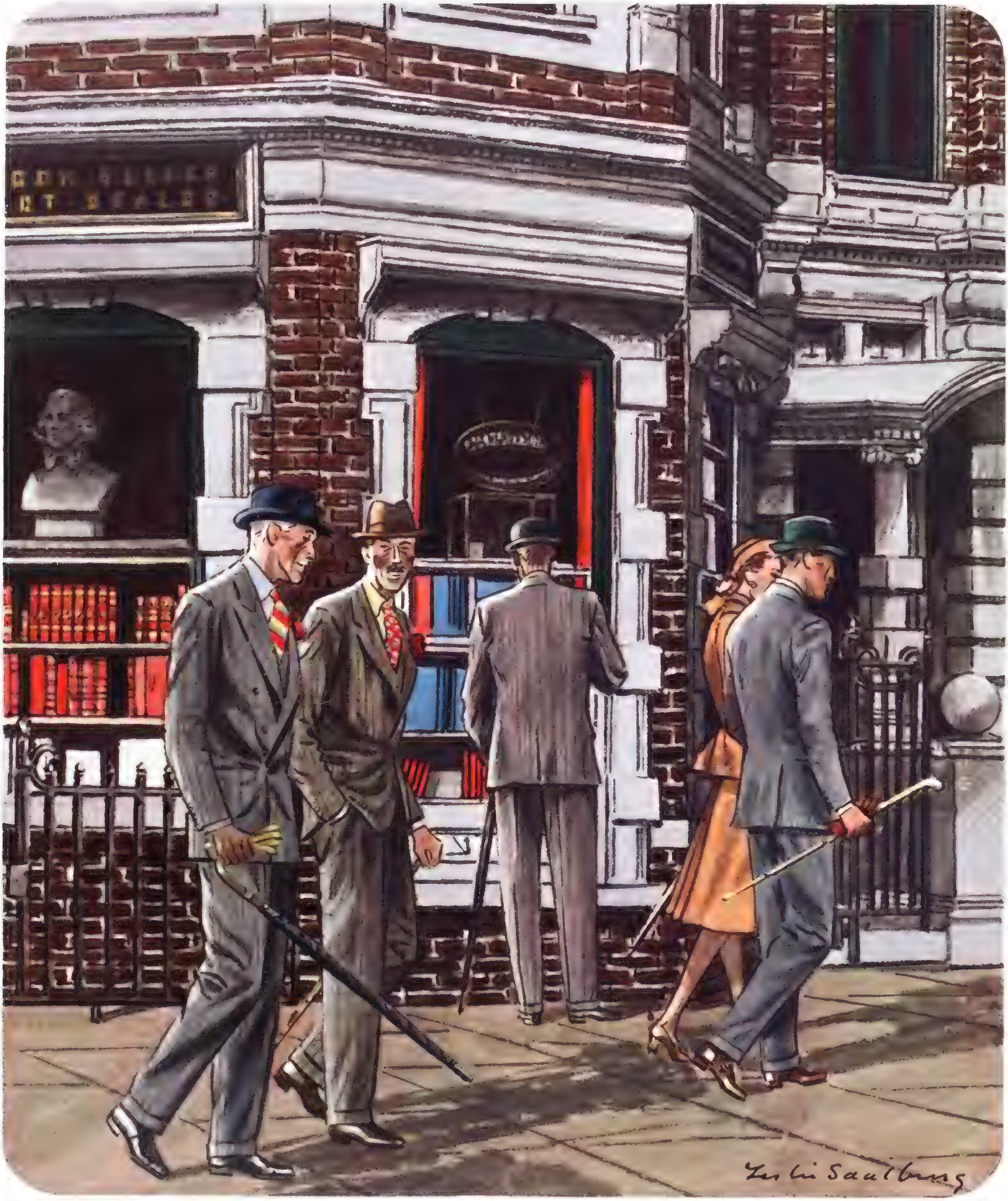
If you're one of the many men who have little or no patience with packing, look for the new leather suitcases that'll hold all you need for an overnight or a week-end stay. What and what not to take needn't be the question then, for this case carries a single suit and accessories quite neatly. It's engineered to secrete a suit in the lid, giving you an entire case for miscellanea. Suit, case and all weigh less than fifteen pounds. This chap is traveling in a closely striped blue rayon-blend summer suit, has an odd jacket and slacks packed, and there's room in the case for the apparel assortment you see illustrated. The blue-ground foulard will alternate well with that striped and dotted effort he's wearing, and the lightweight cotton shirt and plaid bow tie offer an interesting change. Worth investigating are those swim shorts, made of specially processed rayon by a new method that intensifies the color. It's an idea borrowed from the fluorescent wartime mine-field markers. Follow his packing technique and you'll have room for beach sandals, too.



ALL PLAY AND NO WORK

Drawing by Al Pimsler

Far from being dull, the inverse version of the old adage is precisely the way this fellow scheduled his vacation days. And while there may be some who disagree with an exact allotment of so little time for so many activities, who can dispute his taste in dress and dames? For the bridle path he chose a small-checked brown, red and tan tweed riding coat, tan twill jodhpurs and jodhpur boots. His shirt is lightweight tan flannel and he decorated his neckline with a foulard bow. New note, that. By wearing a lightweight reddish-brown felt, he keeps his brow cool and clothes in harmony. That lime-colored zigzag-design rayon sport shirt made its debut in smart places in Florida last February, and it's mighty good-looking, especially when it's combined with the rust shade linen slacks. Among the other interesting accents in that scene are yellow anklets and white buckskin shoes. Blue denim slacks, the shirt of knitted cotton and suitable shoes are fine for sailing, and if you don't think his cargo is super, you've been working too hard and need just such a change of scene.

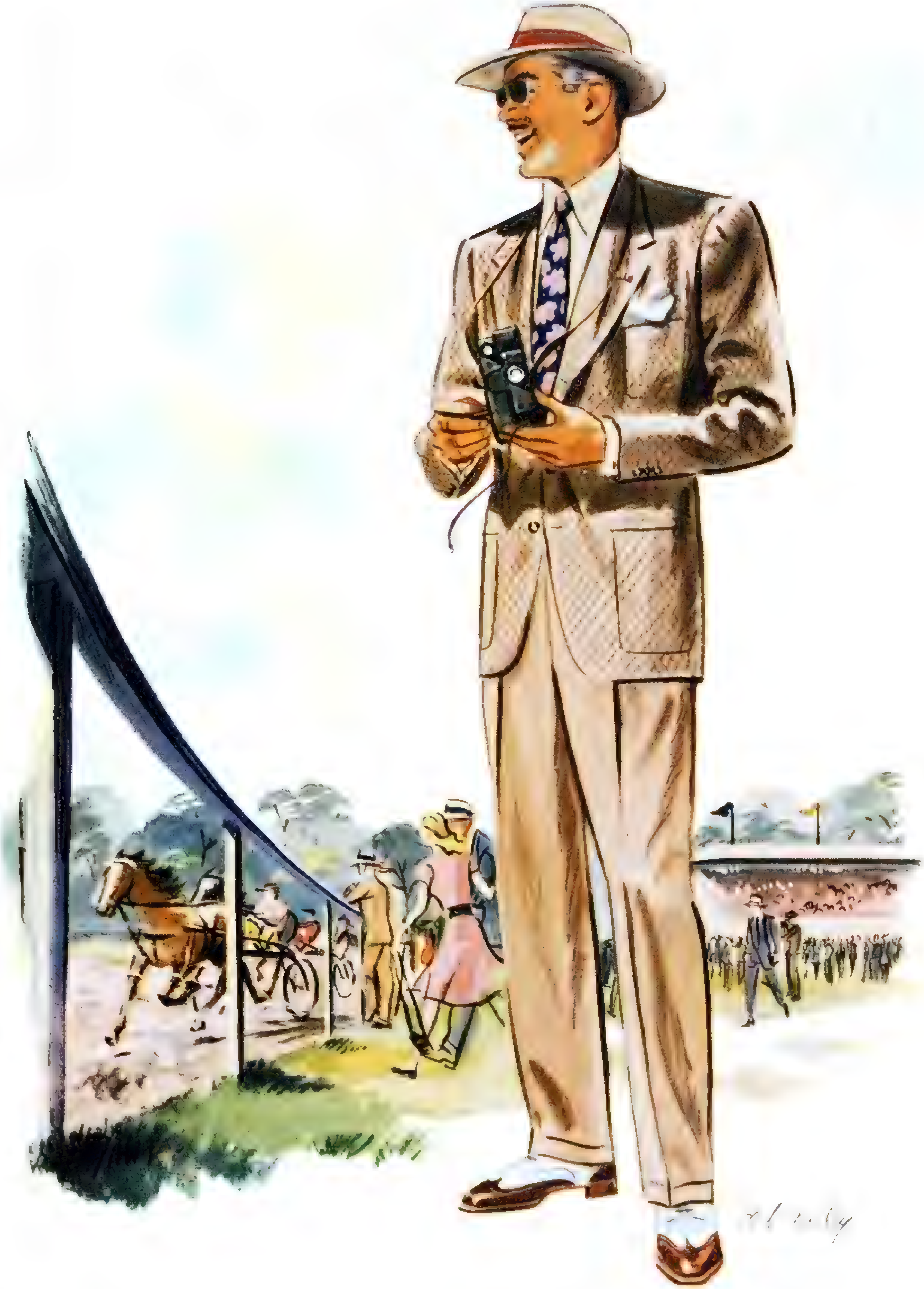


PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE IN LONDON, ENGLAND

WARMING UP TO BRITISH FASHIONS

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

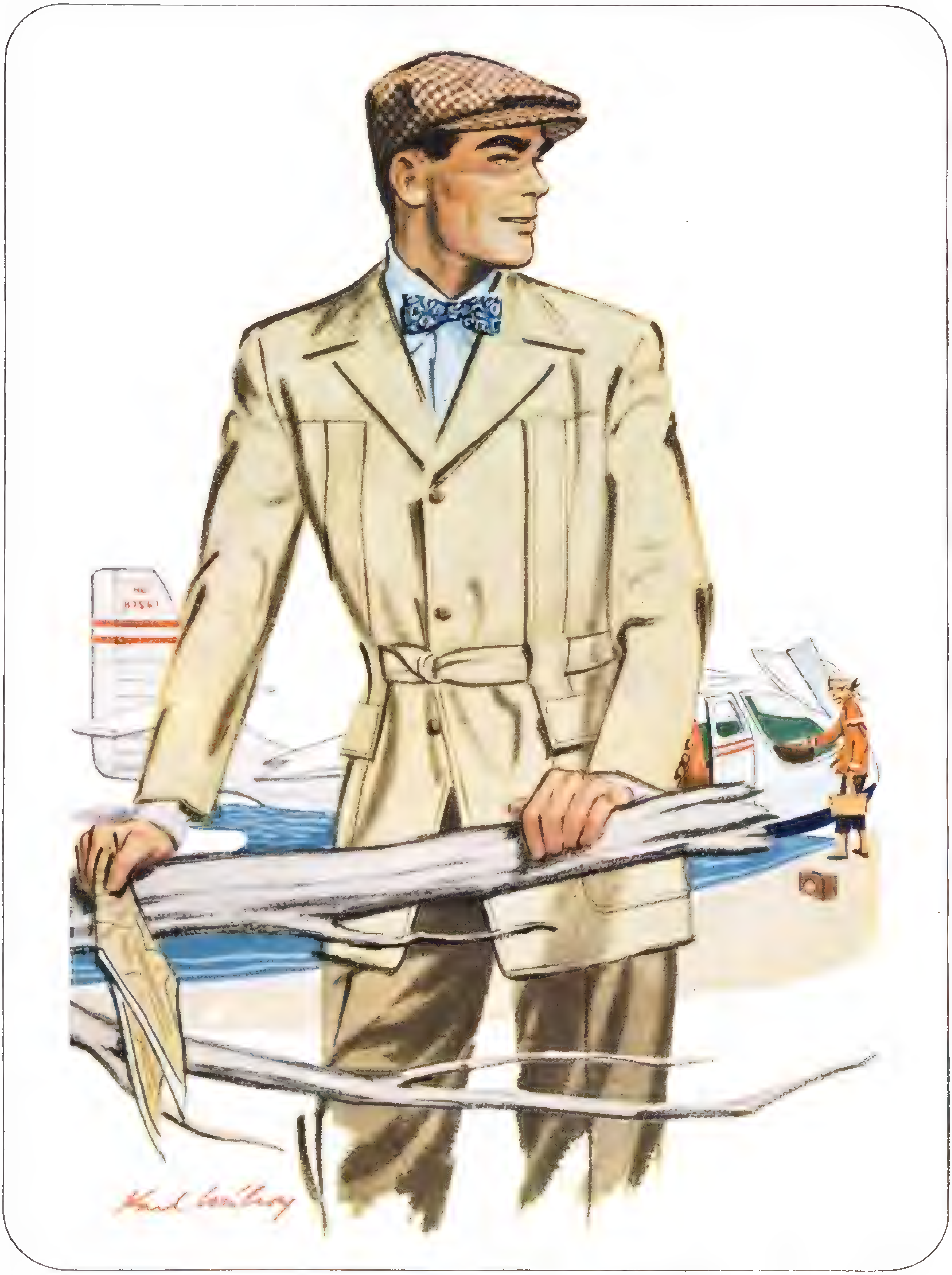
Lightweight worsteds seem to be the rule for London's summer season, and of course there's an exception to that, too. Here it's the cane-toting individual on the right, clad in a grey flannel suit, which is side-vented for good measure. Because London's summers aren't quite as tropical as ours, you can see for yourself those worsteds do nicely. The blue-striped grey double-breasted with the long roll lapel on the left, as well as the single-breasted brown overplaid accompanying, are currently fashionable. Yes, the window-shopper is wearing a bowler, indicating that particular hat has a place in the British sun. So has the jacket vent, and his is the center type. Another thing: Umbrellas are standard equipment, but note the cane comeback.



ODDS-ON FAVORITE

Drawing by Mal Murley

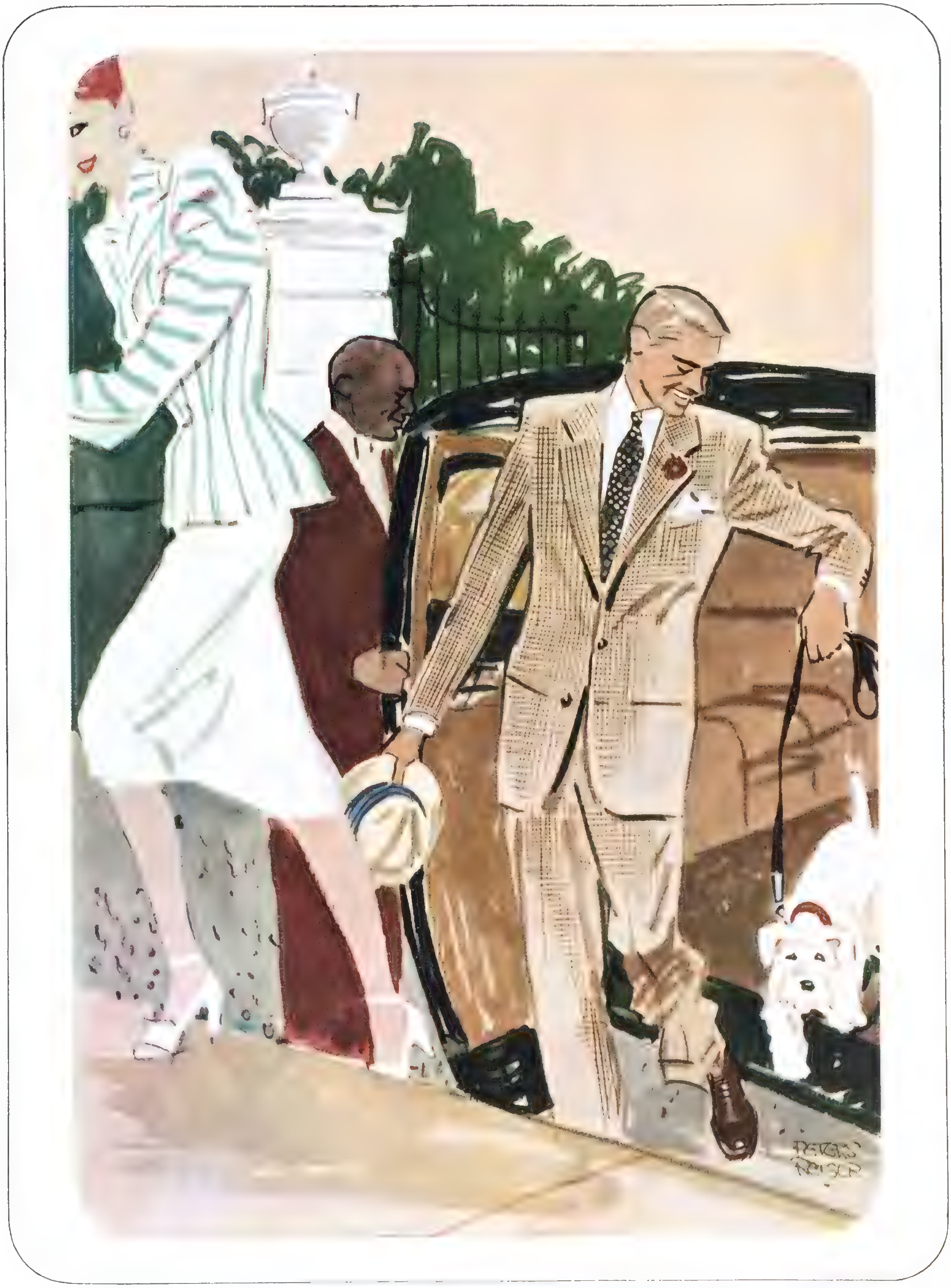
If this patron of the sulky circuit can pick winning trotters with the same assurance he chooses country clothes, then he's playing a winning bobtail nag right now. Because summer wear is in a class by itself, let's look him over and see what makes his odds worth thinking about. That jacket, now. It's lightweight tweed and rather quietly patterned in diamond weave. Then again, it's a little on the longish side, and that's definitely in favor. Consider also the patch pockets and two-button front. A la California, he has a fancy for the longer-point collars you see in those parts and neat they are, too. With white buck, brown-tipped bluchers underfoot and a mesh Panama to keep the brow cool, he's very much in the running.



REVIVAL'S ARRIVAL

Drawing by Karl Milroy

We moderns have a penchant for delving into the past and coming up with new versions of yesteryear's favorites. Hamlet is parading in modern dress, Mozart is familiar despite the downbeat, and now the Norfolk jacket has been deftly redesigned to conform to streamlined standards. The collar is more casual and the belt is cinch-ring buckled. And, aside from the straight-front cut, we readily recognize this comfortable favorite of the twenties. In tan tweed with yoke front and large patch pockets, the new Norfolk has box pleats front and back. Allied with brown flannel slacks and Oxford shirt, it's great for the great outdoors. That brown-and-white checked tweed cap is high fashion today and doesn't hamper his headphones a bit.



GUEST CONDUCTOR

Drawing by Peters-Reiser

Her invitation to week-end in the country has a string attached, but so long as her pet pooch doesn't mind being at one end, why should he? He'll lead her around, inspect the geranium beds and be every bit the appreciative guest. Quite sensibly, he chose one of those rayon-blend fabric suits that thrive nicely in the heat. This screen-check model is toned sufficiently low, qualifying for business wear too. It is built with two buttons, regular pockets and in the longer lines being seen around. His weather conditioning extends to a lightweight madras shirt backing up a dotted-square foulard tie, a breeze-weight ballibuntl and brown calf straight-tip shoes. And judging by the twinkle in her eye, the week end promises well. Indeed it does.

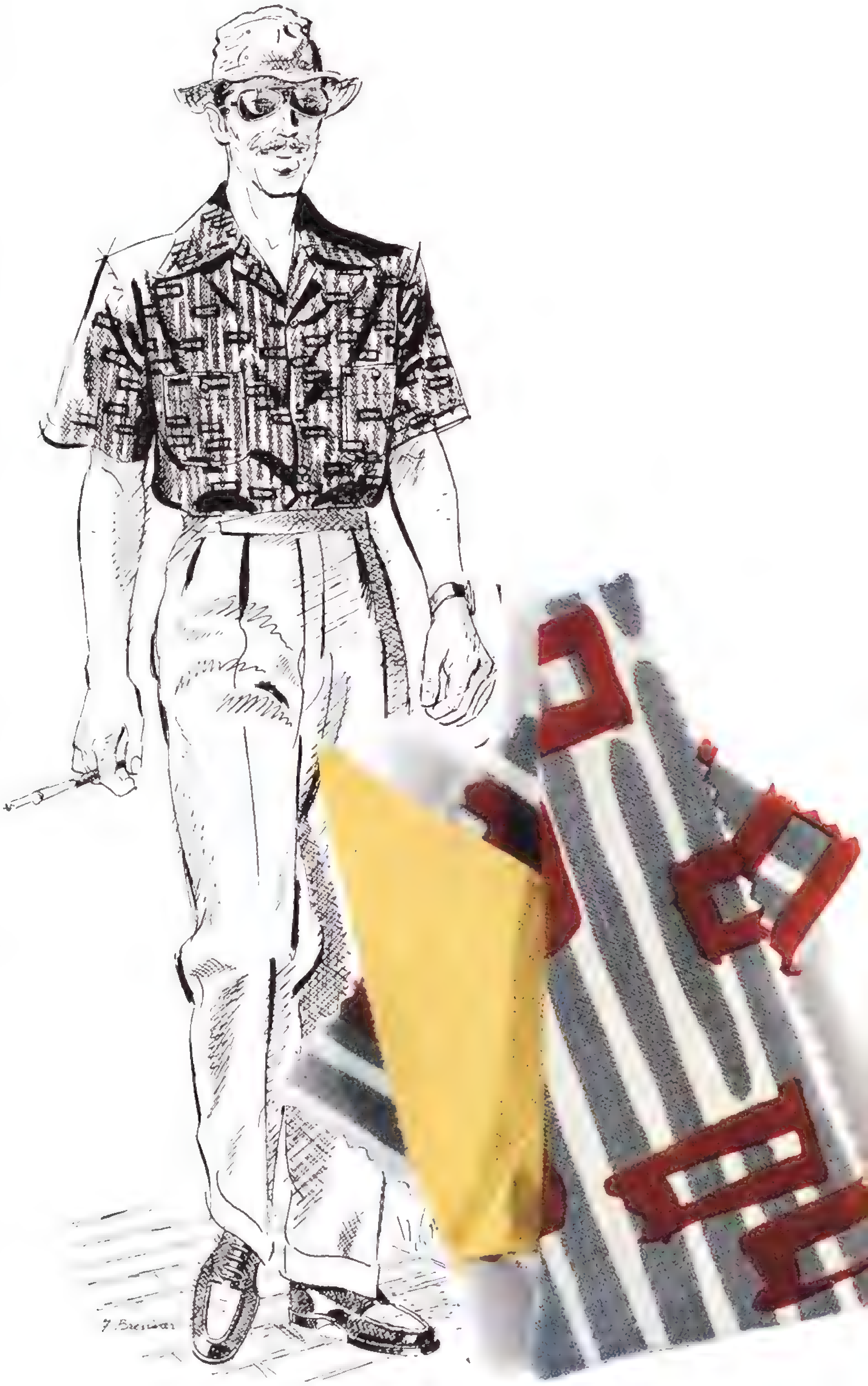
groomed for achievement

RICHARD KOLLMAR

No need projecting about how far Dick Kollmar would have gotten with his singing, for since considering warbling as a career, he has become one of Broadway's most successful and youngest actor-producers. After Tusculum College (Tennessee) he went to Yale to get an M.A. and to make up his mind about acting or singing as a means for his meals. A speaking role on a radio serial did the deciding and he left New Haven for New York's radio row. Being but a few blocks from Broadway inevitably led to junior leads in a number of stage hits. That was just a hop, skip and jump from producing, and he was next in the driver's seat, running the successful plays *By Jupiter* and *Early to Bed.* His breakfast-table banter with his wife, Dorothy Kilgallen, the newspaper columnist, is aired to metropolitan New York each morning over Mutual in a chatty program called Breakfast with Dorothy and Dick. Two youngsters aged four and two round out the Kollmar ménage, and when inclined he hobbies with hypnosis. A penchant for paperweights and penny banks has made him collect these curios.

WALTER S. MACK JR.

Though this native New Yorker's light shines brightly as president of the Pepsi-Cola Company, its brilliance is as illuminating in those activities generically known as "civic and philanthropic." Host to millions of servicemen and women in his Pepsi-Cola Service Centers during the war, Mack's sincere interest in America's youth is evidenced by his multifacet program, now going strong. After-school Junior Clubs for teenagers, four-year college scholarships, PAL (New York's Police Athletic League) and Job Awards, a plan of paid internship for business-world beginners, are but part of his civic schedule. Figuring that the average American should know and understand the art of our times and talent, Mack instituted the now-famous Pepsi-Cola Competitions for American Artists in 1944. His second objective in these annual competitions probably endeared him more in the art world heart than the first. It was, simply, to help artists earn a living. Six-footer, S 2/c, then ensign in World War I, Mack feels industry should think of itself as a good citizen. Practicing what he preaches, his does.



easy does it

Dressing comfortably for August's sweltering dog days requires little more than a shirt and trousers. A bit of ingenuity helps too, as this chap proves. He picked a pair of self-supporting yellow Irish-linen slacks, topped them with an in-or-out-style sport shirt of grey, maroon and white rayon, linen pork-pie hat, and feels wonderful.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Esky muses on warm-weather combinations and, while advocating care in selection, suggests that a judicious sprinkling of color will prevent summer dress doldrums

Summer's the Time for Color

Of all the summer color combinations available these days, the one that suits most men is the coat of summer sun tan. Having acquired that through hours in the outdoors, your next best bets are right in your favorite apparel shop.

But just as you'd use discretion in getting your sun tan, so should you be a bit careful in choosing your clothes' color combinations.

If your new sport shirt, for example, is a multicolor in bold figures with blue predominating, then match it with lightweight slacks of plain blue, yellow or grey. If you've picked a gay brown patterned shirt, then find some slacks in solid shades of tan, brown, yellow or mild greyish green. The point being if your shirt is decorative, select slacks that aren't, but be alert to the color-combination possibilities in both.

Some men have no patience with the new geometric, floral or nautical sports-clothes patterns. These iconoclasts prefer monotone effects of matching shirts and slacks. Nothing at all wrong with that preference, but the wearing of an additional color should be considered. A blue shirt nicely tops a pair of yellow slacks, and vice versa with the same color scheme. That goes for greenish tones in one garment combined with rust colors in another. Blues and greys team up well with tans and browns. And if you've bought those new polo shirts horizontally striped with three colors of varied widths, any of the shirt colors can guide you to the correct shade of slacks.

Color has been added to the summer jacket line-up, and linen blazers are a good indication of a trend to more colorful masculine summer wardrobes. The solid tan blazer is quite versatile, combining with most slack shades. Then there's a yellow linen jacket that's best worn with grey or blue slacks and the plain blue blazer that is a natural for grey, yellow or lighter blue slacks. That ever-popular seersucker jacket is still going strong, and it's a comfortable outer garment with plain-colored trousers. If yours is the conventional crinkled cotton grey-and-white striped jacket, then match it with plain grey or blue or yellow slacks. The tan and white striped seersucker harmonizes perfectly with brown, tan, rust, or greyish green slacks of gabardine, linen or rayon.

In the town- and business-clothes category, a judicious sprinkling of color will help keep you out of the doldrums that seem to snare so many men as far as summer dress is concerned. Even the wearing of those basic suit colors, blue, grey, and tan, allows a lot of color leeway, and here are a few examples showing just that.

If you go for blues in suits, you'll look well in a shirt of pale blue, red-and-yellow figured tie, a handkerchief bordered with maroon stripes casually inserted in your breast pocket, a mixture of maroon and grey in your socks, and brown shoes. Your summer hat to top this pleasant effect should be finished with a red or blue puggree.

Grey suits need a bit more contrast in their accompanying accessories and if you choose a plain yellow shirt, red-and-blue figured tie (either four-in-hand or bow), you'll do quite well. Also include a yellow or blue border-stripe handkerchief, blue socks and dark brown shoes. Circle your hat with either a yellow band or a blue one. Either is fine.

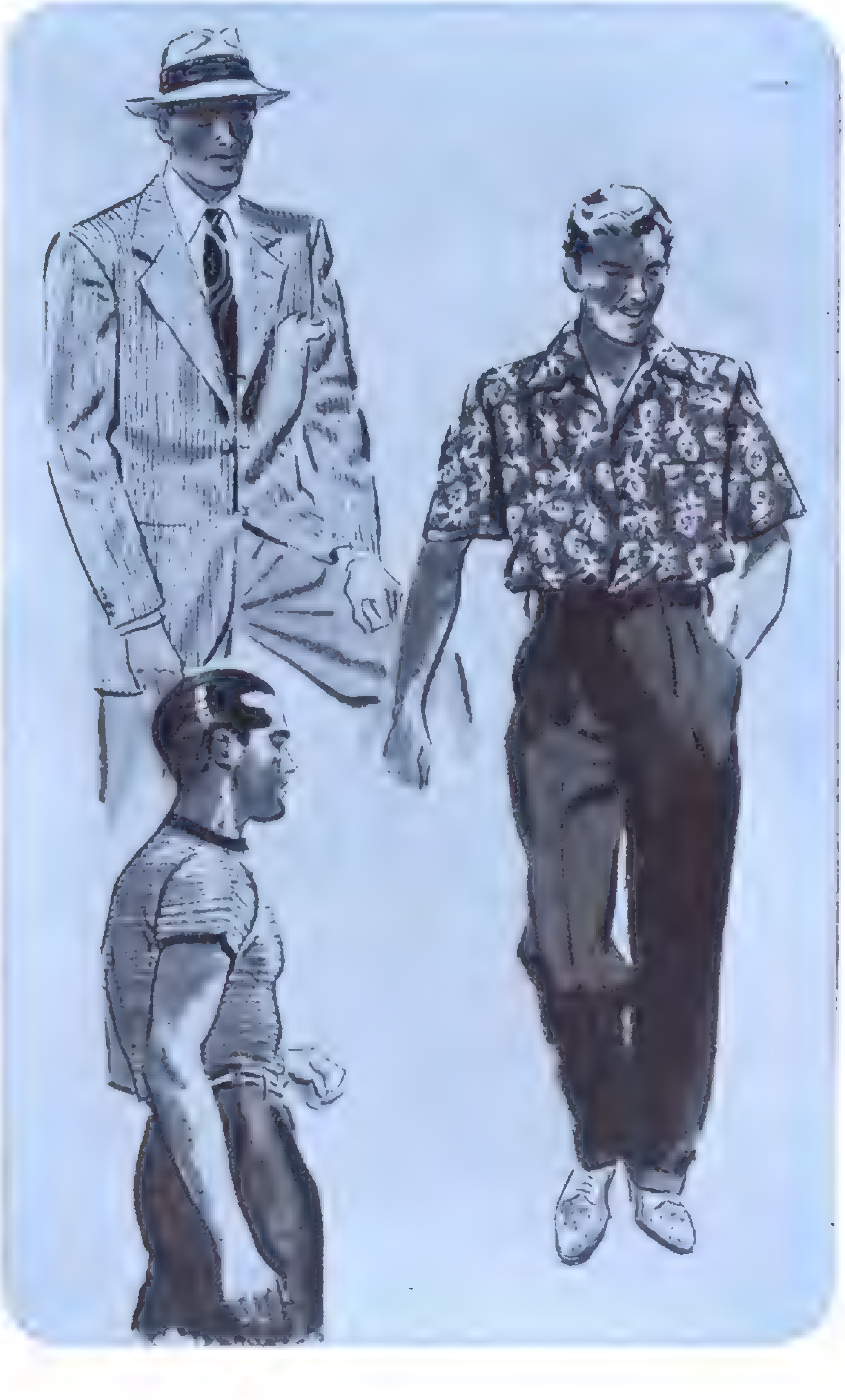
Summer's favorite in lightweight suit colors seems to be tan, and by adding a soft greenish tone shirt and tan-and-green figured tie, you'll carry that cool and to-be-envied look. The handkerchief here should be bordered in green and socks in the same color would be in place too. Here again, the shoe color is brown. And with this arrangement, don't stray too far from a simple tan band decorating your summer straw.

Adding color to your clothes make-up doesn't necessarily mean stopping when you've found a suitable pair of slacks, shirt and jacket. You've your hat and shoes to select and we'll take one at a time, as you should do too.

Among warm-weather toppers, you've the gamut of Panamas, ballibuntls, straws, linens, cottons, featherweight felts and a few more to run through. Bearing in mind that it's your brow, be sure the hat weight suits you. With a properly air-conditioned topper, and ribbon or puggree to complement or contrast the dominant color in either your slacks or jacket, you'll do yourself well.

While your choice of colors for footwear is not as broad as it is in the fabric field, you nevertheless can brighten things up a bit underfoot. Many plain browns and plain tans are on the market today in varying shades, and combinations of white with either make them interesting. That goes for black as well, in the more dress-up type of summer shoe. Many proponents of the perforated summer shoes, incidentally, will be happy to see these types on display again. More and more men are taking to these aerated styles, which give ventilation where it is really welcome on those hot, muggy, midsummer days.

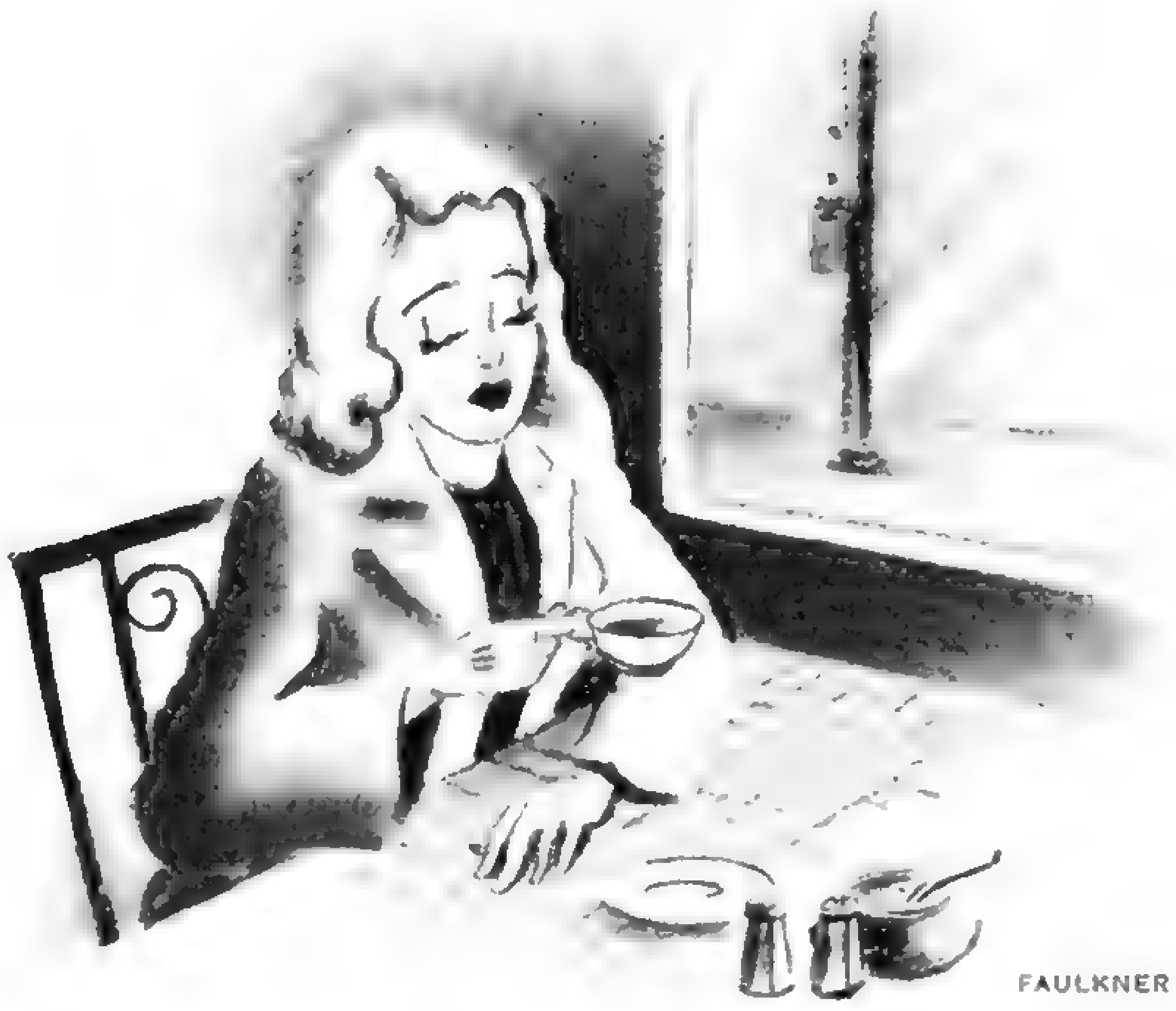
So you see that color in summer clothes need not be as forbidding a subject as some men are prone to believe. A thought or two before buying, a bit of judicious choosing, and you've given yourself a brand-new setting. Try it, you'll see. ⧺



There was something mysterious about the wistful-looking blonde who came each day at the same time to this café

The Sad Lady

by DONALD HEINE



The waiter, a small earnest man, burst through the swinging door bearing an enormous tray heaped with plates. His slightly bent knees gave him the gait of a man staggering under an insupportable weight; however, he reached the tray rack by the wall without incident and served a near-by party of four middle-aged citizens with identical plates of spaghetti. Then he turned to Potter with an air of complicity. "Signor—" he proposed stealthily, sliding an order of pizza into place on the table, "some wine, Chianti perhaps, or . . .?"

"Coffee," said Potter. The little man compressed his lips and departed in despair with the empty tray. The café became sanctified by that delicate silence peculiar to Italian restaurants at four-thirty in the afternoon, long after the latest lunchers have left and still an hour before dinnertime. Except for the four at the next table (two glum couples who wound spaghetti onto their forks in stony silence), the room contained only a thin shabby youth toward the rear whose Adam's apple bobbed as he chewed and, at a small table near the door, a blonde young woman who ate with her coat on. Her handbag and gloves rested on the table before her.

This young woman, as Potter observed, was the only person in the room worthy of analysis, a pastime which often gave him amusement. Obviously she was ill at ease; for she glanced frequently at her watch and gave only perfunctory attention to the food before her, an order of sardines embellished with hard Italian bread. She wore no hat nor was she ornamented with rings, brooches, earrings, clips or other frillery. With her fingers (narrow and translucent) she toyed with a pale glass of wine; and she turned her head occasionally to scan the passers-by through the curtained window. Her clothes were unremarkable—they were, as nearly as Potter could tell, of good quality, slightly worn, although hardly shoddy.

It was this person's face, however, which intrigued Potter most. Although golden-headed she had escaped the rosy flamboyance of her type; her lucid skin seemed suffused with the faint saffron glow common to the intensely brunette. The face of a Renaissance Madonna, or a sleeping beauty of the Middle Ages. This enchanting countenance was confined at either side by the pale mystery of her hair, which hung sadly from her temples until it all but touched her chin when she inclined her head to glance out through the curtain.

Potter chewed his gummy pizza thoughtfully, but could not decide on her age. Her manner blended the innocence and delicacy of the very young girl with the gentle *Weltschmerz* of a woman whom fate has treated sorely. Clearly she was waiting for someone, else why the handbag on the table and the frequent glances at her watch? Potter tried to guess what her lover would be like—a businessman? An artist? Later he could check his guesses against reality.

His conjectures were interrupted by the re-entrance of the waiter, who staggered through the door as before, although his burden now consisted solely of Potter's cup of coffee. This he deposited at Potter's right hand; then, bending down, he whispered mysteriously, "Anything else, Signor?"

"Tell me," breathed Potter, joining in the air of conspiracy. "The young woman by the window—does she meet someone here?"

"Aahh! Signor!" cried the waiter even more confidentially. "This lady I wish I could tell you. Every day she sits, a half an hour in the same place, until . . ."

"Someone comes?"

"No one comes, Signor. When a half is gone, she rises, she pays to me the bill, and out the door. She eats always the sardines. Some day I ask her, a little piece chicken you take, Miss, or the ravioli is very fine, but no—only sardines is desired. With bread, and wine, Signor, as you see. Who can understand such a thing?"

"Perhaps she expects someone—who never arrives."

"Aahh, Signor!" His brows soared, his eyes rolled upward. He reassumed his air of stealth to sum the matter up. "But who can say?"

The waiter departed to succor one of the middle-aged spaghetti eaters, who beckoned without breaking the rhythm of his determined, accurate feeding. His cheeks bulged with spaghetti and he chewed desperately for some time before he could gulp, "Some water, please."

Potter watched this interlude, then turned again to the Sad Lady. She had ravaged her sardines except for tails and was rolling the last of her wine about in her glass. She yearned toward the street no more, but studied her fingertips and the wineglass between them.

He's not coming, thought Potter. He'll never come.

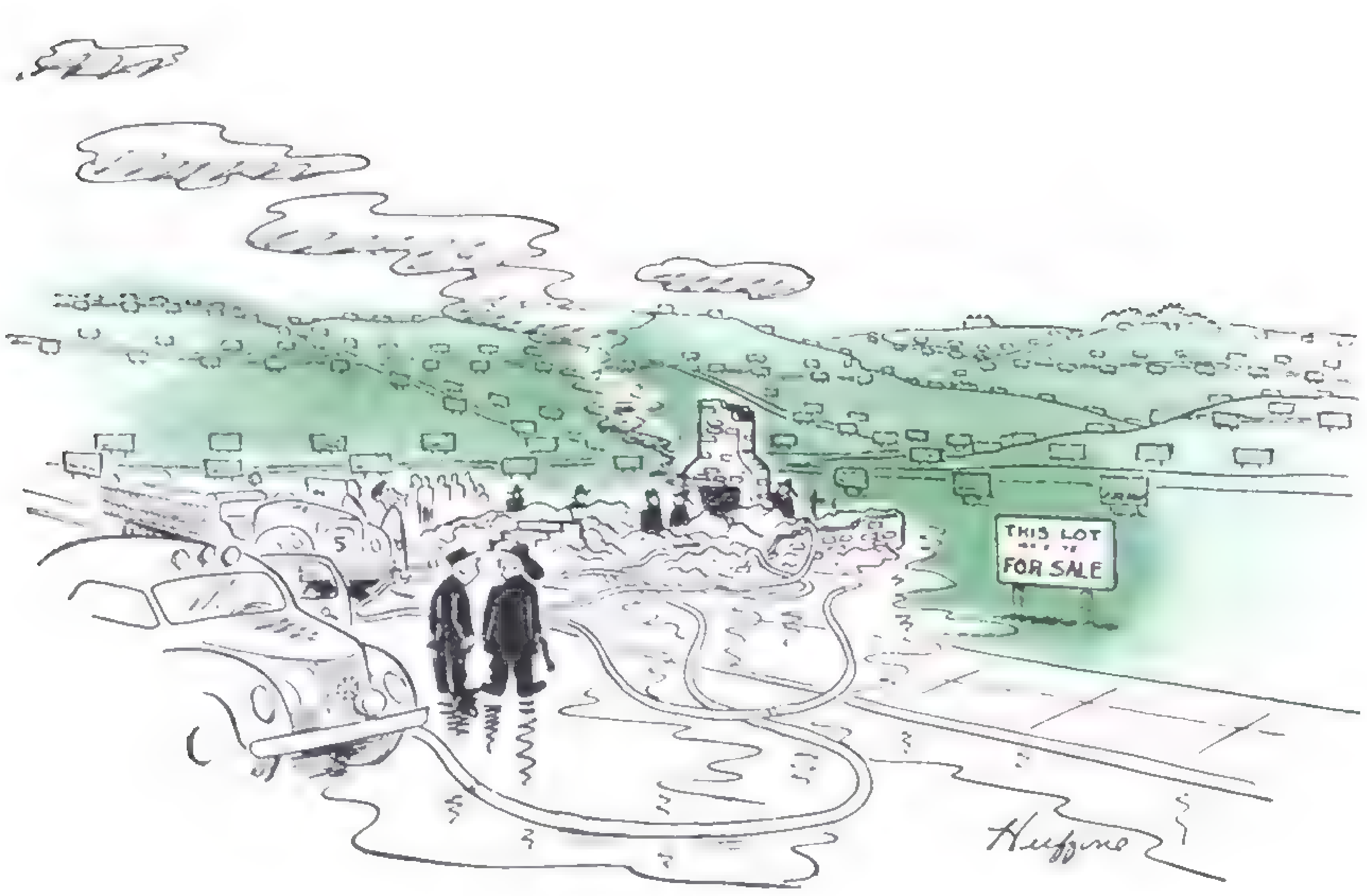
A trio of chattering young men of collegiate demeanor drifted into the café, and a man in a prosperous overcoat escorting his wife, and then a pair of interns from St. Vincent's. Soon the room would be crowded and filled with smoke and laughter.

The Sad Lady arose pensively, gathered up her purse and gloves, and with a scarcely perceptible movement of her hips pushed against the door and glided out into the twilight.

Potter viewed her departure with curiosity. Who could she be? Obviously she wasn't a tramp, but hardly an heiress either. Seemed obsessed with some hidden sorrow. Perhaps this place had some sentimental meaning for her—wasn't there a woman who visited the grave of Valentino years after he died? Maybe she met her lover here long ago, they had a quarrel, he left and never came back. She returned here every day to relive her memories.

But then perhaps she was in love with someone who didn't know her—someone who came here. She decided to come every day until he came back—hoping he would notice her. Always staring out at the street as though she were expecting someone.

Potter with some difficulty procured the waiter's attention and paid his check. As he collected his change from the plate he suggested thoughtfully,



"Well, chief, we kept it from spreading, anyway"

"There's a strange air about her, don't you think? Rather mysterious?"

"Signor?" inquired the waiter.

"The young lady," Potter explained, inclining his head.

"*Aahh*, Signor! Mystery? Possibly. But this place, Signor, many strange people come to. At first I paid some attention, but now—" He spread his hands apologetically.

"But she seems lonely. Do you suppose I could, ah . . ."

"Aahh, Signor!" a lecherous grin of comprehension. "But with a woman who can say?"

"Uumm," said Potter. He arose, jingled his change in his pocket, and sauntered back to his apartment, cautiously inspecting his emotions on the way. After he had taken off his hat and coat he sat down, lit a cigarette, got up again, stared out the window into the alley, picked up and laid down a magazine, an apple, and a book in succession, and discarded the cigarette half-smoked. At last he put on his hat and coat and went forth to seek *divertissement* at the Fourteenth Street movie. But this popular opium failed to afford its usual solace—behind the succulent charms of Miss Ann Sheridan he seemed to perceive another face, less ravishing, perhaps, but infinitely more soul-stirring; a pensive face framed in perpendicular cascades of soft amber hair. He left the theatre and wandered down Seventh Avenue until he reached an establishment known as Chez Marin where, in the course of an hour he indulged himself in three whiskeys and a great deal of fantasy.

Of course, he reflected, she's probably older than I am. Thirty? But then she's probably not as old as she looks. Aged beyond her years. Twenty-seven then. After all I'm twenty-five and unusually mature. There's Elizabeth Barrett—she was years older than Browning. Those things don't matter when there's real mutual understanding.

Of course, he realized, I'm not in a position to marry. At this point it might cripple my career. But if she really loved me, was willing to sacrifice for my sake. A woman like that, one who has suffered, who has seen life, is capable of a much deeper feeling than some silly little shopgirl or file clerk.

She might have something in her past too. She has seen the world—she looks French or possibly Austrian. Perhaps a refugee—a woman who has lived.

Potter paid his check, although it seemed to be more than he had figured, and meandered irresolutely homeward, crossing streets diagonally and staring at his feet. When he had shut the door behind him and taken off his hat, coat and shoes, he peered warily into the mirror, rubbed his chin, and pressed an incipient pimple. It was true that his face gave the impression of a man of twenty-eight or thereabouts.

By the following afternoon Potter's plans had become pretty well-defined. He would present himself boldly but tactfully to the Sad Lady as she sat at her accustomed table with her sardines; console, assuage or otherwise obliterate her *Weltschmerz*, and conduct her to Chez Marin where, after appropriate refreshment, matters would no doubt begin to arrange themselves. No forsaken woman, suitably consoled and plied with stimulants, will fail in time to weep or, once weeping, to find comfort on the nearest masculine shoulder. Considering this, Potter, walking with increasing spirit along Charles Street toward the café, felt as though his conquest were already partly won.

The little café was even more empty than on the previous day; a solitary Latin ate spaghetti in the rear. But *she* was there—she had already established herself at the table by the window and was awaiting the arrival of her sardines and wine, meanwhile casting nervous glances at the street. Potter, breathing a little deeper than usual, chose a table not too near, not too far; he debated lighting a cigarette, but decided it would be better to avoid an appearance of flippancy. The small elfin waiter was nowhere in sight. Should he wait, or take matters in hand at once? Probably it would be better to sit for awhile. The longer he sat the more nervous he would become, though. But then if he showed his hand now it would be only too obvious he had come with that purpose in mind. Potter found himself pressed by a question of timing, a factor of great importance to generals and lovers. Had Napoleon contrived to produce his reinforcements an hour earlier at Waterloo . . .

His strategy was at this point interrupted by the voice of the waiter, whom he found with some surprise to be standing at his elbow. "But Signor again! What will you have today?"

"Coffee. And, uh, bread sticks," he added, lest he seem parsimonious. "I notice she's here again today." He indicated the Sad Lady with a nod of his head.

"Aahh, Signor! Every day, just as I told you. You would like to meet her, hey?"

"Perhaps," admitted Potter, inspecting his fingernails. The waiter vanished like a genie into the kitchen; the moment had come. He pulled down his jacket and moved carefully among the tables, mustering as he went an air of gentle pity. The Sad Lady, as yet unfurnished with a wineglass, was toying thoughtfully with her gloves. Her eyes beneath moist lashes were directed modestly onto her bosom.

"Madam," said Potter gently, "are you waiting for someone?"

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. The lashes which before had chastely veiled her eyes now fluttered birdlike. "I was just watching the people go by." Her voice had the faint sibilance of a six-year-old child.

"Do you mind if I sit down?" Potter beamed.

"Why . . . no! Please do." Again the lids fluttered.

"Can I order you something?" he inquired solicitously. "Oh waiter!" The waiter stood, uncertain, a cup of coffee poised in mid-air. "I'll have my coffee over here."

"Oh, no, I've already ordered," she lisped. The waiter by this time had grasped the extent to which matters had progressed and was tottering towards them with sardines for the lady and coffee for Signor. "You come here so often," observed Potter. "Do you like this little place?"

"Oh, it's nice, but I really come here because it's convenient. You see I work just up the street for Zelm and Wenceslaus, and I get off at four o'clock but there's no train to Woodside where I live till 4:46, and I just more or less come in here to wait around every day."

"It must be nice up in Woodside," said Potter in some dismay.

"Well it's kind of convenient to the train or else I wouldn't live there at all. Of course I came from Binghamton originally."

"Oh really? Well, uh, what kind of work do you do?"

The eyelids twitched modestly. "Well, I always say I'm a stenographer, because once in awhile I type a letter for Mr. Wenceslaus, but actually I'm just a clerk. I do filing and all that sort of thing."

"Filing." Potter smiled weakly. "That's nice." Then, feeling that the conversation was about to lag, he offered, "Have a bread stick?"

"Oh, thanks. I love Italian food except I can't eat the starchy stuff. It gives me gas. That's why I always order sardines—they set so much better with me somehow. Do you think starches are gas-forming?"

Potter with a certain glumness admitted that this might be possible.

The Sad Lady held her wineglass delicately in her long pale fingers tipped by translucent fingernails beneath which he could discern faint evidences of too-hasty cleaning. He became aware that her complexion, so pale and luminous at a distance, owed its sheen chiefly to the thin aura of perspiration she had acquired through sitting in the warm room with her coat on.

She finished her wine and produced from her handbag a thin green package which she proffered enthusiastically. "Have some gum?"

"Thank you, no," said Potter politely. Nevertheless she took one for herself and began to chew it with abandon.

Potter pushed back his chair and buttoned his coat. "Well, you'll have to catch your train and uh, I'm sure glad to have met you."

"It's been a pleasure. See you again sometime."

"Possibly," he countered. When he was safely through the door he sighed deeply and strode with vigor up the street.

The Sad Lady gazed through the curtain for a moment at his retreating form; then, soberly collecting her gloves and bag, she arose and pushed through the door, her hips oscillating demurely. #

The Mad Matador

Screwball Luis Procuna, a little man with a skunklock, is at once the very best and very worst bullfighter alive

by CECIL CARNES

HOFFMAN

In her eyes was pity for a million brave bulls. Torn between fascination and horror, the girl from Los Estados Unidos peeked through her fingers towards the center of the ring where, in a small patch of sunshine, one of the most handsome young men she had ever seen fought a huge black beast. There was one graceful pass when the bull and the man seemed to merge, yet nothing moved about the man except his left hand, which held the short, red cape. As the bull charged by, the man disdained to look at it, keeping his gaze fixed on the spectators. Seconds later, the brave bull was dead on the hot sand.

It had been thrilling and the American girl was at the head of the crowd which poured into the ring to honor the torero. She ignored Orson Welles, who was sitting at the barrier's edge. While husky Mexican males hoisted the 120-pound frame of the pink and gold costumed matador to their shoulders and carried him away, she made a pass, typically, for one of the gold tassels dangling from the back of his *casaquilla*, a short and highly ornamented coat.

The torero laughed as he put a protective hand over the coveted *machos*, leaned down agilely and courteously slipped her a slipper instead, telling one of his bilingual helpers to explain that tassels not only cost twenty dollars American but are oppressively hard to come by. By the time he had been carried to his dressing room, souvenir hunters had made it the most expensive ride in Mexico City and the matador was almost stripped for the shower.

The young American girl went back to her hotel as thrilled as any Cinderella with her slipper. For it came from Luis Procuna, the screwiest, most unpredictable bullfighter, as well as the most colorful Mexican of our times. Now twenty-three, he has at least ten more years of fighting, barring serious wounds or sudden death, during which time it is estimated that 25,000,000 Americans will visit Mexico and at some time or another most of them will say, "Even though I don't approve of bullfighting I wouldn't want to leave the country without having seen one." Which fact is important because Procuna, known as The Mexican Gypsy because he is so unpredictable, and The Dancer, because of his short, graceful steps, and the man who gave Hollywood the skunklock, is "the matador made for Americans." He thrills them and there's a reason.

He thrills them because he is spectacular and unorthodox and always transmits his honest emotions to the spectators, even his fear; and because he smiles as much as the situation, and the bull, will allow. The other type of bullfighter is cold and classical, which to most Americans is spinach. That is the underlying reason why Americans are simpatico with Procuna and partially explains why, of the scores of thousands from north of the border who have seen corridas lately, an estimated forty to fifty per cent have become fans. Thus this untutored youth, who has never visited the United States, is perhaps to be seen by as many Americans as, say, Joe Louis. Furthermore, with at least one American film company dickering for his services as an actor, his handsome face and his art seem destined to become familiar to millions more.

Thousands of Americans have already watched the good-looking Mexican movie star dealing with a dangerous and wounded animal and have admired his trying to be as graceful and honest about it as he can. They seemed to have sensed in advance that he would thrill them even if he enraged the Latin-American aficionados at the same time. And that last he may do at any second, though in the moment immediately preceding, they may have experienced, through him, seconds they might lyrically describe as eternal.

With two bulls to deal with in an afternoon, in handling the first he may look like Jack Dempsey in his prime and in the second like Fainting Phil Scott. Sometime in the afternoon he is almost certain to show off in the screwball tradition of Max Baer. But he is Mexico's most unusual young man, both in the bull ring and out of it. Those of his fellow countrymen who can't put up with his eccentricities Sunday afternoons at 4:00 are enchanted with him the rest of the week. As a character he has everything.

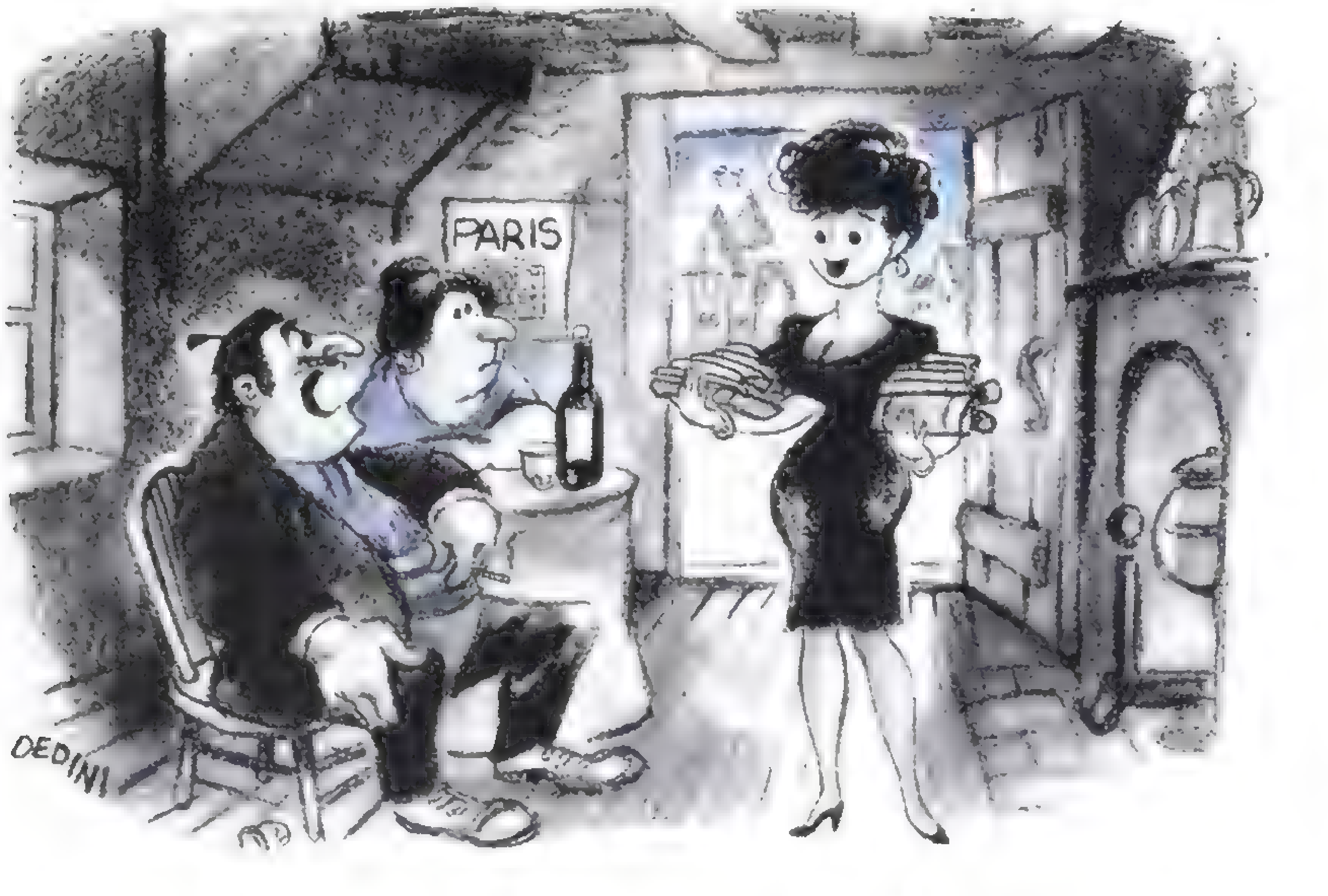
His success story is straight out of Horatio Alger. Today he is a millionaire. Four years ago he was a penniless salesman of *tacos*, those ubiquitous, one-cent Mexican meat sandwiches. Yet he admits he doesn't know much about bullfighting. His brother, Angel, yells over the *barrera*, or fence, and tells him what to do, and if he feels like doing it he does—for $4,000 an hour. But he insists he doesn't know a "good" bull from a bad one.

He is a movie idol, but he swears he doesn't know how to act. "I'm the kind of simp who likes to go to the movies and cry," he says. "So when they tell me the story I'm so affected by it that after I dry my tears, I play it out about the same way as I would in my own mind if I were watching it on the screen."

Like the Duke of Windsor, he sets fashions. Blue shoes, for example. But he got them because he thought them pretty. And he is absolutely childlike about almost everything. He doesn't realize he's an idol. Once, while making a bullfight picture, he was gored. The moving picture company sent an airplane ambulance to location and picked him up. When it landed at Mexico City, Luis got out and strolled towards the morbidly interested crowd which had gathered. "Did you get gored, Luis?" a friend called out. "Sure," replied Procuna, whipping off his shirt. "Want to see it?"

Unlike many other toreros, Luis has no regular dissipations. He doesn't smoke, drink or stay out late at night. He exercises faithfully and doesn't gamble. He sometimes goes a week without food, partly because he wants to keep his weight at 120 and also because he wishes to recapture the pleasure food gave him when he had it only on well-spaced occasions. And, like the poverty-stricken boy of old, the millionaire makes *tacos* out of everything on his menu but soup.

He is sentimental and (*Continued on page 109*)



"Can't you bring home something else besides chocolate bars?"

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–without the slightest trace of Sweetness!

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EST. 1870

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Speaking as an old hand with new shoes, Esky proffers some yeas and nays about town and country footwear that help to maintain a fresh-from-the-box appearance

All About Shoe Wear and Care

We don't know how your light-of-love would react to the "treat 'em rough" prescription for nuptial bliss. She might like it, and then again you're just as apt to wind up in a corner nursing a battered beak. We do know, though, how your shoes will take to that treatment, and whether you stinted or splurged when you bought the pair, believe us, they won't like it.

Inarticulate as shoes are, they nevertheless have a spunky character. Kick them around if you will, and they'll get right back at you. They'll pinch, bite, sag, nag, slip at the heel, curl at the toe, split seams, annoy insteps, or just give up the ghost.

So since shoes are important to your appearance, take a little time to forestall your footwear from looking as if you've disinherited it completely. You'll perk up your over-all impression on others, and get more satisfaction for the shoe dollars spent.

Don't stroll too far in your brand-new pair without having them polished. If convenient, do so before wearing them. And many men like to have brown shoes lose that fresh-out-of-the-box look by darkening them with easily available preparations. Many shops perform that service, and it is worth-while. Lubricates the leather as well.

Good shoe appearance and economy walk in step when you get into the habit of rotating your footwear. Never wearing the same pair two days in a row permits the leather to dry out thoroughly (shoe innards become quite moist by the end of a normal day).

Shoes flourish with tree treatment. These forms help keep the shape, prevent tips from curling and lessen vamp-wrinkling. They are available in plastic or wood, and one wooden tree we saw was hollowed out to give inside shoe moisture a good alley of escape.

Although it's summer, we'd like to insert by way of emphasis that somebody ought to plug "don't put wet shoes near the radiator" with the same zeal the banana people employed to keep their product out of the refrigerator. The combination of heat and moisture will practically cook the leather fiber and make a blue-plate special of the leather lubricating oil, too. If you've ever wondered why wet shoes become stiff and brittle, there's the answer. All of which knocks a healthy share out of the shoe's life and also tends to give deserving discomfort for maltreating shoes. Shoes that have been soaked should simply be treed and permitted to dry naturally at room temperature. A good polish when they're dry will restore some of the lost leather lubricant.

Even the shoehorn people are making it easier for you. They've come out with horns in varying sizes from a foot to eighteen inches long, eliminating whatever inconvenience you may have in stooping over when using their product. Of course, if you say what's a stoop anyway, then stick to the small metal horns. Stoop or no, don't force your way into shoes without a horn. Using those gimmicks will prevent curled or broken shoe counters. Another convenience is the shoe rack that attaches itself to closet doors, the fabric, compartment type, or the inclined platform affair.

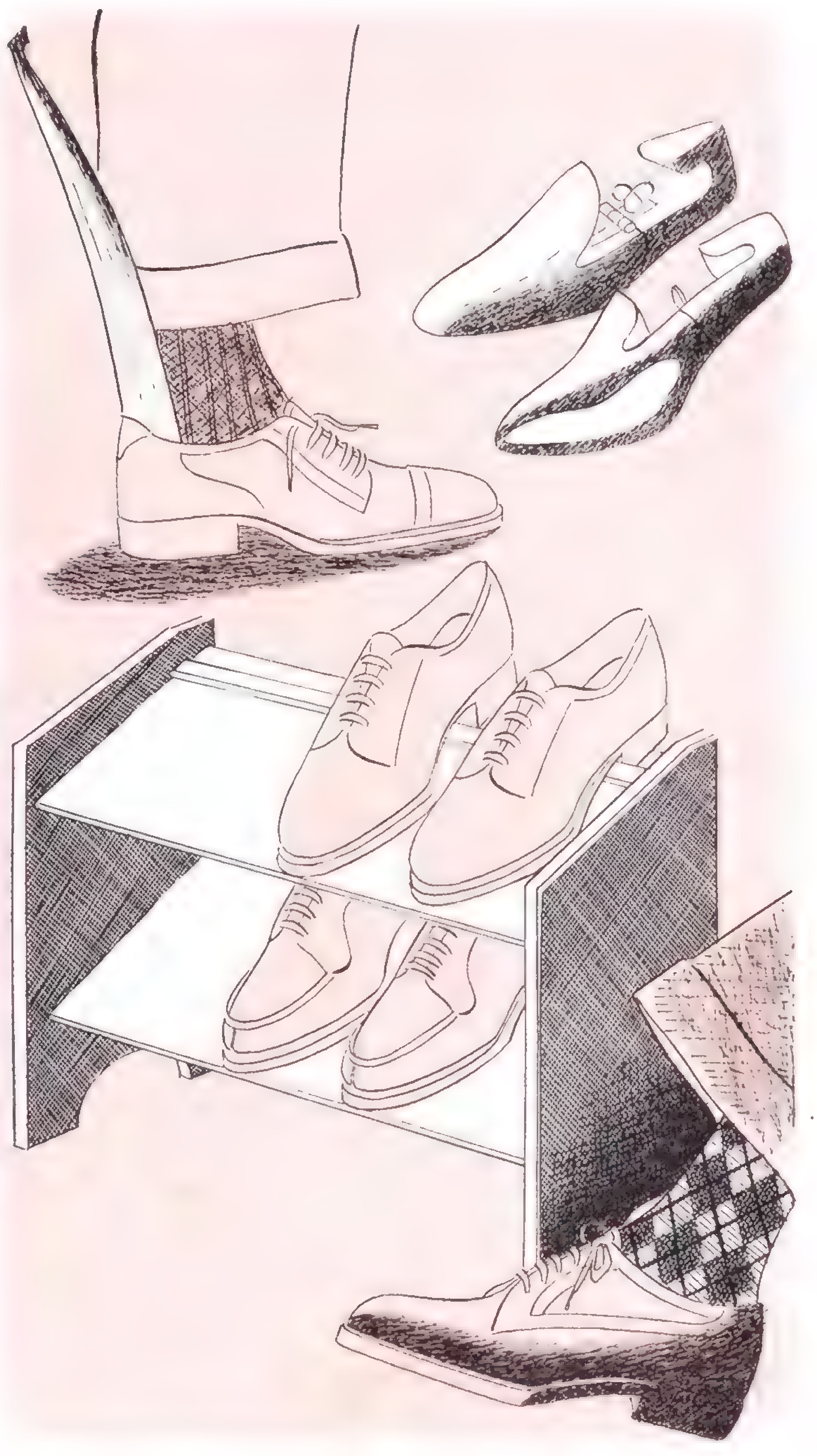
Be sure to give your riding boots and sport shoes equally attentive care. Using shoe trees, occasional saddle soaping and frequent polishing pays off.

In replenishing what has been more or less a lean shoe cupboard, makers are offering varieties of types and patterns reminiscent of the prewar halcyon days. If you're on the prowl for town types, you might consider the following preferences for city wear in either black or brown: the straight-tip type with plain toecap and its companion model with a medallion toe. Medallions, incidentally, are those perforations you'll frequently find decorating the toecap. Or choose the wing-tip style, or even a monk-front shoe in smooth leather. The latter is similar to officer-type footwear.

For country or week-end wear, you've a host of choices: the more rugged types of wing tips, thick leather-soled bluchers, heavy moccasin patterns, and the all-whites and white combinations now that summer is here. Resort footwear has made its influence felt this summer, and there are many types of decorative moccasins and wedge-heel models to help you with your sprucing-up.

As for socks, choose them by the clothes and shoe company they'll keep. For your worsted wear, plain or ribbed lisle will usually look best. Ribbed wool or heavy cotton socks are naturals for tweed suits and grained leather shoes of the heavier types. You'll also be better dressed if you stick to solid color or simple pattern socks with a plaid suit than wearing a pair of bold plaids. Argyles or diamond patterns go well with solid colored slacks or quietly patterned tweeds. With colors largely a matter of taste, the current supply should please everyone.

And here are just two words about garters. Wear them. ##



My Dream and Annie's

Continued from page 40

$33,000." How can he be sure Miss Brief is Brevity's full sister when he doesn't know who was Brevity's daddy? In any case Brevity's stud fee is $1000, with return in case the mare isn't in foal when she leaves him.

Where else, for that matter, in this age of anemic writing, would you find prose to match: "You Can't Discount Pedigree! And You Can't Get Away from Racing Performance! Blend Them in the Crucible of Breeding and You Must Get Quality and Class," a formula topping an advertisement in behalf of a stallion named Main Man, bay, 1934, by Hildur-Rose Mist. Main Man's virtues, according to his present owners, have been unaccountably slighted by the proprietors of eligible mares. He is a charming fellow, according to a critic cited in the ad—horse breeders, like publishers and theatrical producers, use favorable quotations in their publicity. He "has extraordinarily good conformation. He is built on classic lines, with great sweeping muscles for long, easy striding—none of your quarter-horse rump and short-legged precocity." But breeders are unaffected by feminism; the mare's inclinations are never consulted. To rumpy little stallions they go, like daughters of royalty, if the match is dictated by policy. The object of policy in this case is to breed a winner.

Occasionally, however, a strong-willed female manages to flout the conventions, as a susceptible matron named Rose Tree II did in a moon-smitten paddock in 1910. (This shows you how things go when I read the *Manual*—a train of thought is likely to start or end anywhere.) It is the custom on some breeding farms to employ a stallion of undistinguished bloodlines but attractive personality to get the mares into a mood to receive the brief and businesslike attentions of the star stud, whose time is too valuable to waste on flirtations. A similar procedure is followed in retail stores where an ordinary salesman wears down the customer's resistance and then calls in the manager to make the climactic sale. The horse who is used to give the mare the initial rush and then lam, is known as a teaser. Rose Tree II fell so hard for a teaser named Knight Errant that before the paddock grooms could break it up the irrevocable had happened. Rose Tree II bore the cad's child, a small colt eventually and appropriately named Roamer, who was gelded, probably to prevent the worthless strain of Knight Errant from spreading further.

I base this reverie on a statement in a recent column by Charles Hatton, a learned turf writer also employed by the Triangle Publications (which get out the *Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form* as well as the *Manual*) to the effect that "Roamer was got by a teaser," and I have had no opportunity to interrogate Mr. Hatton, so there are a few details lacking to my story. I do not know, for example, what the outraged breeder did to Knight Errant, although the story of Eloise and Abelard suggests a theory, and the fact that I do not remember the Knight's name in any other pedigrees lends circumstantial support. Nor do I know what eminent horse of President Taft's generation was meant to be Roamer's sire before Knight Errant did a Nathan Bedford Forrest and got there first.

The striking part of the story, from the point of view of a confirmed romantic like myself, a believer in that great American axiom, so disloyally attacked of late, that mama knows best, is that Roamer, the teaser's son, did nothing, as a race horse, except win 39 races, nearly all stakes, in 98 starts over a stretch of five years; he finished 26 times second and 9 times third, in the money better than 75 per cent of the time, and won $98,828. Considering the size of purses in his time, when tracks derived no revenue from legal betting, this sum was the equivalent of half a million dollars now, and it places Roamer among leading money-winning horses of all time.

When 7 years old, in 1918, Roamer beat Salvator's American record for a mile of 1.35½, which had stood for twenty-eight years. He did this at Saratoga, running from behind pacemakers in a time trial, as Salvator had. Roamer's new record was 1.34 4/5, and in the 29 years since it has been beaten only once, by Equipoise in 1932 (1.34 2/5) and *equaled only three times*. That information is on page 195, "Fastest Races at One Mile." I remember reading about his record mile when I was still begging for my first pair of long pants—an allusion which dates me. Kids now seem to get them right after diapers. As an example of how hard a horse had to scratch for a buck in Roamer's day, he won the Saratoga Handicap at a mile and a quarter three times, beating Spur in one renewal and Cudgel in another, to earn a total of $12,500 for his owner, Andrew Miller. The nag that won the Saratoga in 1946 took down $22,900 in first money for just that one time. The third time Roamer took that stake, when he was seven, he carried 129 pounds and ran in 2.02 1/5. He was the leading money-winner of the nation in his three-year-old year, 1914, I found from the list of annual money-winning horses on page 642. That year he won 12 out of 16 starts, including the Dwyer, which now carries $50,000 added money, and the Travers, for a total of $29,105.

I wasn't able to find his whole record, race by race, in any one section of the *Manual* because the savant who picked 21 horses out of turf history to go into the department called "Records of Outstanding Horses," had slighted him in favor of a number of more recent animals that, in my opinion, Roamer could have picked up in his teeth at the head of the homestretch and carried to the sixteenth pole and beaten them in by a hundred yards. The man who picked those horses is probably a believer in scientific breeding. But I had more fun looking up the details about Roamer in all those different parts of the book anyway. The most fun of all was browsing through the "History of Important Events," and looking for the name Roamer, which appears more often than any other in the years 1914-18 inclusive. Some ignoramuses associate these dates with World War I, but they are not *Manual* readers.

I have heard horse people, probably admirers of Equipoise or boosters for the science of genetics, say that the Saratoga track was preternaturally fast in the Summer of 1918 when Roamer set his mile record, implying that he wasn't such a superhorse after all. I found an answer for them in the history of the Washington Handicap at Laurel Park in Maryland. In 1914, mind you, when he was only three, Roamer ran the mile and a furlong over that track in 1.49 3/5, giving 22 pounds actual weight, 28 by the scale, to the four-year-old Tartar, a horse good enough in his time to win the Brooklyn Handicap. Well, Roamer's 33-year-old record still stands. The best time made over that track at the distance last year was 1.52, which means Roamer would have beaten the plug, whoever he was, by twelve lengths.

If I wanted to embellish this brief commentary on the life and works of a public figure who overcame handicaps of humble birth and high weights, I might say that the sneers of the other horses, who knew his father was a teaser, goaded Roamer on to his greatest achievements; or that his professional life was an attempt to compensate for his mother's frailty and his own celibate future. But this is a story about the *Racing Manual* rather than Roamer, and I think the facts given above speak for themselves. I do not insist that if all breeders turned all mares loose with all stallions and just let the girls decide for themselves the breed would improve faster than it seems to be doing, but maybe there would be fewer neurotic horses, stopping at the head of the stretch to moon over their Oedipus complexes when I have a ticket on them.

Well, that's the way it goes when I start reading the *Manual*, as I said earlier. The horses that I really thought I was going to write about, before I looked back at the *Manual* and read the Brevity ad, are treated in an entirely different section of the book, "Records of Horses." This is a listing of all the horses that ran in North America in 1946 and how they did. Hundreds of them never even placed. One named Tarzella ran 17 times without earning a dime, and there were several 16-time washouts. When you figure that somebody bet on Tarzella each time she ran—and it couldn't have been her mother—you get an idea of how hard the human race is to discourage, and also of the reluctance of the North American to eat horseflesh. A horse like that is just a decoy duck for the bookmakers.

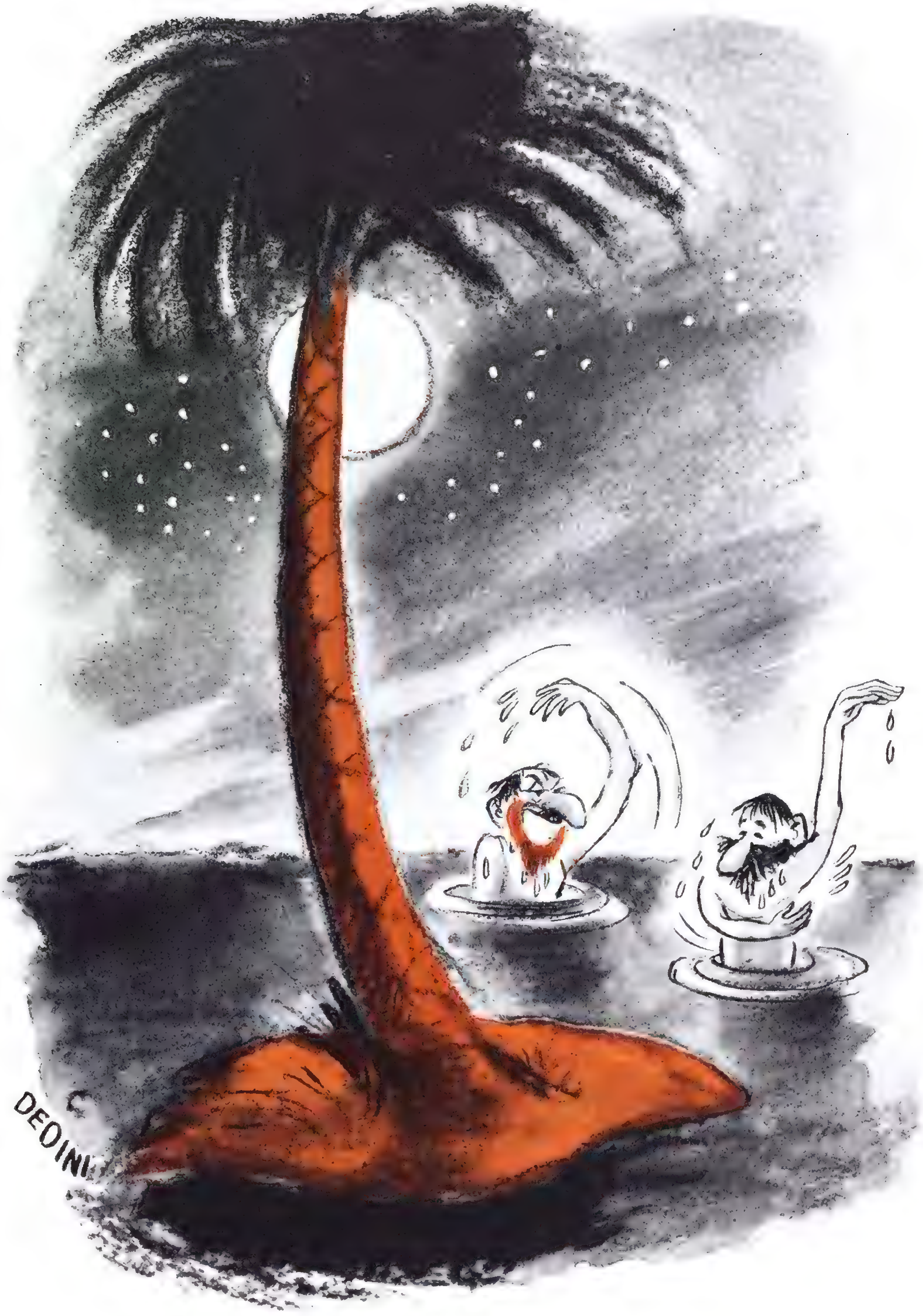
An old gentleman named Jimmy H., who was 15, the equivalent of 65 or 70 for a man, ran 38 times and *won* five races, mostly at Havana, which is warm for old bones. Thirty-eight is a prodigious number of starts, for a horse of any age. Last year's high was sixty-five.

My favorites, however, were a pair named Annie's Dream and Idle Gossip. Neither was a stake horse, but you can lose a lot of money on stake horses.

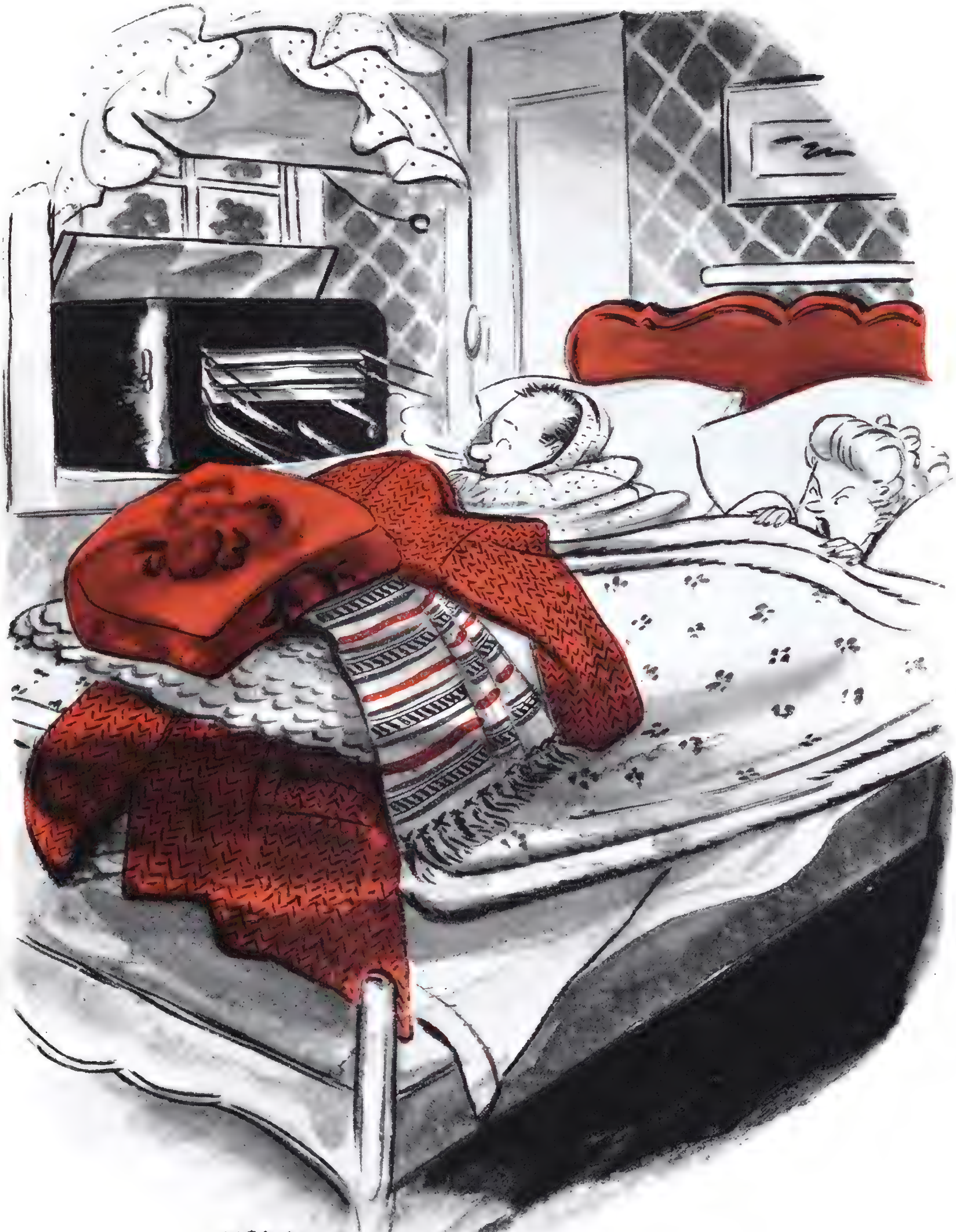
Annie's Dream and Idle Gossip were blue-chip horses, safe investments. I am going to use them as arguments when people I know tell me there is more security in playing this repulsive typewriter than in selecting hippomobile placements for small amounts of money. Annie's Dream, a chestnut mare, six, by Gino-Confidence, by Wise Counsellor, won more races than any other horse in the country last year—13. She started 21 times, on tracks in Maryland and West Virginia, and placed on each of the occasions when she didn't win—five times second and three times third. Idle Gossip, a bay gelding, six, by Grand Time-Lady Gossip, by Busy American, ran 11 races in the same territory, and won 10 of them. Neither of these sterling, responsible animals won any stupendous sums of money, since their trainers kept them in company they could handle, but what I am interested in is how much money can *I* win.

Two bucks on Idle Gossip every time he started would have given me a net profit of $35.60 for the year, 1780 per cent on the original investment without any mental exertion such as I am forced to when I try to pick a winner for myself. The same play on Annie's Dream would have netted $26.00, only 1300 per cent, but still a better proposition for widows and orphans than American Tel and Tel: Annie's Dream met all dividends. But suppose I had put $200 on each of these exemplary beasts each start? It is true I do not always have $200, but I could have maybe gone to the Morris Plan. In that case I would have been in $6160 before taxes, and I would probably be preparing to vote Republican the rest of my life.

My dream now is to find the Annie's Dream of 1947, 1948 and 1949, before the appearance of the *American Racing Manuals* of 1948, 1949 and 1950 respectively. #



"At least Saturday night breaks the monotony!"



"*Of course, you could turn off the air conditioner!*"

A Matter of Talent

Continued from page 67

future as a straight wrestler so I tell Eddie Lester, the promoter, not to let Wilbur change his style."

I jump up from my chair. "Why you—"

Kitty lets out a yelp and Flora grabs my arm. "Sit down, Wilbur," she says. "Relax."

A word from Flora and I am putty. I sit down, but can't relax.

"This dirty wrestling," says Flora to Beefy, "is that what you do?"

"You bet," says Beefy, swelling up his chest. "I am known as the top man in the game. I am known as the King of the Bad Men."

"Is that so," says Flora, very impressed. She moves closer to Beefy, gives him a twinkle-twinkle look, and forgets Kitty and I are there. "Gee, I'd like to see the King wrestle. When is your next match, Beefy?"

"Tomorrow night against Freddy Showpan at the Arena," he says.

"What time?" she asks him.

"Nine o'clock," he says.

"Fine," says Flora. "That's between floor shows. Will you take me, Beefy? You can pick me up right after the supper show."

How I feel when Eddie Lester tells me this afternoon that I can't wrestle dirty don't hold no candle to how I feel now. It's just like I tell myself all along. I ain't in Flora's class—but Beefy—all the fight goes out of me.

"C'mon, Kitty," I say sharp. "At this table three is a crowd and four is a mob."

Kitty and I walk away. Kitty goes to the dressing room and I meet Ricardo at the bar.

"Who is this stinkeroo who sits with Flora and has her response?" he asks me.

"Beefy Harris, a wrestler and a louse," I tell him.

"I am offended," he says. "If I had but a few more muscles I could thrash him. Then Flora would respond to me."

"Sure," I say, glum, "but he's got the muscles and he's got her. He's taking her to the Arena tomorrow night and she's gonna watch him wrestle."

"Wrestle," he says, "wrestle." He throws his arms around me and is practically in my lap. "Wilbur, *amigo*, this is indeed a golden opportunity. This Beefy—after his match he will be tired, weak, exhausted. So when Flora meets him I will challenge him, and in his condition I will easily thrash him with my bare hands. And Flora responds to me."

"You're not ready yet," I tell him. "You still need more lessons before you can tangle with a guy like Beefy."

"More lessons I will have, yes," he says, "so I will be able to defeat such as Beefy before he is weakened by another. But of a certainty, with your fine teaching to me and his exhaustion in the ring, I will squash him to a pulp."

"Okay, chum," I tell him. "You and I go to the match together. Then we go to the dressing room and you can start in on Beefy."

The next night, just before eight o'clock, there's a phone call for me. I get into the booth.

"Hello," I say, and on the other end I hear, "Wilbur, this is Flora, come right over to my apartment, quick, don't waste a second."

"What's the matter?" I ask.

"Trouble," she says. "Come right over." She gives me the address. It's only ten blocks away.

I get out of the booth, my throat is dry but I get a kind of a warm feeling. When she's in trouble she calls me. I start for the door, Ricardo is after me. He might as well come along. "C'mon, chum," I say. We go outside, jump into a cab and get to Flora's place ten minutes after her call.

Flora opens the door, there's a cigarette in her hand and a smile on her face. She is in one piece, calm and beautiful.

We walk into the parlor. And there, stretched out on the sofa lies Beefy, fast asleep, no snores.

"What's the rush call for?" I ask her. "What's Beefy doing here asleep on the sofa?"

"That," she says, "is not sleep. Beefy is out cold."

I stand there in the middle of the room. "How? Why?" I ask.

"Well," she says, "on the way to the Arena, Beefy and I stopped here. And Beefy thought that while we were here he would get in a little wrestling practice. But I am not good at wrestling, especially on the sofa with Beefy. So I bopped him on the head with this book end."

She picks up a big fat ivory elephant from the end table.

"Flora," I say, very angry, "this teaches you a lesson. You should know better than to have anything to do with a guy like Beefy."

"But of course," pipes up Ricardo.

"I'll get some cold water and wake him up," I say. "He's got to wrestle in an hour."

Flora cuts in front of me. "Oh, no you don't," she says. "After all I go through to get him up here and then get him to make a pass at me so I can bop him out of the picture, no, sir."

"But why?" I ask her. She sounds loony.

She don't answer me. "Ricardo," she says, "I'm glad you came. Now you can stay here with the elephant and hit him medium hard when he starts to move." She goes to the closet and puts on her coat and hat.

"Come on, Wilbur," she says. "We're going to the Arena. Beefy is in no shape to wrestle Freddy Showpan tonight. But you are."

My stomach does a flip-flop. My heart bangs like a whole iron foundry. Only love can make a gal do a thing like this. I will wrestle in the ring tonight like I never wrestled before.

Ricardo grabs me. "Wilbur," he whispers, "I would say Beefy is sufficiently weakened, yes?"

"Yes," I say.

"Then phooey on the elephant," he says. "I will use my bare hands."

"Just one bare hand, *amigo*," I advise him. "Keep the elephant in your other hand."

In the cab I ask Flora why she doesn't tell me how come she plays up to Beefy with a plan. She says she wants to make sure it will work first. I want to kiss her but decide to hold off until after the match.

I get out of the cab at the side entrance, walk right into Beefy's dressing room and get into his tights. I still have lots of time so I practice making horrible faces in the mirror until my jaw and ears ache. I also grunt and groan and roar until my throat hurts.

All the while my mind is working, too. I try to figure out a nickname for myself. Wilbur has no color. Then it comes—Rowdy Gowdy, the Flatbush Terror.

The clock says it's time to get going. I start the long walk to the ring. And I begin to get a little shaky. Everything comes into my head at once, Eddie Lester will stop the show, Freddy Showpan will refuse to wrestle me, Beefy will show up.

But when I get to the ring and climb through the ropes, I get a very fine greeting from Freddy who is already in his corner. I stand against the ropes as he and Tommy Grude, the referee, come over.

"What are you doing here, Wilbur?" asks Tommy. "Where's Beefy?"

"He is laid up with a very bad headache," I say. "I am subbing for him."

"You?" Tommy shows fright. "You for the King of the Bad Men?"

"Yeah," Freddy cuts in. "Any time, Tommy. He's better than Beefy. You should of seen him work out with Louie Fenesse yesterday."

"Okay if you say so," says Tommy. "I'll announce you." He reaches for the microphone.

"Make it Rowdy Gowdy, the Flatbush Terror, please," I say.

He does. The crowd boos. They come to see Beefy. But I know that in five minutes I will make them forget Beefy.

The bell rings and Freddy and I are at it. The first thing I do is belt him one in the kisser with my both hands, one on each cheek, and follow up by lifting my leg and kicking him in the stomach. Freddy grabs my leg and spins me around while I wave my hands wild trying to get free, making faces and roaring for him to let go.

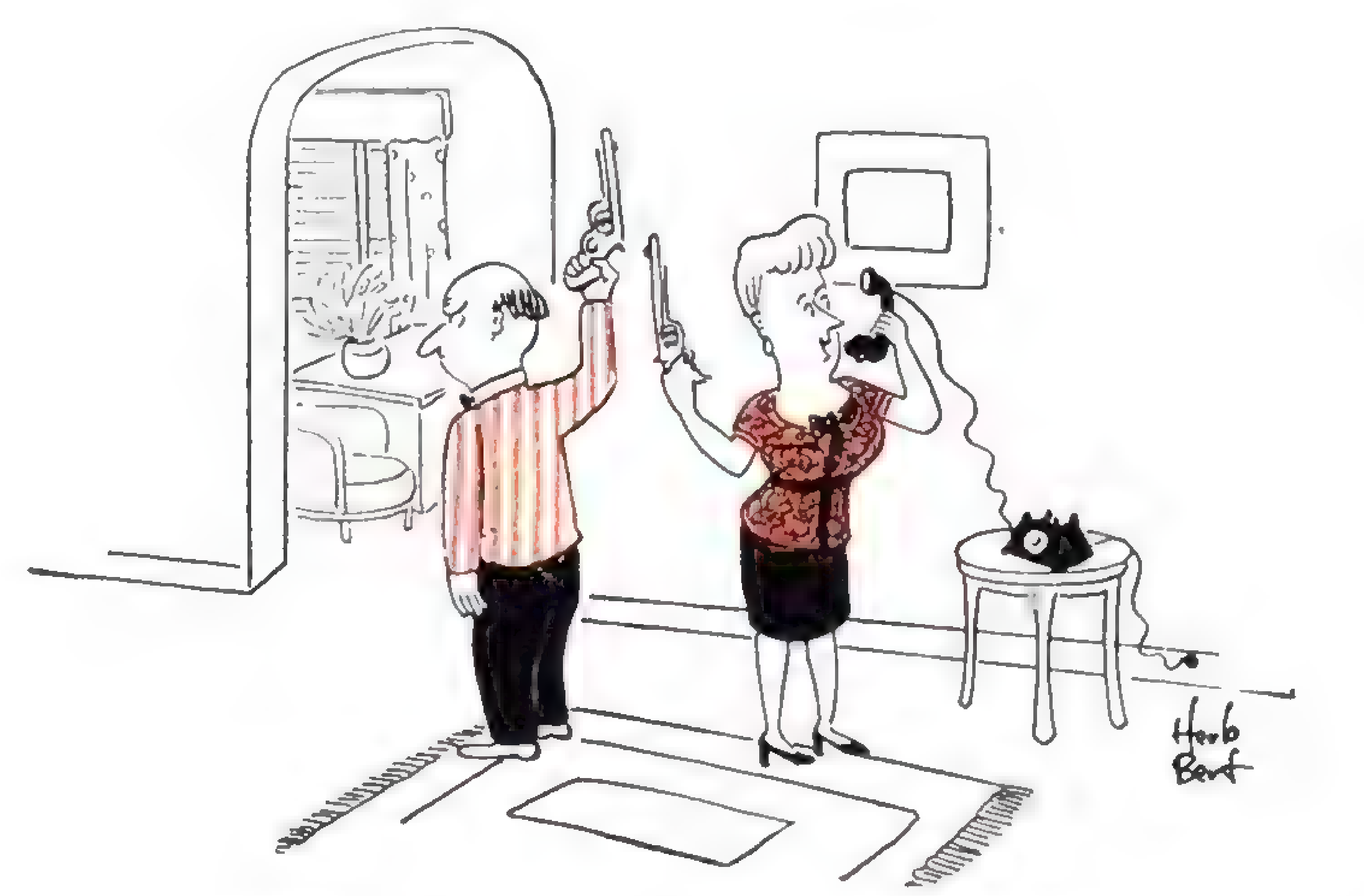
On the third swing around I catch the top rope of the ring and hold on. Freddy can't swing no more so lets go and we both go splash on the floor. I get up first and try to jump on his back. He rolls to one side and I am jumping on only the bare floor. He yanks my foot and I am flat on my face. Freddy sits right on me and goes to work with a beautiful scissors, clean and very scientific. I howl and grunt as he squeezes and twists.

I break out of this by grabbing his ears and trying to remove them. Then I pick him up and toss him out of the ring and I hear the crowd call out, "Yellow Gowdy," "Break his arm, Freddy," "Murder the bum." It's music to me, already they forget Beefy.

Freddy tries to climb back into the ring. I go to kick him back. As this is illegal Tommy Grude grabs me and holds on to me. I get free but not in time to kick Freddy. He grabs my arm, twists it, gets me down on the floor and works a half nelson on me, neat as a pin. The crowd cheers, I make terrible faces and the crowd enjoys my suffering.

I bust out of this by very fiercely biting Freddy's leg, Bad Man style. Freddy limps around the ring but there ain't a mark on him. Next I bring my knee up to his jaw and this sends him wobbling around in circles. He pulls himself together and tries to work a spread on me. He makes progress until I give him a mean kick in the shins. He makes a sad face, letting the fans see, and grabs at

Continued at top of page 104



"Hello, Judge Turnbull, we've decided to settle out of court!"

A Matter of Talent

Continued from page 103

my leg. I leap up on his back piggy-back style and dig my fists into his eyes. He moans and wails. And he has to moan loud to be heard over the boos for me.

Freddy pulls his head away, pushes me off and slips down to my knees. I kick him in the face. "Nice going, kid," he says under his breath. I follow up with a punch in the kidneys. And we keep at it for fifteen more minutes with me pulling every dirty trick I ever see, plus plenty I never see, always careful with my pressure and position and timing so as to have things work out right, no crippling.

I lose the first fall when Freddy pins me with a powerful toe hold, which leaves me helpless and the crowd pleased.

The second fall is the same as the first one, with me wilder than before, which gives the crowd a real appetite. Then the match is over. I lose on a foul for jumping up and down all over Freddy's helpless body, which is flat on the floor like a sack of potatoes, a condition I get him into with various underhanded tricks.

Tommy Grude picks up Freddy and holds his hand up as the winner. The fans cheer, standing on chairs and waving hats and tossing programs in the air. They don't cheer Freddy's winning, it's my losing they are so tickled about.

I am not through. As a finishing touch I make a six-foot flying tackle at Tommy and bring him to the floor for calling a foul on me. The boos start again, and four cops jump into the ring and carry me out. I kick and twist and almost get free, but they hang on to me.

The cops drop me off at the dressing room. I thank them for the ride and they say don't mention it, with grins. I take a shower and do plenty of singing in it.

I am dressed and combing my hair when Freddy comes in. The grin on his face is from ear to ear. "Wow," he says, "what a Bad Man, wow." He shakes my hand. He hugs me. He picks me up high in the air and holds me there.

"Let me down, Freddy," I shout, but he don't.

It's a good thing Eddie Lester comes in just then or maybe he would still be holding me up there.

"Holy smoke, what a show, what a show," hollers Eddie, who looks like he will explode. "Freddy, let him down, he's valuable. Handle him easy."

Freddy lets me down. Now it's Eddie's turn to hug me. Maybe I should charge for this, I think, like kisses at a bazaar. Eddie raves something about my coming to his office first thing in the morning to sign a contract.

Then, just like it's made to order, Flora walks in. The look on her face is like she will break out into a hymn.

"Darling," she says to me. No more. Her arms are around me.

This darling sounds very fine to me. I walk her right out of the dressing room without even a side look at the others. We get out on the street, I spot a cab, we get in and I follow up with the "darling."

Well, Ricardo has a new partner now, Edwina, and she responds fine.

So does Flora—to me. In a way it's a shame she's wasting her dancing talent, but she's developing another talent—cooking. I can hardly wait to come home to her every night to enjoy her talents. ꟸ

Continued from page 67

A Call on Stoeger Arms

Continued from page 55

verified in your book, *The Shooter's Bible.* I have taken a great liking to this gun, a Smith & Wesson .357 Magnum, and want to know how soon I can buy one."

Questions about souvenir German and Japanese firearms fill mail pouches. Stoeger quickly identifies them all and almost invariably adds: "You have another very beautiful and very useless foreign gun. There is no ammunition for it available and it is unlikely that any will be manufactured in this country." Many seem to be hunting trouble by trying powerful American ammunition in Japanese or Italian firearms not built to take it. A St. Cloud, Minnesota, man had already tried 7.92 mm. ammunition in a 7.62 caliber Schmidt-Rubin (Swiss) rifle when he asked Stoeger if it was safe. Replied Stoeger: "We find it hard to understand that you could take such a chance, especially with a straight-pull rifle when you didn't know what cartridge the rifle was made for." And this may have saved the St. Cloud shooter from a later backfire bull's-eye on his snoot.

The institution was forged both in the mellowed gunshops of the Old World and an upheaval resulting from our Prohibition experiment. Alexander F. Stoeger, Sr. was born in Vienna in 1868. While studying at Jena University he hung around the obscure gunshop of J. P. Sauer, fascinated by the firearms. He helped Sauer fashion and build the famous pieces, watched Sauer become world-famous. Depression in 1888 sent Stoeger packing for America, where he found work at $4 a week in St. Louis. He took one fast look at the general ethos and concluded that clothes made the man. So he bought a new suit on time and became an American Brewing Company salesman. His territory expanded; he carried beer to the Spanish-American War in Cuba and to the actions around Manila.

Beer barrels had only been a living; gun barrels, the fine stocks, the pure artistry in the firing pins, the majesty of balance in a fine fowling piece, were his love. He brought back specimens of the famous Spanish Mauser which put the American Krag rifle, used by our troops, to disadvantage. But he had to sell beer and took it this time to the Boxer Rebellion. Then, back in America with a fine collection of shooting irons and a cordial relationship with world gun manufacturers, he watched Prohibition come, and leaped into the gun business, founding A. F. Stoeger, Inc. in 1918. It was strictly an importing firm for foreign arms. In 1924 the leading domestic lines were added until, in guns alone, there were 17 domestic makes and 17 imports in *The Shooter's Bible.*

"And then he said how's the old sunburn and whacked me on the back, and I'm not sorry I did it"

Stoeger died in 1945 and his son, Alexander F. Stoeger, Jr., educated at Exeter and Harvard and in the leading arms plants of Belgium, Germany and England, took over.

The transition which changed drugstores to general-merchandise emporiums selling pills, alarm clocks and bread toasters, failed to sway Stoeger. On the shelves now are sundry doodads, from wildlife-decorated serving trays to police billies and smoking pipes, but none of it can be disassociated from the outdoor man.

Stoeger's even evangelizes, in subtlest fashion, for the out-of-doors. Always in stock are phonograph records affording "Game and Outdoor Sound Effects" for use in radio programs, home plays or simply to satisfy the nostalgic. One hears the growls of bears, the howling and barking of coyotes and wolves, the call of geese, the sounds of coffee percolating and bacon frying, the sighs of night winds as around an old barn, the sounds of katydids and crickets, the mountain lion's snarling and they have an extensive line of books, covering everything from information about guns to how to cook in the open.

Stoeger's foreign guns included the German Luger, Mauser, Walther, Krieghoff and Mannlicher-Schoenauer (an Austrian make): the Belgian Browning and Zephyr; and the English Vickers, B.S.A., Rigby, Jeffery, Holland and Holland, Woodward, Powell, Stephen Grant & Joseph Lang, W. W. Greener and Webley. There was also the A. F. Stoeger, made to order in Europe. The most important American firearms are Winchester, Mossberg, Remington, Savage, Stevens, Parker, Harrington & Richardson, L. C. Smith, Fox, Lefever, High Standard, Ithaca, Iver Johnson, Western, Fulton, Smith & Wesson and Colt.

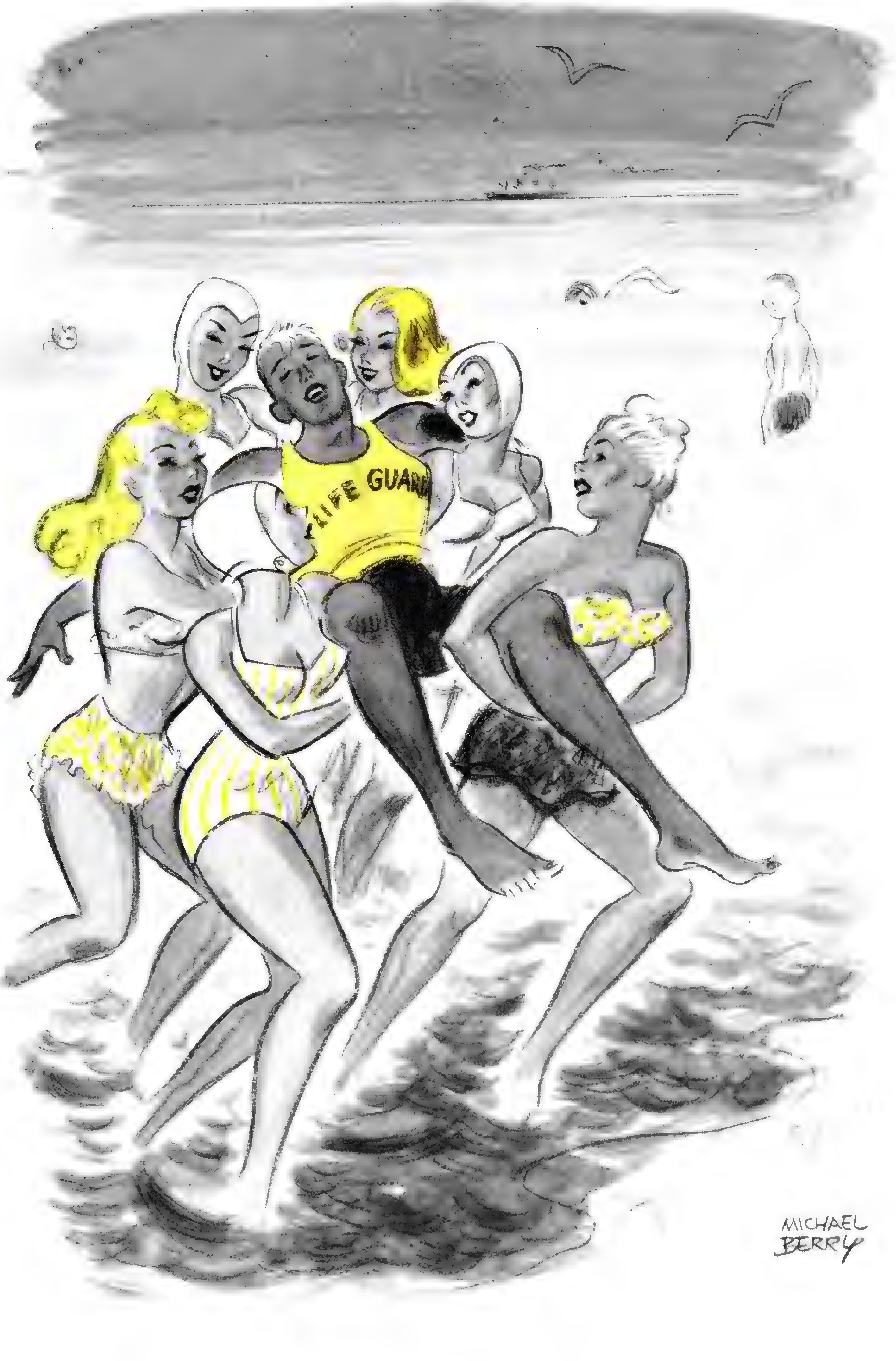
Stoeger says you have to spend $500 or more today for a good imported shotgun which before the war was available for $200. He considers American guns—obtainable today for about $100—by far the best for all purposes. A fine rifle can cost almost anything. As an example, a fine Rigby could be purchased for $1000 before the war. The price would be closer to $2400 today.

Stoeger's has abandoned some things and briskly introduced others. It has reintroduced the old American custom of gun swapping, which it embraced under the exigencies of war. So eagerly did shooters leap to the chance to cut down the cost of a new gun by swapping in an old one that the company will continue the department.

It abandoned medieval armor displayed in the *Bible* of 1935-40. It was advertised for "large homes and mansions as well as public buildings" where "a suit of armor is highly appropriate and lends an air of distinction and dignity." Stoeger's sold about six suits a year and seems uncertain why it was abandoned. It could be that they simply forgot it during wartime shortages and amidst the unending problems that come in the mails. There was, for instance, an old man who wrote of an ending life and his gun like this:

"I have a W. W. Greener double-barrel hammer shotgun that has seen hard service for 65 years. It was given to me forty years ago by the owner, a German rug and rice dealer, who traveled and hunted in the Far East. The gun was with him in the Boxer Rebellion. It was once worth $750, but now I am old and need the money. I will sell it for $50."

Now most shotguns over thirty years and all over fifty were made of Damascus steel, which makes them unsafe for modern ammunition, and the gun at best had only a collector's value. But any *Bible* reader would bet the Fifth Avenue building which houses the Stoeger Arms Corporation and all its dressing of rifles and foliage that Stoeger showed the old man how to get its full collector's value. ꟸ


LIFE GUARD
MICHAEL BERRY

North on the Parkway

Continued from page 49

dancing mists of heavier rain.

Ames glanced with alarm at the speedometer. The needle was climbing slowly toward eighty. Werner didn't change position. He looked like a man lulled half asleep by the food, the drinks and the blackness. Ames licked his dry lips and had his mouth half open to object to the speed when Werner glanced quickly over at him.

Werner looked back at the road and spoke slowly, a man talking half to himself. "I was glad when she died . . . my first wife . . . I knew that her greed had forced me into success . . . Two years later I found Elizabeth. First person I've never been able to control, to own. Now it's too late."

Ames shrank back into the corner. There was something so primitive and naked about Werner that he had the same feeling as he had once when standing close to the tiger cage at the park zoo. He knew that Werner had found out somehow.

"Inside I thought I could take anything, but I can't," Werner continued. "Somewhere there's a soft, rotten spot in me, in my pride. I can't play the role of disinterested spectator. And I can't kill her. I know that."

Ames sat and felt the heavy thud of his heart against his ribs. The speedometer went over eighty.

"So I kill a little bit of Elizabeth, Ames. I kill that part of her that lives in me and in you. Just say your prayers like a good little boy, while I look for a nice big tree that we can try to climb."

Ames was past coherent thought. He shrank back harder against the door. He felt the handle dig into his shoulder. Werner still slouched behind the wheel. Ames stared ahead and saw in the distant reach of the lights the fat white trunk of a whitewashed tree.

Werner turned and smiled at him. Ames reached convulsively for the door handle. He fell against the door and into the driving rain, into the blazing crash of nothingness—not once knowing, not once understanding.

The big car swerved and swayed dangerously as the rubber shrieked off, ground into blackened strips on the concrete.

Werner climbed out and walked stolidly back through the rain. He found the crushed bundle that had been Ames. He shoved and rolled it off onto the mud of the shoulder, then wiped his shoe on the wet, green grass. He turned his car around so that the lights shone on the quiet bundle.

As he walked toward the farmhouse lights he repeated softly to himself, "And I would guess that you'll find his fingerprints will be on the inside handle of the door. Must have gone out of his mind." He stuck his chest out and began to hum softly in rhythm with his steps. The rain felt chill and good on his cheeks. ⌗

The Dutch Treat Club

Continued from page 46

lisher of *Collier's*), Kent Cooper (head of the Associated Press), Russell Crouse, Frank Crowninshield, John Farrar, Ham Fisher, Paul Gallico, Jascha Heifetz, Rupert Hughes, H. V. Kaltenborn, Ogden Nash, Westbrook Pegler, Lanny Ross, James Cagney, Otto Soglow, Sigmund Spaeth, Lowell Thomas, De Witt Wallace (editor of *Reader's Digest*), Joe Williams, and Efrem Zimbalist.

Recent guests, who have been allowed to say sir when spoken to, receive the Dutch Treat insults, and entertain the membership, include Ilka Chase, Burl Ives, Max Lerner, Major Alex P. de Seversky, Zero Mostel, John Charles Thomas, Ezio Pinza, Osa Johnson, Sir Norman Angell, Victor Borge, David E. Lilienthal, Major General James H. Doolittle, Maurice Evans, Spruille Braden, Mitzi Green, Robert P. Patterson, Betty MacDonald, the Six Goldwyn Girls, and Herbert Hoover. Mr. Hoover was presented as "the old master of the food imbroglio."

The Old Master is now a member, listed among his fellow creative artists as "author and translator."

Like any other clubmen, the Dutch Treaters use their luncheons for the entertainment of out-of-town guests, who are allowed to goggle at more celebrities in an hour or so than they could clap eyes on in a month of nightclubbing. Editors entertain writers and writers entertain editors. It is one of the favorite legends of the club that it allows editors to move about in complete equality with writers. Writers frequently remind editors of this.

Aside from the weekly luncheon, the Dutch Treat indulges in no formal activity save for an annual show, a $15,000 to $20,000 revel from which women, as usual, are barred. Perusal of Dutch Treat show programs for the past forty years reveals that if the Dutch Treaters regard sex comically, they embrace it joyfully and consider it important. Judging from their illustrations, they are convinced that the most desirable female is smick-smack haunched, breasted like great handfuls of white grapes, and buff-naked. She is also willing.

A few remarks about the 1946 show should serve to inform readers concerning the nature of these frolics. On the evening of November 29, in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, before an audience of a thousand, including H.R.H., the Duke of Windsor, Mr. John Kieran attired himself in a red fright wig and impersonated a plumber in a whore house. He was brilliantly assisted by James Garrett Wallace, Cal Tinney, Frank Crowninshield, Wallace Cox, and Reinald Werrenrath. The play was by Rube Goldberg, directed by George Abbott. Original music for the entire show was written by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, II. The title of the Kieran starring skit was *Painting*, or, *Art for Tart's Sake*.

"Gentlemen, today I should like to speak briefly on percussion instruments"

Coincident with the show, there appears each year the annual Dutch Treat Book, an elegantly printed and bound volume in which artists and writers who have been performing for the trade all year give full cry to the diapason of their talents. The artists run to nekkedness. The poets, such as Ogden Nash, woo a wanton muse. The writers range happily from politics to pornography (if that's any kind of a gamut), and are sometimes frankly sentimental.

The high-priced names appearing in any annual would probably exhaust the budget of any national magazine, but no magazine comes to mind that could publish more than a small percentage of Dutch Treat wisdom.

All of this educated prankishness, as a matter of fact, does have one serious side. It turns out that a special committee possesses authority to distribute a fund, used to help needy members, to which contributions are made at will. Inquiries from the board of directors about what goes with this money are met with the advice that the board can go to hell. No member, or outsider, for that matter, has ever been able to puncture this decent respect for a fellow who's had tough luck.

The Dutch Treat Club was conceived in 1905, aboard a Lackawanna commuting train. George Mallon, day city editor of the *Sun*, Tom Masson, editor of the old *Life*, and Robert Sterling Yard, a *Sun* man, are alleged to have sired it, out of the old Cloister Club. James Montgomery Flagg, Rupert Hughes, Frank Crowninshield, Charles Hanson Towne, Charles G. Norris, Will and Wallace Irwin, Joseph C. Lincoln, Ellis Parker Butler, Grantland Rice, and Julian Street were among the first members. With Masson as first president, the happy habit of shirt-puncturing, stuffed or soiled, was initiated and carried on by Mallon, Flagg, Kelland, and Vir Den.

For some years, during Mr. Flagg's incumbency, most of the members were either Flagg's personal friends or art editors who liked his drawings. It was not good form or good sense to submit the name of a Flagg competitor for membership. It was during this era that the club set its astringent tone for good and all at a dinner for the celebrated Britisher, Arnold Bennett. Mr. Bennett and the Dutch Treaters immediately detested each other, and said so. Mr. Bennett departed bitterly when a waiter presented him with a check for his meal.

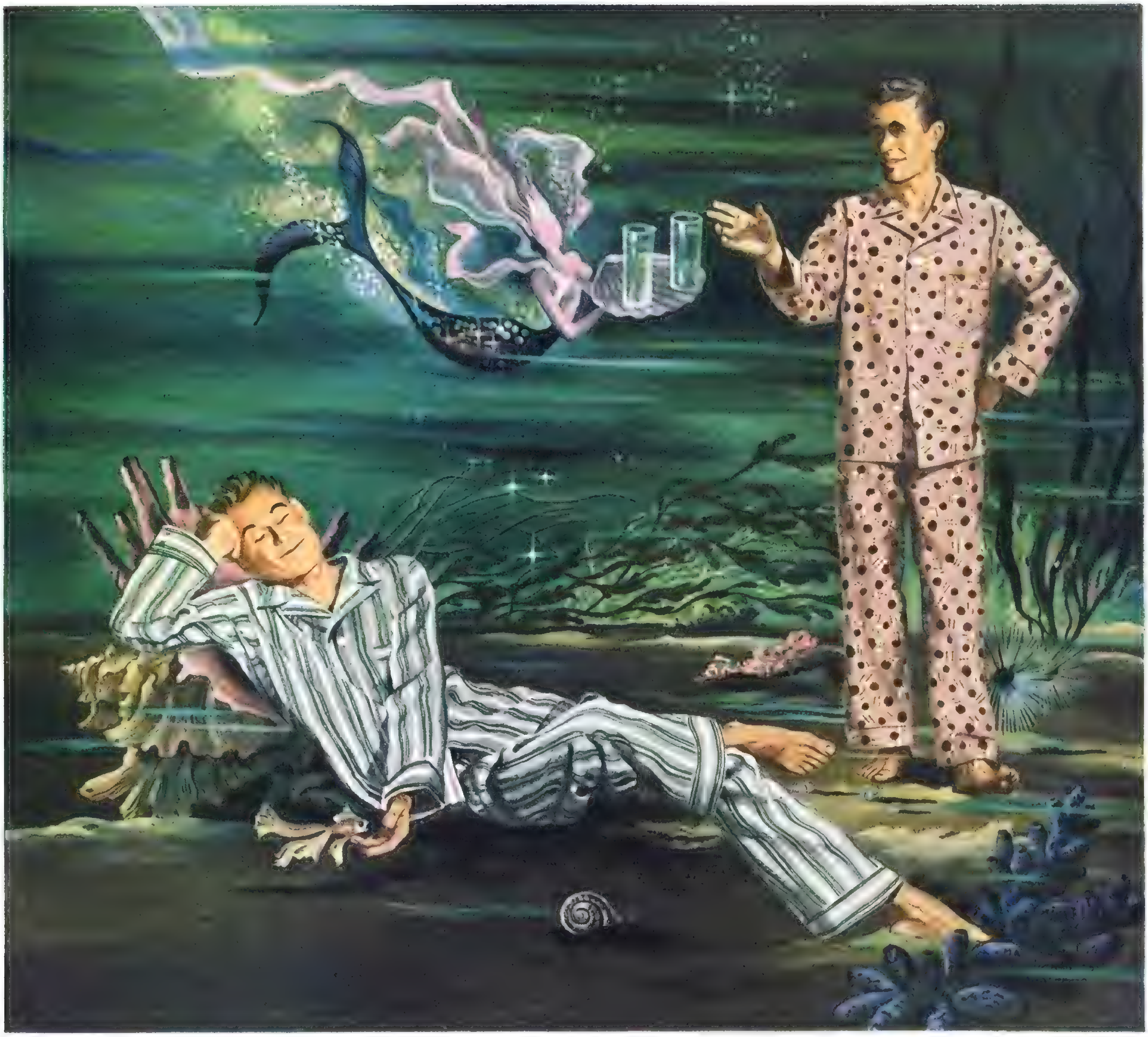
The club has been broken up twice, once when Mr. Flagg took himself out, astride a huff. The following Tuesday only three members showed up. They were unterrified, elected William A. Rogers, a *Herald* cartoonist, as president, and re-formed the Dutch Treat entirely from applicants whose membership had been denied during the years Flagg was in office.

Later, George Sylvester Viereck, recently celebrated for some unsavory activities during the war, created a contretemps. He was admitted to membership as a writing man, and at once made so much sour conversation in so loud a voice that association with him was unendurable.

Since there was no constitution, no bylaws and no rules whatsoever in the Dutch Treat, there was no possible way either to deal with or to expel Mr. Viereck. But there was a way out. The Dutch Treat disbanded, canceled itself out completely—vanished for one week. It then reorganized without Viereck. It has been prudent about new members since, and has not had to disband.

Most of the Presidents of the United States have attended Dutch Treat affairs during the past twenty years or so. Mr. Coolidge was once present. He sat pucker-mouthed through one of the most robust and ribald shows in Dutch Treat history, as calm as a Sioux at the stake. One member wondered if Coolidge had been weaned in an icebox. Before the evening was over, however, he spoke, and the Dutch Treaters hung on his words, and preserved them. He said:

"It is interesting to see what the American people laugh at." ⌗



Shorts, 30 to 44 . . . Striped Cotton, $1.25
Figured Rayon, $1.75

Pajamas, A to D . . . Figured Rayon, $7—Striped Cotton, $5

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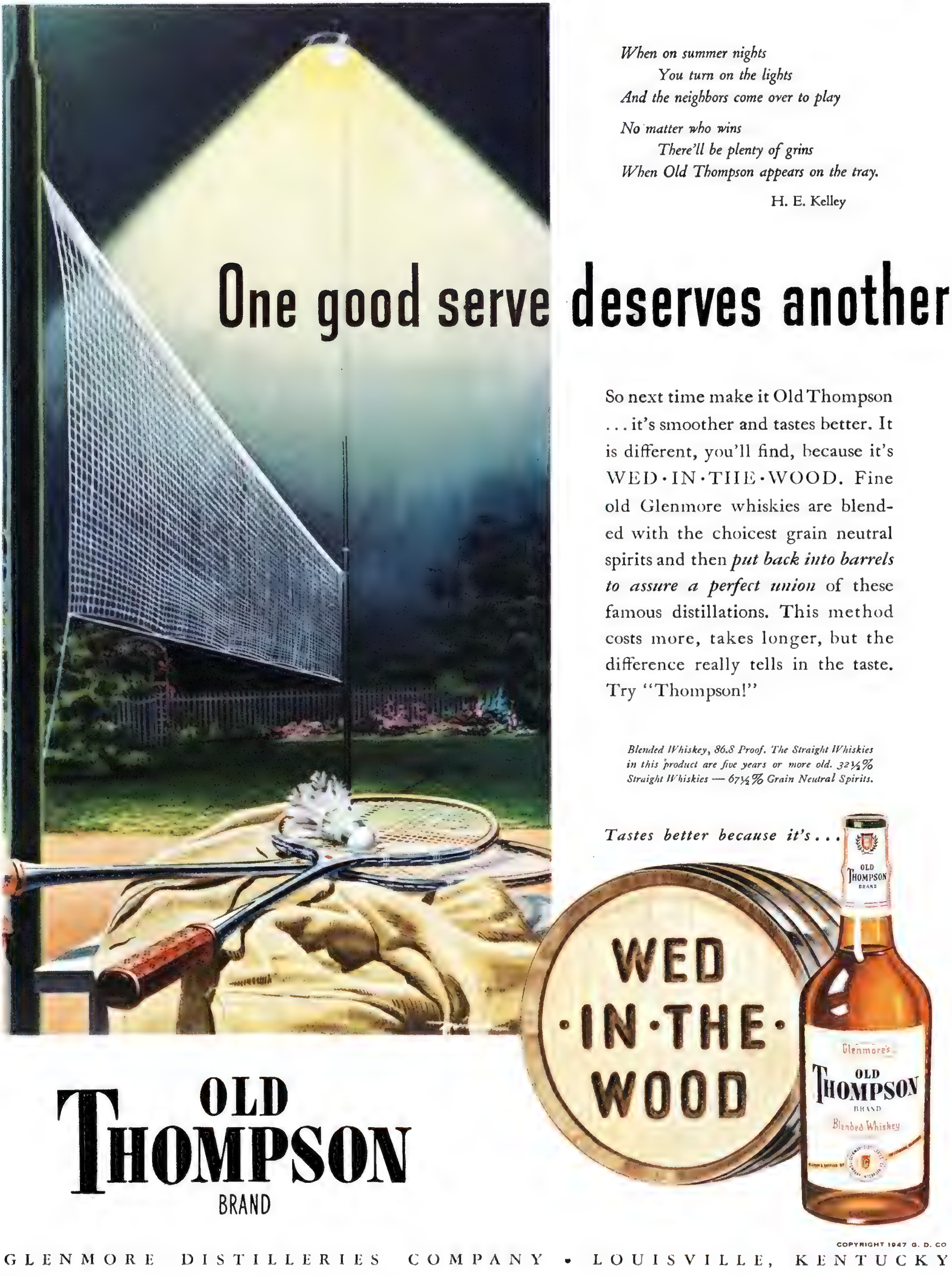

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The Mad Matador

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a soft touch. He has given wrist watches worth hundreds of pesos as gifts to *novilleros* who dedicate brave bulls to him. Once a photographer met him on the street and showed him a tiny negative of the great action picture of an incomparable Procuna pass. "This is a masterpiece of great worth," Procuna said, and handed him a 1,000 peso note. The lucky cameraman blew the photo up to life-size and presented the jumbo copy to the matador. That night the picture was admired by a visitor. "Take it home with you," said Procuna.

Procuna is strictly a family man. Although not the eldest son, since the death of his mother he has been head of all the Procunas. Numerous nieces, nephews, brothers and sisters-in-law, and others live in a home provided by him.

I was with him one Saturday night before an important fight. A sizable crowd paced outside the house, like throngs before Number 10 Downing Street during England's diplomatic crises. Luis ignored them, heard the children's prayers, ruled on who could go where and for how long, and saw them all safely in bed before he lighted the candles in front of the picture of Our Sacred Lady of Guadalupe and lay down to rest.

The next day he had indifferent success and the commentators said it was because of the cowardly bulls. Any other matador de toros would have accepted such a convenient explanation. "I simply missed a wave," was Procuna's explanation. Diligent questioning in Spanish brought out that this missing wave was in the Master's thought processes. Procuna never berates the bulls and has no theory worked out for quick and easy domination of the fighting animals. Some of the other headliners can make it sound easy.

Perhaps the greatest living matador, Manolete, the Spaniard known as The Monster because he fights each bull as though it were the last to be killed on earth, recently told me in Mexico that he practically mesmerizes the beast. Any movement at all incites a fighting bull's charge, Manolete explained, and that's why they'll charge falling leaves, but never attack a tree. Therefore, if you would fight bulls, you emulate the immobility of the tree and let the cape play the role of the leaves.

"When I go in the ring I concentrate on the bull's eyes," the great torero said. "I insist on there being no distractions for the bull and as much as possible I am alone in the ring with him. With my eyes boring in on his I keep his mind occupied. Then I teach him to charge by moving the cape, and I never, never move my feet. Because if a fighter moves his feet the bull says, 'Ah, I'm getting hot; I made him shift about.' But if you don't move, the bull gets discouraged and says, 'I guess I'm the fool around here.' . . . When I have him in the middle of the discouragement, with his head down, I have taught him the fight is either for him or me, and I am the better."

But Procuna is a creature of whims—and "waves." He says, "I only do what comes out of me at the moment.

"Sometimes I leave home for the bull ring whistling. I'm that happy. Then maybe I'll see something, a bad black cat perhaps. Or maybe a person will tell me a sad story, which will make all the difference. How can you tell, though, because later you may think of something pleasant, or remember how the birds sing in the country, and it may be pleasant. But then again the bull may remind you of something which gives you unpleasant memories, so you can't fight well. Also I have certain suits which I should never wear because they are bad luck. There is one black and gold one. It cost me 3,000 pesos, but to you I would gladly give it except that, my friend, I wish you no bad luck. No, I can't be sure what I will do because I can only do what I feel, and how can I tell when the terribles will come in my thinking?"

When he has "the terribles" the audience demonstrates anger. When he misses a "wave" they present him with a wave of cushions. Once he stood calmly by while they used those cushions to barbecue a bull in the ring, but that was principally in protest against the animal's size, which was small, and the arrogance of the breeder, which was enormous. Once Procuna just stood and watched three bulls at Puebla, until one by one the officials sent them back to the pens. "It was that suit," Procuna said. "I told them not to pack that black and gold suit, but they placed only it in the valise and defeated me."

Soon after, he fought a small but determined bull for the pleasure of Mexico City newspapermen. The miniature fighting beast chased him out of the ring and gored him. Procuna announced that he would retire from the ring. "That little one gave me the evil eye," he said as he was carted off to the infirmary. Luis Solana, editor of the fan magazine, *Multitudes*, himself a disappointed bullfighter, convinced Procuna it wasn't necessarily so. The next Sunday Solana's father, the critic known as Verduguillo, saw Procuna's first bull roar into the ring and told his fellow writers: "We shall soon know whether Procuna is a genius or a clown." The vacillating torero had an almost perfect day and was awarded two bull's ears, in praise.

He made a triumphal tour of South America and upon his reappearance in Mexico City found the ring festooned with flowers in his honor. The band played *A March For Procuna the Brave* instead of the traditional opening music. Without taking off his beautiful formal cape, Procuna was given permission to tour the ring to the almost tearful plaudits of the crowd. After that the very first bull chased him ignominiously out of the ring. Officials finally were forced to send it to the pens unscathed. As Luis was being pelted with pillows a philosopher was heard to remark, "Anyway, with Procuna things may be shocking, but never dull."

Uncertain would probably be a better word for it. When the crowd adds to his sadness by whistling, Luis is just as likely to kill the bull at once, instead of giving the crowd ten minutes of thrilling cape work. Chindete, his faithful sword handler, once drew for Procuna one very large bull and a very small one. He was, of course, expected to do great things with the small one and be content with the best which eventuated out of his encounter with the large one. But in the time of the largest of these he brought the spectators to their feet yelling their appreciative, "OH-lay, OH-lay!" And they demanded for him an ear and the tail of the beast, a signal honor. And later he just stood and looked at the small bull until the bugles blew and presiding authorities allowed the animal to leave the ring. This despite his brother's pleadings and original prayers, which could be heard all over El Toreo. "If he's so easy why don't you kill him yourself?" Luis yelled at Angel. And the crowd roared.

Sometimes the *gremlinos* annoy Luis. There is the matter of his placing of the *banderillas*, those decorated darts which always should be placed close together near the bull's shoulder blades. From the very start of his career Procuna had been expert with them. Such a man, having nothing in his hands with which to make the bull swerve, can make a very emotional thing out of a brave and correct placement of these goads, the *banderillo* giving the impression that he escaped being impaled on the horns by only a fraction of an inch. Especially Procuna. He had, furthermore, worked out several routines, some of which rolled into his mind on a wave, and for two years he wielded perfect "pairs."

Came the *gremlinos* and one afternoon he placed three pairs of *banderillas* in such erratic fashion that no two darts were within a yard of each other.

On the other hand, Procuna's habit of doing whatever seems to be a good idea at the moment has resulted in some contributions to the ring routine and even some honors for himself. There is the matter of the now-famous *Procunazo*, which as you see was named after him, and which is now a recognized part of fighting. Procuna originated it without thinking. It came about because the heavy sword, first used in the fighting for spreading the short cape to its fullest, and therefore most protective dimensions, annoys him. Other matadors frequently use a light aluminum sword until time comes to kill the bull, when they exchange it for a regulation weapon. Not so Procuna. He has a favorite, lucky sword which he uses throughout. But it is heavy. When his right wrist got tired he merely crossed it over the left one, so both could carry the weight. Thus he was forced to spread the *muleta* with the sword in front of its folds, toward the bull, exactly opposite to the usual fashion. Then he used both hands in manipulating the flaming red cloth, but, since he was restricted like a batter in baseball who uses the cross-handed grip, about all he could do was dip it, slowly and gracefully. It was striking, and proved, as one critic wrote, "There may be better bullfighters than Procuna, but there are none who can fight more beautifully."

Competing with the great Armillita for the title of the best fighter of the year, Procuna startled the crowd by suddenly tossing the sword away and fighting the bull with the left hand, using only one half of the small cape. This and the *Procunazo* and other screwball movements, such as fluttering the cape disdainfully over his arm like an angry dowager tossing a mink scarf shoulderwise, won him the title. Later he explained things. "The sword was too heavy."

Anyone who knows will tell you that there are certain conditions which govern what you can do while in the ring with a dangerous and wounded beast, that you can't fight them tailor-made to request. Yet Procuna has done just that. For a movie scene he did exactly as the director directed, making the animal adjust himself to close-ups and long shots and whatever else the director thought up.

He was one of the most eligible young men in all Latin America until his recent marriage to the niece of the former president of Nicaragua. Now he is studying English so he can talk directly to the Americans who are so interested in his art. He has moved out of the garish Procuna home which was furnished half in ancient Spanish and half in modern style, because he and his brother, Angel, couldn't agree; the house where the heads of five bulls sniff down from the walls, where his $10,000 stock of breeches, coats and cloaks were neatly racked with his favorite sword, the Toledo blade he'll risk his life to retrieve from a wounded bull so as to dispatch it with luck.

The reception room of this home is dominated by a painting of Procuna's mother, a fat and jolly woman of great dimensions. His mother, Amparo Montes, who once played the guitar and ate burning matches for the jollification of matadors, never suspected that little Luis would want to fight bulls. Angel, four years old-

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The Mad Matador

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er, talked about it, practiced at school, and she was resigned to his spending a few years of danger in the ring.

It was strange she never heard that Luis was the most regular customer in the Mexico City bull ring Bastille, that tiny cubicle behind the scenes under the stands which is reserved for young boys who try to get in without the formality of buying a ticket. Procuna's name is on its walls, along with that of many another young man who rose to fame in the nearby ring. It was there Procuna first developed a liking for the great torero Garza, because it was El Magnifico's custom, while en route to the ring, to peer in there and demand the release of the boys or else he wouldn't fight.

By this time Angel was being invited out of town to compete with other would-be toreros at fiestas. He was forced to hitchhike and Luis was asked along because he had an asset which helped in "thumbing," this same skunklock which attracted attention in the ring and movies. Once at Tres Marias, Angel was knocked flat by a precocious young bull. In brotherly tradition, Luis shouted from the stands that it was perfectly apparent to him what Angel should have been doing to handle the situation. Angel, ungrateful, suggested that if Luis knew the answers he might stoop to a demonstration. So Luis went down into the sand, in the sun, and drew his first blood eventually. But first he caused the bull to hurtle past his motionless feet in three or four almost perfect passes. Then he cited the bull, saw it begin the charge and, keeping his gaze on his brother while the bull grazed past his body, said, "Watch this, see something, make your notes. I'll bet 1,500 pesos I'll be a better matador than you will." And he went through the afternoon without a look at the horns. Thus, at fifteen, he killed his first bull like a veteran, won an ear, and a great torero was born.

When word came to Mother Montes that her son was fighting bulls she took him into the Mexican equivalent of the woodshed and said: "When you risk your life, my baby, it hurts me very much. But I know you will do it. Since my grief will be enormous, you must be the very best bullfighter of all times. To insure this, every time you come home without the bull's ear the door will be locked from the inside."

That threat didn't bother Luis as much as the mere thought that the bull rings themselves seemed likely to be locked against him. He sold *tacos* in the San Juan market and dreamed so much his mother boxed his ears for his absent-minded generosity with the meat filler. He violated another good business principle; he strayed from the "office" during working hours. He hitchhiked to *corridas*, crashed the gate and, while indulgent members of *cuadrillas* looked the other way, slipped out from behind the barrier boards and made passes at the bull.

In Mexico City he limited his appearances to the ring known as Placida Ford, a ramshackle affair of nonregulation size down by the Ford plant. Amateurs could strike a deal with the impresarios. You sold fifty tickets and you could fight a bull. Luis developed a smoothness with the tourists around big hotels. He hinted that big-name toreros had too much investment to risk themselves much; that the situation was the opposite among the *novilleros*. When the customer bought and then asked who was going to fight, Luis always answered, "Me," then strolled away before the buyer had recovered. Selling the tickets wasn't his only worry. He had to rent clothing, swords and capes. He visited writers' sanctuaries, and told them amusing stories about how he always felt bigger in the ring than any bull, inviting them to see his next performance, which they declined. They were working the same side of the street, getting a few pesos here and there from bullfighters and devotees so they could continue indulging their passion for the ring. One romantic who listened was the aforementioned Luis Solana, editor of *Multitudes*, son of the critic Verduguillo.

"He told me the truth," the editor recalls. "He told me he was often afraid of the bulls, and when he was afraid of them he wouldn't fight them. Yet I saw that in the presence of death he had more *casta* than anyone else I had ever seen in the ring. He would shake hands, say hello, and not see me. If you knew the ring, you knew he belonged in there as the bulls' mortal enemy and I told my father about him."

At this time Solana Senior got to reminiscing in print about the great days of the bull ring and convinced himself that a renaissance of the art was called for. He organized Thursday fights in the big Mexico City bull ring, as he announced, "to develop young talent as matadors de toros," and incidentally, as he did not mention, to turn an honest peso. So when young Luis Solana thought of young Luis Procuna and convinced his dad here was promising talent, Señor Solana took the matter up with his brother impresarios. They agreed Luis could wave a cape at a certain bull which they, unfortunately, must have purchased on a day of total eclipse. This monster, one-and-a-half times the size of most fighting bulls and possessed of gross horns, gross hatreds and gross habits, had been around so long that it was said of him, "He speaks Latin."

For this fight, Luis, whose father had been a matador without legalistic inclinations, took another family name, Procuna, and it was duly emblazoned on the announcement sheets. But when he showed up at El Toreo in his finest borrowed and rented raiment, he was rebuffed.

"Look Cachito, Little Piece," they told him, "this is a formal fight in the largest ring in the world. You can't crash your way in here. Down in Guadalajara it was all right, but not here."

"But," said Luis, "I'm fighting today. Look at the announcements. Luis Procuna. That's me."

They waved him away, laughing heartily, for this was the most novel excuse he'd ever made. When Luis Solana arrived he supplied an okay. Once in, Procuna thrilled the crowd so they wouldn't forget his identity and it would be easier for him to get in to his own bullfights. Although gored, he scored sensationally with the fans. Then he went to the hospital. Within half an hour he was besieged with offers to fight again that coming Sunday. He accepted, for 10,000 pesos, a price which some successful matadors never receive for a single fight. And he was again a great success. Impresarios soon learned that whenever Procuna was to fight they were assured of a crowd. There were many reasons for this. Americans, particularly, loved his unpredictable style. To Mexican women he was an attraction such as Clark Gable would be if he were to play a championship tennis match with Robert Taylor. They admired his good looks and Mexican men hated him for that. But some men came because they could look at Procuna and imagine themselves in his place, handsome and sometimes brave; others because they thought he would, perhaps, do something new, and still others because if the Wisenheimer of the Ring was going to get his neck broken, they wanted to be there and see the happy event. So Procuna was a smash hit at the box office.

Gone at once was the nickname Cachito. His brother Angel gave up the ring to head Luis' *cuadrilla* and became his manager. By that act he admitted the loss of the wager made when Luis first took the cape from his hands at Tres Marias. (Luis succeeded in collecting the money only recently—by deducting it from Angel's ten per cent commission.) Angel has proved an excellent manager and when his brother is gored, dashes barehanded into the ring in street clothes, prepared, as a last resort, to bite the bull. He has brought on desperate foot races with several of them in this fashion, and somehow has escaped, even though he conscientiously does the drinking, gambling and general carousing for the entire Procuna family. When questioned too closely about family finances he threatens to quit, and it's a rare aficionado who hasn't heard this suggestion hastily turned down by brother Luis, who doesn't know how people can deal with all those figures, since, in just counting to a hundred, no two of them are alike.

And by now Procuna's funds take much management. He receives 30,000 pesetas, and sometimes more, for an afternoon. With his first large sums he bought his mother diamond-studded earrings at 10,000 pesetas apiece, and otherwise indulged her, which could have become a career in itself. For his personal use he bought a 1925 Chevrolet which he painted white and black, Procuna style. Then he mounted a huge spittoon on the running board and painted "Cachito" across the top of the windshield. As his fortunes grew the Procuna fleet of cars increased to five, the others being limousines and special models, but Luis still loves, and drives, Cachito. The car is so familiar and famous he has refused several large offers for it. He calls it his chevvy-ro-let, and told me he'd rather drive it than the specially built Lincoln for which he paid Cantinflas, the famous Mexican comedian, 35,000 pesos. Once a delegation of prominent people met him at the airport with a column of limousines, one of which he was supposed to ride into town by sitting on the top of the rear seat, à la Lindbergh. He greeted the committee heartily, shook hands all around, then slid under the wheel of Cachito and drove away.

It took him a week to drive this car to Guadalajara, a trip of a few hours by airplane or a few more in one of his high-powered automobiles.

Like all matadors, he has one favorite chapel of miracles, which in his case is the Church of Señora de Chalma, and he makes his annual pilgrimage in the ancient jalopy. When not fighting he puts a sleeping roll in the back seat and drives alone to whatever small village has a *corrida*, and then he sees the bullfight clearly enough to give out advice to whoever is in the ring. There has been, in fact, only one occasion when he liked another car better than Cachito. For this, which got to be something of a ceremony, he needed the flashiest limousine in his garage. While a bachelor, he drove regularly up to a fashionable home and honked some of the numerous horns on his sumptuous equipage. A pretty señorita looked out, hastily primped and rushed to the curb. Just as she reached daintily for the door handle, Luis used to drive on. For this was the girl he used to ask in vain for dates when he was selling *tacos* at a penny each, four years ago.

Maybe it's too revealing of me, but I don't think he was ever funnier, unless it was the time he turned his back on a bull and had the seat of his fancy pants removed as the huge form hurtled past his buttocks. "What happened?" I asked him. "Oh, I just lost a wave," he said. #

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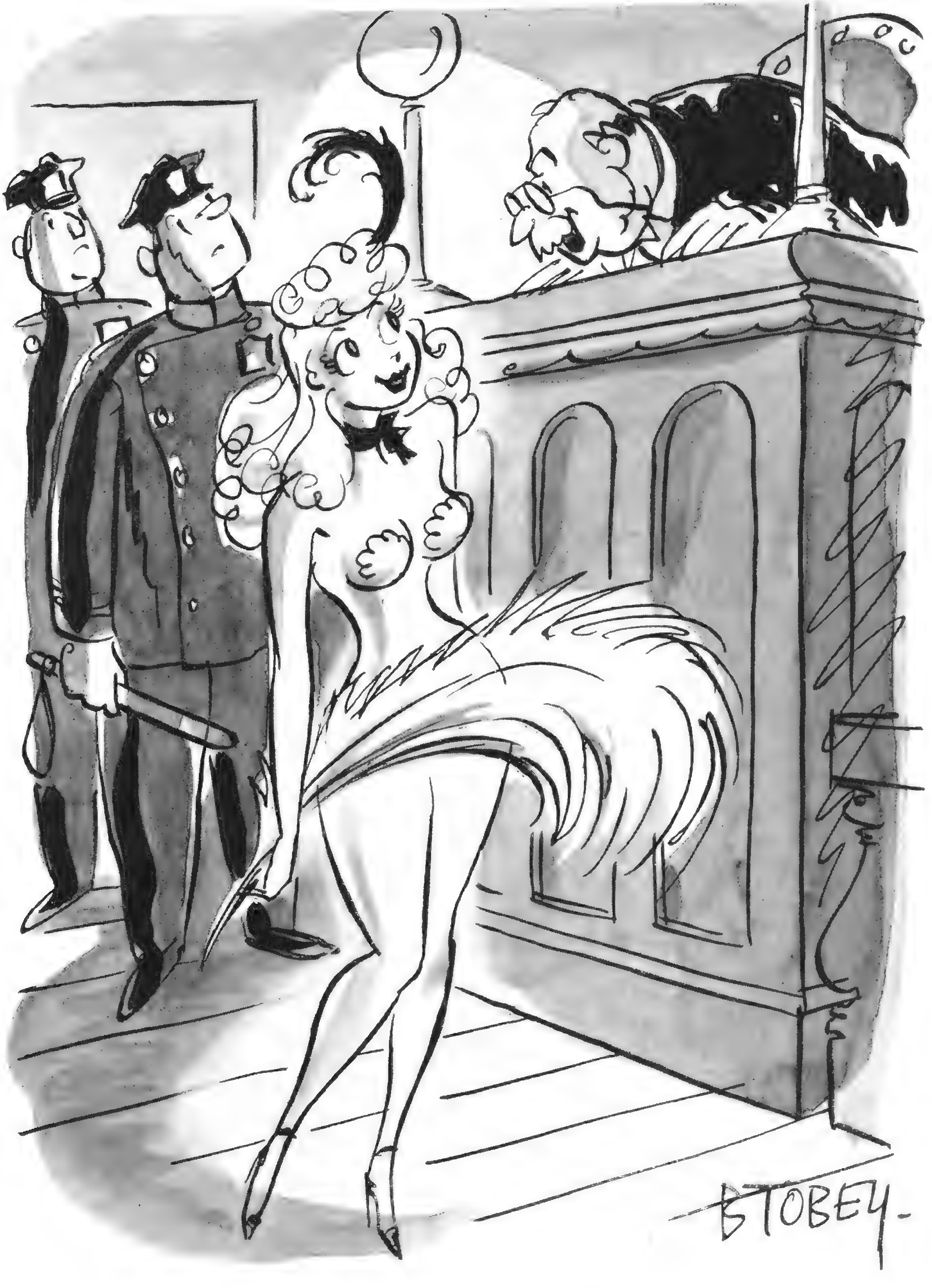

"My, my, little Fanny Starr—I knew your mother well"

The Muse Discards Her Mask

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> does not mean that artists so employed should become servile tools or prostitutes for these exploiters, as unfortunately many do. On the contrary, the progressive artists have a double responsibility. Not only should they actively cultivate every form of independent artistic activity, but they should also fight, as workers do in capitalist industry, to make their democratic influence felt in the commercialized cultural organizations. The fact that capitalists, through their commercialized art forms, have to appeal, for profit's sake, to the broadest ranks of the people, makes these forms especially vulnerable to ideological and organizational pressure, as much experience demonstrates."

As a Communist, Mr. Foster has his own concept of what constitutes "democratic influence." This is explained in Joseph Stalin's *The Foundations of Leninism*:

> "The dictatorship of the proletariat cannot be 'complete' democracy for *all*, for the rich as well as for the poor; the dictatorship of the proletariat 'must be a state that is democratic *in a new way—for* the proletarians and the propertyless in general—and dictatorial *in a new way—against* the bourgeoisie . . . ' Briefly: the *dictatorship of the proletariat is the rule—unrestricted by law and based on force—of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie.* . . . The dictatorship of the proletariat cannot arise as the result of the peaceful development of bourgeois society and of bourgeois democracy." (The italics are Stalin's.)

Until *The Businessman Cometh* and *Close-up of Democracy* were published in the March and May issues of Esquire there had been no public enumeration of the number of American motion pictures containing concealed propaganda for the class war. The list was a frightening one. Since few producers read either *The New Masses* or *The Foundations of Leninism*, most studio heads had not realized the efficiency with which Mr. Foster's followers were doctoring movie scripts to carry out the plans of Mr. Stalin. Now that they know, all producers are making a wholehearted effort to correct matters. The day of the concealed "message" is over. This is the most stimulating news to come out of Hollywood in years.

Since Russian movies freely are admitted to this country (though the Soviets accept few of ours) pro-Communist films still will be seen on Yankee screens. There even may be some pro-Communist pictures made in Hollywood. But they will be plainly labeled as such. No one can object to that. If democracy can't compete in the open market of ideas, it isn't worth preserving. But it's exhilarating to know that the market, from now on, will be an open one. And that the dramatic muse no longer will be a saleslady for a secret bill of goods.

Possessed

It is possible to go nuts without entering the field of international politics. And to be proud of it. Many a private citizen peacocks in dementia praecox. Humanity is the raw material of drama and sometimes it gets pretty raw. *Possessed* deals with one of the basic traits of human nature—a woman's insistence on her private ownership of a man. Impelled by an uncontrollable nesting instinct, the heroine of this picture hatches a litter of vipers. Her love, gone berserk, ends the life of one man and ruins the life of another. It's no midsummer idyl, but it's exciting. And it should be a warning to all foolhardy bucks who think it's safe to "love 'em and leave 'em." This film is a thoroughly adult study of an antiromantic character, the woman who won't take "no" for an answer. It required great courage for Joan Crawford to play it and for Warner Brothers to produce it. The screen's never exhibited so ruthless a study of an undisciplined mind at work. It reveals, in fiercely uncompromising terms, the anatomy of a warped personality. Starkness is undiluted by any sentimentality. The spectator pities the heroine as a god might pity an accursed or blundering mortal. But there is no soft-lighting or special pleading. Here is a picture for adults who don't leave their brains at home when they go to the movies.

It is Warner Brothers' resounding refutation of the silly argument that there can be no great drama without "Marxian interpretation." Such a concept would rule out *Hamlet*. In *Possessed* human nature is subjected to no ideological strait jacket, but to the interpretive talents of a group of artists who look with free and probing eyes upon the complex machine called man.

Silvia Richards and Ranald MacDougall have produced a script embarrassed by but one duplication and coincidence. In the opening sequences, Raymond Massey is shown as the husband of a neurotic wife, who is attended by a neurotic nurse. This gives houseroom to a double dose of psychosis. After the wife has committed suicide the husband marries the nurse (Miss Crawford). From then on his life resembles the Marquis de Sade's idea of an informal little evening at home. Massey is thus presented as a two-time loser in the matrimonial sweepstakes and a study of his home life should produce more hermits than the caves of this country will accommodate. Raymond hasn't had such a tough time since the movie Civil War, when he was hung as John Brown and shot as Abe Lincoln. Cupid and psyche make a bad team.

But once the scenarists have warmed up the motor of their plot, they develop their theme with impressive power. Van Heflin plays a mathematician who finds poison ivy in Miss Crawford's clinging vine. After an affair, during which he made no promises of marriage, he tells her quite honestly that he's fallen out of love with her. This inaugurates a frightful game of truth and consequences. He'd have been luckier if he'd fallen out of an airplane.

The woman can't believe the simple fact that his ardor has grown arctic. There has to be some reason—other than her own female inadequacy. Deciding that the mathematician would love her if her income ran into five figures, she marries her wealthy employer. But the man she hoped to win with compound interest also has a knowledge of geometry. He knows that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points; he makes a beeline for the rich man's daughter.

Faced with the repeated frustration of all her plans, the heroine becomes a complete schizophrenic. Identifying her secret desires with events that never existed, she acquires a guilt complex about the first wife's death. Her tortured soul is haunted by the spectral accusations of the woman she believes she murdered. Finally, filled with the delusions of martyrdom and an insane desire for dominance, she murders the man on whom she has fixed the tentacles of her sick affections.

All movie critics curse the evil day American educators inaugurated courses in "Psychology 2-S" in the high schools. Since then, no pundit has been able to comment on celluloid dementia without becoming embroiled in fiery disputes of diagnosis with countless freshmen Jungs and Adlers. So here and now I declare myself disqualified for such wholesale controversy. During my salad days I failed to make the debate team at Westport High School—and it would be false pride for me to try to take on all the knee-pants logicians of the continent now that my days have fallen into sere and yellow.

I can review Miss Crawford's performance neither from the standpoint of the brain specialist nor from that of the lunatic. (Of course, this last may be a personal and self-flattering opinion.) But, as a newspaperman, I've covered many courtrooms and the psycho wards of a number of county hospitals. With this background, I am able to say that Miss Crawford's performance bears a frightening resemblance to the behavior of several unfortunate ladies whom I have observed after the community's thrown a net over them.

From a dramatic standpoint, she gives a great performance. This woman, who was declared washed up by Hollywood three years ago, may well be the greatest movie actress of our time. She takes parts no other trouper would tackle. And she makes them memorable. She won a well-deserved Oscar in *Mildred Pierce* by portraying a woman who attempted to live by the business and moral codes of a man. In *Humoresque* she presented a character study of a moody sensationalist that would have done credit to a great novel. And in *Possessed* she harries the beholder with a fury-driven figure that seems a modern counterpart of Greek tragedy.

All of these unusual roles were supplied by Jerry Wald, her producer, who deserves a large share in her triumph. Hollywood has made its cracks at Jerry and he's survived them all by dint of quietly persistent efficiency. The strong theatrical concepts that he creates scarcely could originate in the type of producer brain described in *What Makes Sammy Run?*

Mr. Heflin, on loan-out from Metro, repeats the type of gutty performance he vitalized the screen with in *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*. He made that while on loan-out at Paramount. For some reason, his home lot always casts him as the sweet old friend of the hero. Maybe Van should get the Metro casting director a pass to a Warner's theatre. Stanley Ridges plays a tired and overworked county doctor with a distinction that makes a small role a masterpiece. Geraldine Brooks, a product of the New

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It takes the middle out of middle age

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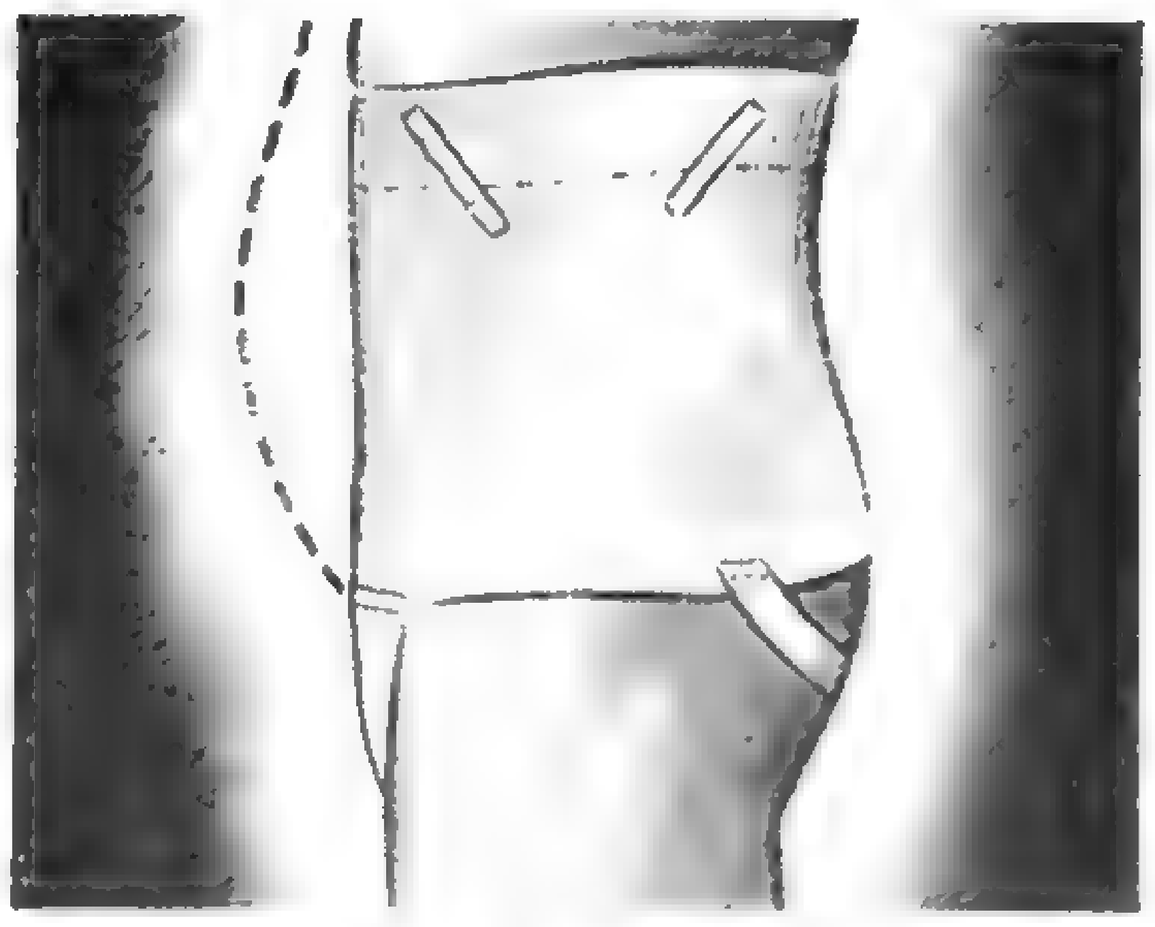

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The dotted line charts the telltale abdominal slump of many men past 30. Note how the Chesterfield corrects this unsightly bulge—streamlines the figure. You can see how much it improves posture—helping to reduce fatigue.

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Blackie:

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Whitey:

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"BLACK & WHITE"

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The Muse Discards Her Mask

Continued from page 112

York elocution mills, is excellent as Massey's daughter. She plays a sweet little girl, and for a time the director, Curtis Bernhardt, almost went psycho trying to get her to talk like one. She'd brought a phony Katy Hepburn accent west with her and she was loathe to check it at the Warner's front entrance. After awhile Bernhardt got her to see that acting natural also was acting. It just shows what patience and a little kindness can accomplish. This department has made some snide remarks concerning Mr. Bernhardt's work in recent months. But the time has come to eat those words. His handling of *Possessed* is sure and powerful. That rumble you hear from the west is caused by critical digestion.

The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer

This individualistic comic masterpiece deals with the failure of collectivised necking. Cary Grant supplies the neck that almost breaks under the congested embraces of Myrna Loy and Shirley Temple. A critic can dismiss *The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer* with: "GO SEE IT." It's one of the happiest of the season's comedies and as appropriate to August relaxation as a mint julep and a porch swing.

Like *Possessed*, this tale tells of a male refugee from female adoration. But the tone is much more whimsical. This time the fair pursuer isn't balmy; she's just too youthful—which almost amounts to the same thing.

Cary is the thirty-year-old hero and Shirley is the kid who can't realize that he'll never reach the age of consent—as far as she is concerned. He portrays an artist with an aptitude for café brawls, and complications start when he makes a speech at a high-school assembly. Shirley gets a crush on him and sneaks into his apartment, hoping to become his model. The fact that he is far from interested in Shirley doesn't keep him from being arrested—as an adult delinquent. As a follower of café society he finds the youth movement more perilous than the hip movement. By this time, infant damnation is his favorite moral credo and the massacre of the innocents is his favorite historical event.

While he's in such a frame of mind a female judge (Miss Loy) conspires with a pipsqueak prosecutor (Rudy Vallee) in order to make him start dating the child so that she'll "get over him." They go on the theory that proximity will bring repulsion. This reflection on Cary's masculine glamour is the unkindest cut of all. He is consoled by what happens to Myrna. With her, familiarity breeds contentment. While watching him eat banana splits with Shirley and risking his neck in juvenile sack races, the lady judge begins to wish she could issue a bench warrant to get him into a love seat with herself. One laugh follows another from fade-in to fade-out.

I won't spoil the fun by repeating the gags. However, those interested in film craftsmanship can profit by studying the way the producer, Dore Schary, solved his production problems. Fundamentally, *The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer* is a contrived comedy that would have been ruined if the audience took time out to consider its improbabilities. Either the slow pace of *Dear Ruth* or the frenzied farce of *The Doughgirls* would have killed it. Schary keeps his scenes moving at a fast clip, but not too fast to let the laughs register. There is a delightful interlude in which the lovesick Miss Loy seeks advice from Ray Collins and then doesn't let him get a word in edgeways.

Schary also knows what scenes to leave out. He gives you no glimpse of Grant as a barroom gladiator. You just hear about it. He also omits the scene where Myrna, accompanied by the wacky prosecutor, charges into Grant's studio to "rescue" Shirley. Such a scene could not have been believable. No matter how you played it, explanations would have occurred which would stop the whole plot. So Schary dissolves on his hero's distraught face as the forces of virtue batter on the door and the radio strikes up *Last Ride in the Patrol Wagon.*

The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer demonstrates the opportunities for artistic ingenuity in the field of popular entertainment. It is an "escapist" picture that escapes from formula. It gets somewhere.

Desert Fury

Desert Fury depicts the dangers of infiltration. It shows how one honest man can insinuate himself into a community of crooks and grafters and ruin things for everyone.

Screen audiences haven't seen a good modern Western since Humphrey Bogart crashed to fame in *High Sierra*. This new production by Hal Wallis tops it. Photographed in vivid Technicolor against the blood-red rimrock of Arizona, it tells a breakneck saga of the fight between a high-powered gangster and a tough but honest highway patrolman. In this outdoor epic, racing motorcars replace bucking bronchos and the bad men wear smart Palm Springs wardrobes. It's as modern as the casino at Las Vegas and as rugged as the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Taken from an interesting novel by Ramona Stewart, *Desert Fury* is a woman's story that turns out to be a man's picture. For once the change can't be blamed upon the scenario writer. Robert Rossen's script faithfully follows Miss Stewart's original plot. (The original had good screen values, learned while Miss Stewart was a script girl at Universal.) It is the cast that shifts the emphasis. The book told of Paula Haller, whose mother, Fritzi, was the vice queen in a modern gin oasis. The town's decent people ignored Paula, and Fritzi wouldn't let her have anything to do with the riffraff. The poor kid had but one friend, the honest cop, Tom Hanson. Fritzi spoiled what might have been a fine romance by offering to buy Tom a ranch if he'd marry Paula.

The cop had seen Fritzi's graft ruin a good judge and a good sheriff, and he wasn't going to be any dame's puppet—for love or money. On the rebound, Paula fell for Eddie Bendix, a sleekly handsome racketeer, who invaded the desert accompanied by a morose henchman from the Bronx, Johnny Ryan. Everyone said Eddie was no good; but Paula, despite persistent doubts, was fiercely loyal to him. Since there was no place for her woman's world in polite society, she tried to find peace in the underworld. The novel was the saga of her heartbreak.

U.S. MAIL
Angelo

Unfortunately, Lizabeth Scott can't give you this. She is a pretty girl who gets many bushels of fan mail. But as a Hollywood actress, she's still a *Vogue* fashion model. Mr. Wallis has given her a wardrobe that would make Raggedy Ann the proudest damsel in the Easter Parade. She is favored with photography that would get the devil's picture on one of St. Peter's passports. But Lizabeth remains as coldly colorful as a tutti-fruiti sundae. She just can't make you give a damn about what happens to Paula.

As a result she becomes little more than a sort of Girl Guide who leads you to a series of vivid dramatic portraits by the other actors. These are so fascinating in themselves that the picture doesn't suffer. Mary Astor is perfect as the hard-boiled, sinful, but still-loving mother. She keeps you constantly wondering what sly stratagems this crafty woman will think of next. Burt Lancaster's few scenes as the rugged rodeo rider who has become a cop are so good that you, with mounting suspense, wait for his every appearance. John Hodiak couldn't be better as the hysterical killer who conceals a yellow streak beneath a coating of glamour. And Wendell Corey, playing his Bronx henchman, all but steals the picture. A recruit from Broadway, Mr. Corey has a restrained and plausible acting style that betrays no stage mannerisms before the microscopic analysis of the camera. With no recourse to hard-nosed hokum, he makes you feel the cold brain and the ruthless menace of the professional criminal. And at the same time he shows a curious love and warped loyalty for the rat he's been using as a front man. He and Hodiak make a marvelous team. Each helps the other to give a swell performance. Handsome but not pretty, Corey is one of the most exciting discoveries of the movie season.

Down to Earth

In *Down to Earth* Columbia advances the revolutionary theory that the theatre's business is to entertain the public—even when the gods dictate otherwise. A silly story with lavish Technicolor extravaganza contrives to make a fairly entertaining musical. Russet-headed Rita Hayworth is introduced in the Elysian Fields as Terpsichore, the muse of dancing, who comes down to earth to see that a modern Broadway show is accurate to ancient Greek mythology. Since I know no mythical Greeks more ancient than George Givot, this is a purpose for which I could feel no great partisan zeal. (Even George tells me it's been ages since he sacrificed a bullock to Zeus or engaged in a Dionysian revel—without cover charge.) So when Rita comes down from Heaven to raise Hellenic cultures, she's pretty much on her own.

Larry Parks plays the producer she fights with. He is handicapped by having to play it without the voice of Al Jolson. Because of this, the affair tends to resemble a romance between a figure of speech and an empty phonograph album. Rita's terrestrial junket is sponsored by a "Mr. Jordan" whose normal occupation seems to be that of taking dead people to the Pearly Gates in a milk-white airplane. Here the theology gets a little mixed. I have ransacked Bulfinch's *Mythology* and I find no "Mr. Jordan" listed in the Attic pantheon. He seems to be a deity left over from an earlier picture, in Columbia's North Gower Street Olympus. And he's a rather discriminating Jehovah. All the women who get into his Heaven-bound monoplane seem to have died with their girdles on. And all the dead men wear vests. I take it there's not much tourist traffic to Heaven from California. Roland Culver plays "Mr. Jordan" with such unflinching elegance that one is never sure whether he was supposed to be God or an undertaker who just couldn't bear to part with his clients.

The liveliest scene occurs when Jimmy Gleason, full of eager faith, accepts "Mr. Jordan's" heavenly tip on a horse race and becomes a momentary heretic while wait-

Continued on page 116

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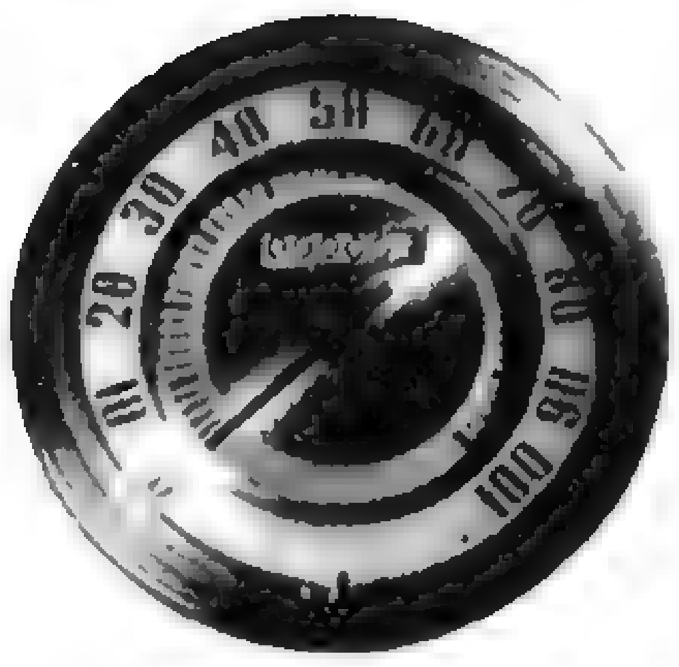

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The Muse Discards Her Mask

Continued from page 115

ing for a photo finish. Even funnier (though it wasn't intended to be) is the episode in which Terpsichore, returned to the Abode of the Blessed, looks forward through Time to see herself going on a honeymoon with the spook of the now defunct Mr. Parks. There is added humor in the fact that the actors never seem quite sure how to pronounce "Terpsichore." Sometimes they make it rhyme with "Hickory" but at other times they make it rhyme with "chore." Columbia is but a recent member of the Pan-Hellenic Association. This new contact with the tongue of Sappho may explain the linguistic dispute that embroiled that studio some months ago. I refer to the time when Harry Cohn and Charlie Vidor appeared in court, each claiming the other had hurled naughty words at him. Both men excitedly protested their purity of diction. It now seems that they may have been talking Greek to each other.

But the picture has some merits. In producing it, Don Hartman managed to imbue many a barren scene with a certain mood of youthful frivolity. There is fun in the musical numbers of Allan Roberts and Doris Fisher. Miss Hayworth's dancing is tops as is the hoofing of Marc Platt, who appears with her. I might also mention a Greek ballet that makes interesting use of a handsome trained troup of jumping women. They are barelegged and they rush about jamming torches into the atmosphere—as though seeking to toast invisible marshmallows.

I was confused but I enjoyed it.

Great Expectations

The intelligentsia wants us to send more realistic films to Europe. Otherwise, those people over there will think we're dopes. Art can have nothing to do with hokum.

Okay, so we've got to be artistic.

And, then, what does England send us? A picture whose first sequence opens with a little boy meeting a Boris Karloff type of guy in a graveyard! Not only a graveyard, but a graveyard where the tombstones don't even stand up straight. And where there's more fog than there is in the Hollywood Athletic Club's steam room.

Then what happens in the second sequence? Don't try to guess, you'd never make it. In the second sequence the same little boy (he should be troubled with nervous breakdowns) goes into the house of an old maid who's still holding her wedding breakfast for a groom who failed to show up twenty years ago. She's eccentric. There are rats all over the wedding cake. They haven't finished it, but they're working on it. The rats chew their food slower in England. And the spider webs in that house are so big they could only have been spun by an elephant.

And how long has this story been popular in England? Only for eighty-six years. Charles Dickens published *Great Expectations* in 1861 and it's been considered a classic on both sides of the Atlantic ever since.

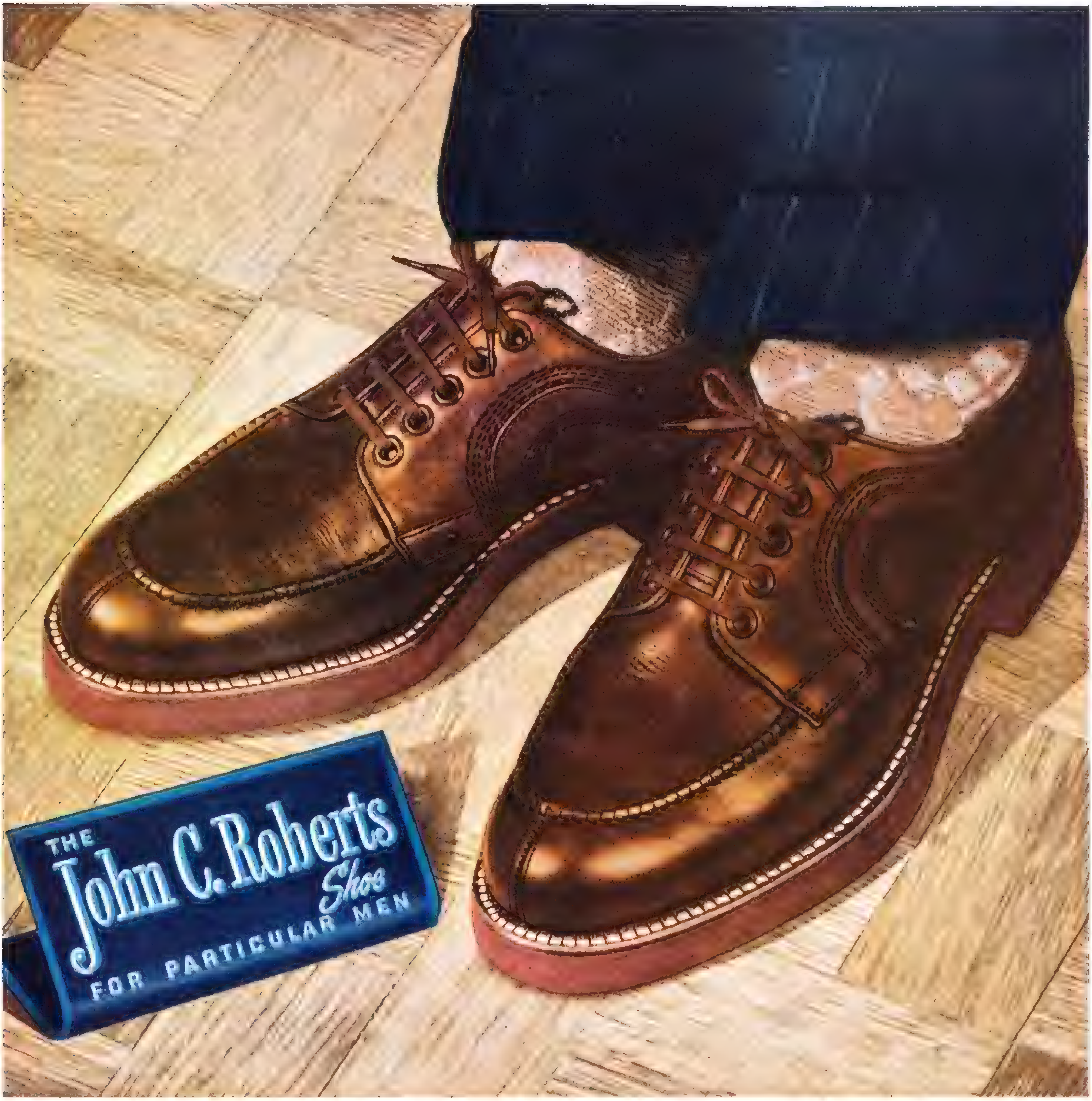
Maybe a little hokum doesn't hurt. For the recent Arthur Rank film version proves the story's still plenty good. In fact, it provides the English with the plot for one of the best stories of the season. This plot is filled with hokum, realism, drama, melodrama, caricature, portraiture, sentiment, sentimentality, charming nonsense and sound dramatic reasoning. Dickens, like Shakespeare and other masters, refused to departmentalize his talents. In writing a novel, he would no more confine himself to one literary device than a composer would write a symphony with one note. Any trick that advanced the story went into it.

The British director, David Lean, is the real star of this offering. Formerly an imitator of stage techniques, he proves himself a real movie virtuoso when he gets his camera out on the Kentish marshes and the sullen stretches of the River Medway. Most directors who attempt Dickens make the mistake of sacrificing human values in the pursuit of Cruikshank quaintness. In their productions every shot looks like a Ye Olde England Christmas card and the actors get lost in a wilderness of prop abdomens, artificial noses, and side whiskers. Lean avoids the pitfall.

He is the best where Dickens was best—in the portrayal of children and honestly sentimental humble people. Anthony Wager is excellent as Pip, the apprentice boy who longs to be a man of fashion. And Finlay Currie seems to step right out of the pages of Dickens as the convict who tries to reward the boy's kindness. Bernard Miles wins your heart as Joe Gargery, the blacksmith who "knows his place." I suppose, today, Joe would be called an "Uncle Tom" white man. But if he lacks aggression, he at least has dignity and nobility. Eileen Erskine portrays Biddy, one of those simple kindly women that Dickens drew so well. All his life the author paid tribute to the women whose gentleness made his childhood endurable.

Francis L. Sullivan as Lawyer Jaggers captures the sharp flavor of Dickens caricature as do Freda Jackson and Martita Hunt in the roles of Mrs. Gargery and Miss Havisham. Like all English movies, *Great Expectations* is weakest in the department of young leading men. These actors dilute their performances with faintly swish Chelsea mannerisms. But, despite this minor flaw, *Great Expectations* is good visual literature. ##

Continued from page 37



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Rickey vs Fizz vs Collins

a short story about tall drinks

Reading time: 20 seconds • Pleasure time: all summer

Why wonder which is best? *It's a long summer... so try them all!*

But for a smoother, more delicious, more cooling rickey, fizz *or* collins, be sure to use Kinsey Gin. Because Kinsey is the *genial* gin... superbly smooth. The *dry* gin... yes, dry as fine champagne. And *94.4 proof*... brimming over with extra flavor.

Happy beginning... happy ending! That's the story of summer drinks when you make them with Kinsey Gin.

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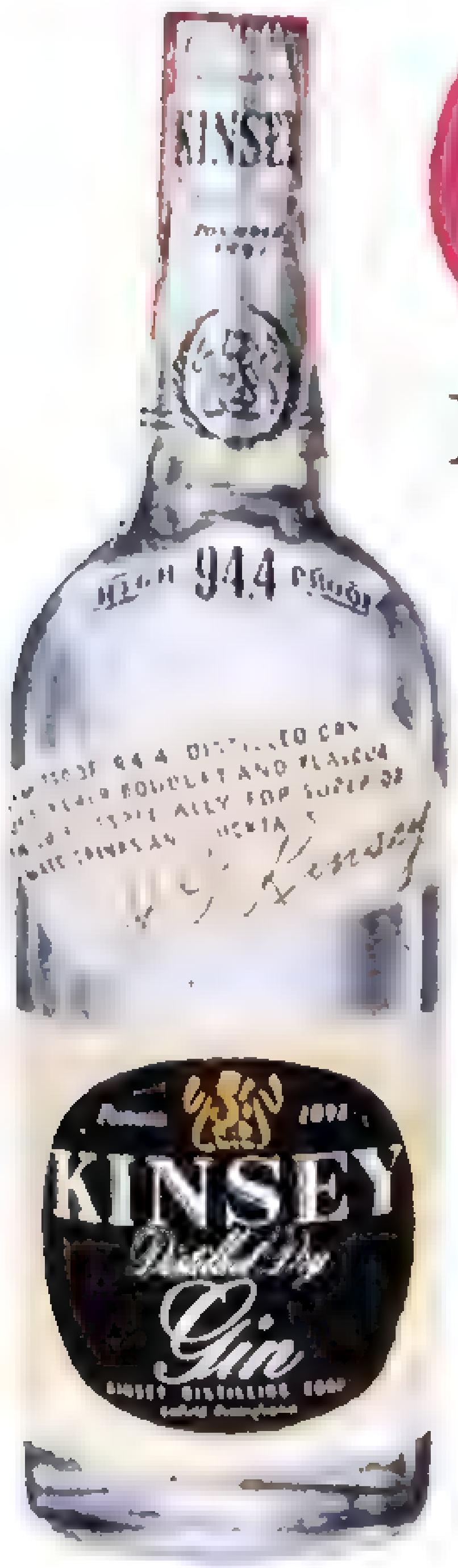
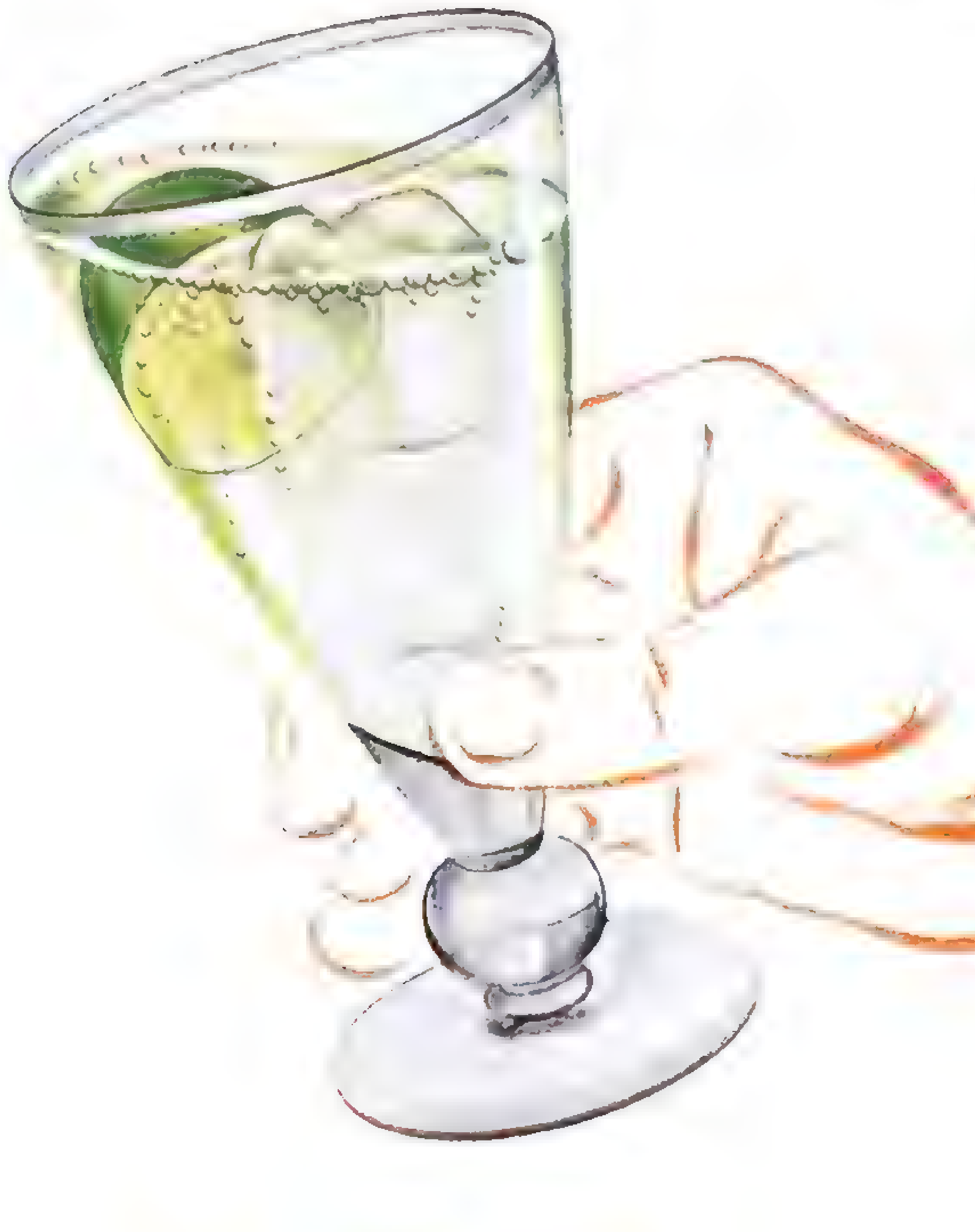
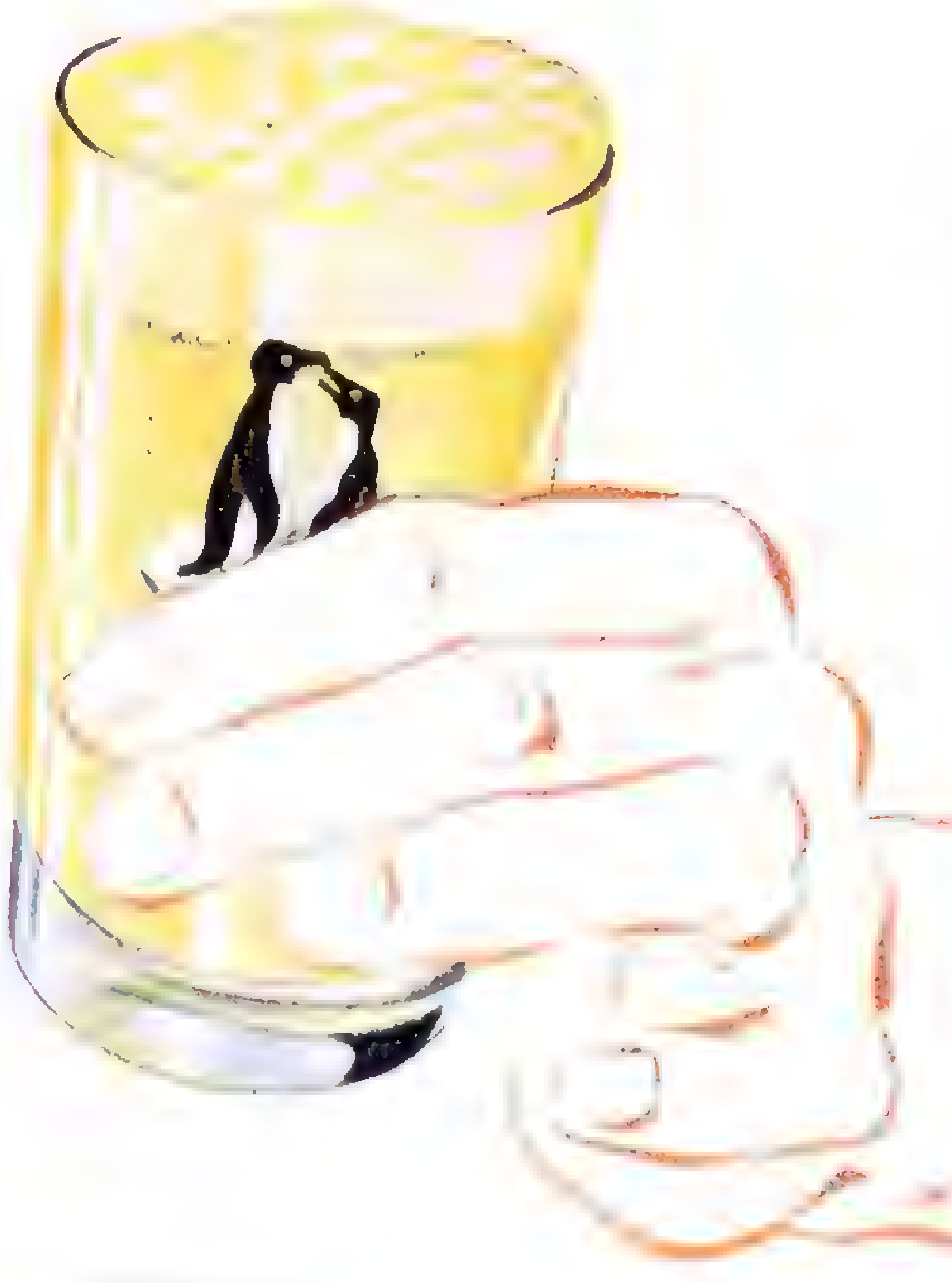


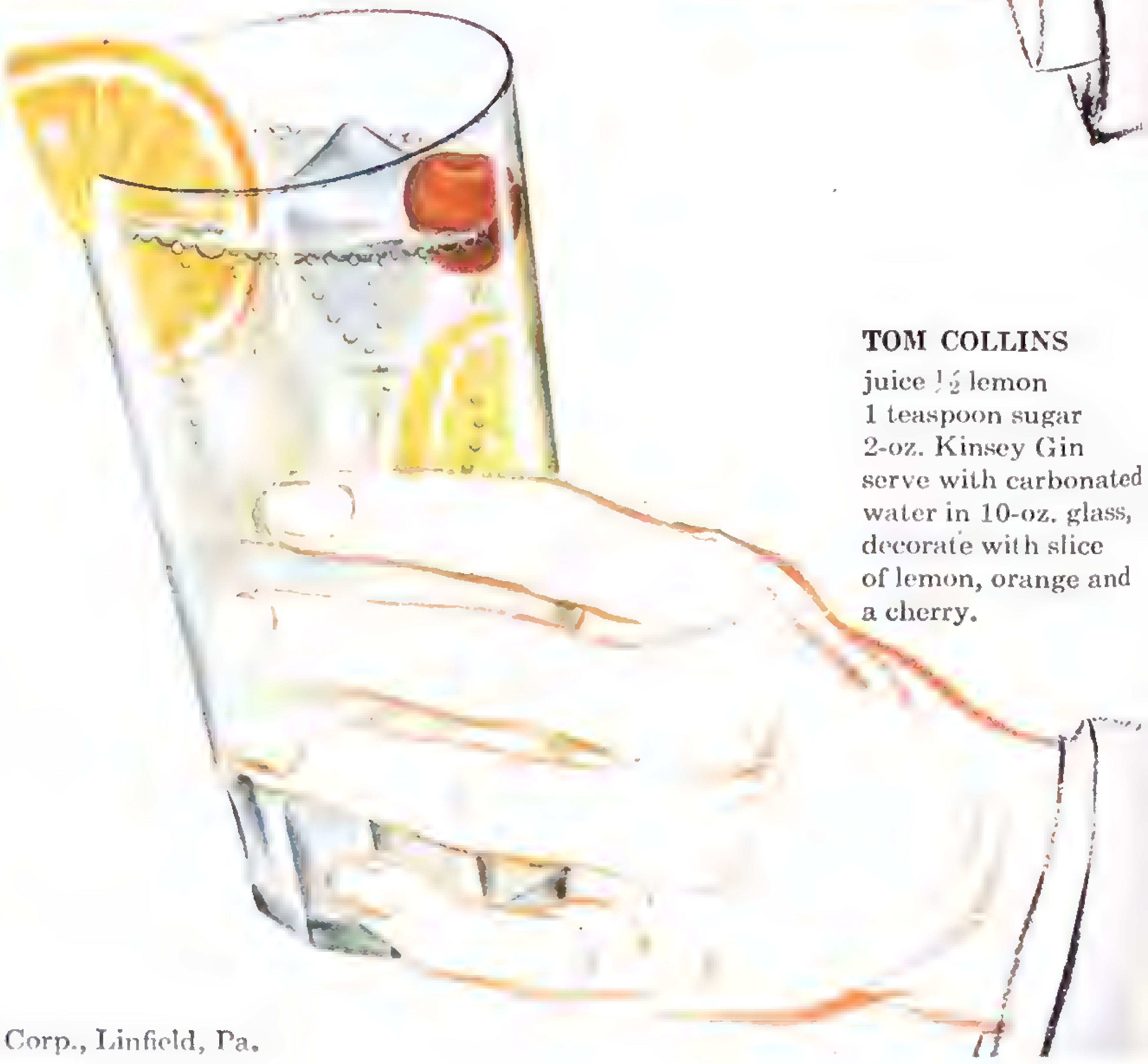
It's GENIAL
It's DRY



GIN RICKEY
ice cubes
juice ½ lime
1½-oz. Kinsey Gin
fill 8-oz. glass
with carbonated
water.



GOLDEN FIZZ
juice ½ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
yolk of 1 egg
shake well with
cracked ice, serve
in 8-oz. highball
glass filled with
carbonated water.



TOM COLLINS
juice ½ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
serve with carbonated
water in 10-oz. glass,
decorate with slice
of lemon, orange and
a cherry.

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Book Briefs

Exclusively for week-enders and hammock-huggers, this group of books will aid the pleasant flight of midsummer hours

The Lonely Carrot

by Mannix Walker

(Dodd, Mead, $2.50)

Tale of an Eastern Shore Maryland family endeavoring to recoup its fortune by planting carrots and taking in boarders. The style is light and garrulous.

	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
FOR HIM				
FOR HER				
FUN				
BRAINFOOD				

So Long at the Fair

by Anthony Thorne

(Random House, $2.50)

Period piece about a brother and sister in Paris during the Exposition of 1889. Brother disappears mysteriously and the ensuing hunt for him is done with wry humor.

	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
FOR HIM				
FOR HER				
FUN				
BRAINFOOD				

The Doctor Has a Baby

By Evelyn Barkins

(Creative Age, $2.50)

Lighthearted account of a doctor's wife who, in raising her baby, challenged science with instinct, and won. The father takes a beating, of course, but likes it.

	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
FOR HIM				
FOR HER				
FUN				
BRAINFOOD				

How Green Was My Father

by David Dodge

(Simon & Schuster, $2.75)

Furiously funny story of one family's trip to Guatemala. Language and customs differences provide the situations. Illustrated by Irv Koons.

	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
FOR HIM				
FOR HER				
FUN				
BRAINFOOD				

Last Straw for Harriet

by Elizabeth Cadell

(Morrow, $2.50)

About an easygoing girl and her blustery brother trying to handle a wild assortment of guests in an English country house. The story is blithe and well plotted.

	POOR	FAIR	GOOD	EXCELS
FOR HIM				
FOR HER				
FUN				
BRAINFOOD				

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"**. . . GOOD-LOOKING ENOUGH** to catch a gal's eye . . . until she notices his hair. Summer sun and drying breezes sure make it dry and lifeless looking . . . loose dandruff, too! He's got Dry Scalp . . . and how! I'd better tell him right now about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic."

Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

HIS HAIR looks better, now that he uses 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! You, too, can have better-looking hair by using just a few drops a day. It checks loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements natural scalp oils . . . contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair, and is more economical than other hair tonics, too.

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My Own Five-Foot Shelf

Continued from page 34

jection of man's endless battle against malignant fate.

2. *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, by Mark Twain. Here is a biography of the American boy which is also a biography of America. The successor to *Tom Sawyer*, it is one of the rare instances in literature in which the sequel is greater than the original. If the reader wants a more comprehensive volume, as well as more value for his money, he will get *The Portable Mark Twain*, edited by Bernard De Voto, which, besides all of *Huckleberry Finn*, contains the whole devastatingly satirical *The Mysterious Stranger*, *The Private History of a Campaign that Failed*, short yarns and liberal selections from various volumes, including some of Twain's most characteristic letters.

3. *The Red Badge of Courage*, by Stephen Crane. Written at the age of twenty-three by an unknown writer, *The Red Badge of Courage* is a masterpiece of imagination. A graphic depiction of war's terrors evoked by a boy who had never been near a battlefield.

4. *Ethan Frome*, by Edith Wharton. A grim little classic, *Ethan Frome* is a tight-lipped New England tragedy. Although much of Mrs. Wharton's work concerned "brownstone-front" society, she was a critical recorder of our culture. It is significant that Lewis' *Babbitt* is dedicated to her.

5. *An American Tragedy*, by Theodore Dreiser. Dreiser's writing is heavy-footed and awkward; he blazed a trail through the romantic fiction of his day like an elephant lumbering through a jungle. *An American Tragedy* may be prolix and plodding, but its details are so compelling, its characters so convincing, it achieves a gradual if blasted greatness.

6. *Babbitt*, by Sinclair Lewis. Like *Main Street*, this may be something of a period piece. The small towns are, thanks to radio and Hollywood, no longer isolated. But both works are documents of the early twenties which voice the cravings of the individual and the aspirations of the almost-defeated against the smugness of the provincial Puritan. Dorothy Parker once said that Sinclair Lewis' eye is bigger than his heart, and it may be that he is not so much an analyst as a reflector of people and places. Nevertheless, *Babbitt* remains his most endearing—and perhaps his most enduring—creation.

7. *U. S. A.*, by John Dos Passos. This is actually a trilogy, rich in incident, swift in tempo, a single volume containing three novels: *The Forty-Second Parallel, 1919*, and *The Big Money*. Dos Passos uses many new devices: skeletonized biographies, the camera eye, a montage of newspaper headlines, popular songs, and illuminating trivia to register a vividly impressionistic kaleidoscope of twentieth-century America.

8. *Farewell to Arms*, by Ernest Hemingway. Hemingway has often been characterized as the laureate of "the lost generation" and the articulate voice of its subconscious death-wish. But the emotion and intensity in *Farewell to Arms* transcends disillusion and despair. For those who prefer a more meaningful doom there is *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, in which death has not only a purpose but a glory, justifying the motto from John Donne about man's dependence on man.

9. *Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*. Most novelists are unhappy in the confines of the short story, but Hemingway has added a new dimension to the condensed narrative. His style is clipped but colorful, highly sensitive but powerfully masculine. He is, moreover, a superb teller of tales. This volume includes forty-nine stories and a play. Each reader will be quick to find his own half-dozen favorites, stories which have had a profound influence as well as immense popularity. My own six are: *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, *The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber*, *Hills Like White Elephants*, *The Killers*, *My Old Man*, and *The Undefeated*.

10. *Look Homeward, Angel*, by Thomas Wolfe. Sprawling, verbose, rhapsodic, undisciplined, staggering, Whitmaniacal, are some of the adjectives which have been applied to Wolfe's hugely lumbering volumes. But the passionate searching and the driving sincerity of *Look Homeward, Angel* and its successor, *Of Time and the River*, are part of Wolfe's "giantism." Like Whitman, Wolfe was a poet—much of his writing falls into deeply rhythmical, strongly cadenced prose. Like Whitman, too, Wolfe's work was autobiographical. But, beyond personal hopes and hungers, there is man's impersonal compulsion to explore all human experience.

11. *The Grapes of Wrath*, by John Steinbeck. This saga of the Okies has been enthusiastically called "the twentieth-century *Uncle Tom's Cabin*," and it deserves the epithet. It is a novel of migratory workers; precise yet impassioned, simple and amoral, yet with the moral purpose of a zealous crusader. It takes sides, but few readers will doubt that Steinbeck has chosen the right—or, rather the left—side.

Fiction: English

12. *The Phantom 'Rickshaw and Other Stories*, by Rudyard Kipling. It is the fashion nowadays to speak of Kipling as a militant imperialist who influenced British sentiment and, to some extent, its policies. Yet Kipling gave a fresh turn as well as a new province to contemporary fiction; his tales were realistic *Arabian Nights* transplanted to India and revised by an Englishman. Exuberant in prose and inexhaustible in verse, Kipling lived in gusto. This single volume, one of some thirty, in-

cludes such macabre but unforgettable stories as *The Man Who Would Be King, The Mark of the Beast, The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes, At the End of the Passage, The Finest Story in the World,* as well as the title story.

13. *Youth, Heart of Darkness, The End of the Tether,* by Joseph Conrad. Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski, son of Polish aristocrats, left his indelible imprint on English literature with some of the greatest sea stories ever written. Many of his admirers swear by such longer works as *Lord Jim* and *Nigger of the Narcissus* (which was published in America under the title *Children of the Sea*), but if I had to choose only one book by Conrad it would be the volume which contains the three not-so-short short stories listed here. Although he was acclaimed as a pure realist, Conrad's preoccupation was the stoic heroism and basic "community" of mankind.

14. *The Short Stories of H. G. Wells.* In his time Wells was all things to all readers: novelist of almost first rank, pioneer in science fiction, political journalist, pamphleteer and prophet who, it was said, sold his birthright for a pot of message. But Wells will undoubtedly be remembered longest for his short stories. A compendious omnibus of these was put together some years ago. It included *The Country of the Blind,* half adventure story, half bitter parable, the early *Plattner Story,* and some of the most fantastic tales of Space and Time ever conceived.

15. *The Old Wives' Tale,* by Arnold Bennett. More than most of his contemporaries, Bennett had the gift for making ordinary people extraordinary. He wrote too much; his subject matter is often dull; but he gives his characters more life than they seem to deserve. In the midst of a morass of merely competent writing, *The Old Wives' Tale* is a towering landmark.

16. *Of Human Bondage,* by W. Somerset Maugham. This semi-autobiographical novel is a panorama of everyday working-class existence presented without sentimentality or indignation. Scenes of extreme brutality are followed by passages of pity and tenderness, quite at variance with the cool detachment and faintly disguised contempt which characterize Maugham's short stories. In most of his sixty other works Maugham is a skilled craftsman; in this one book he is a genius.

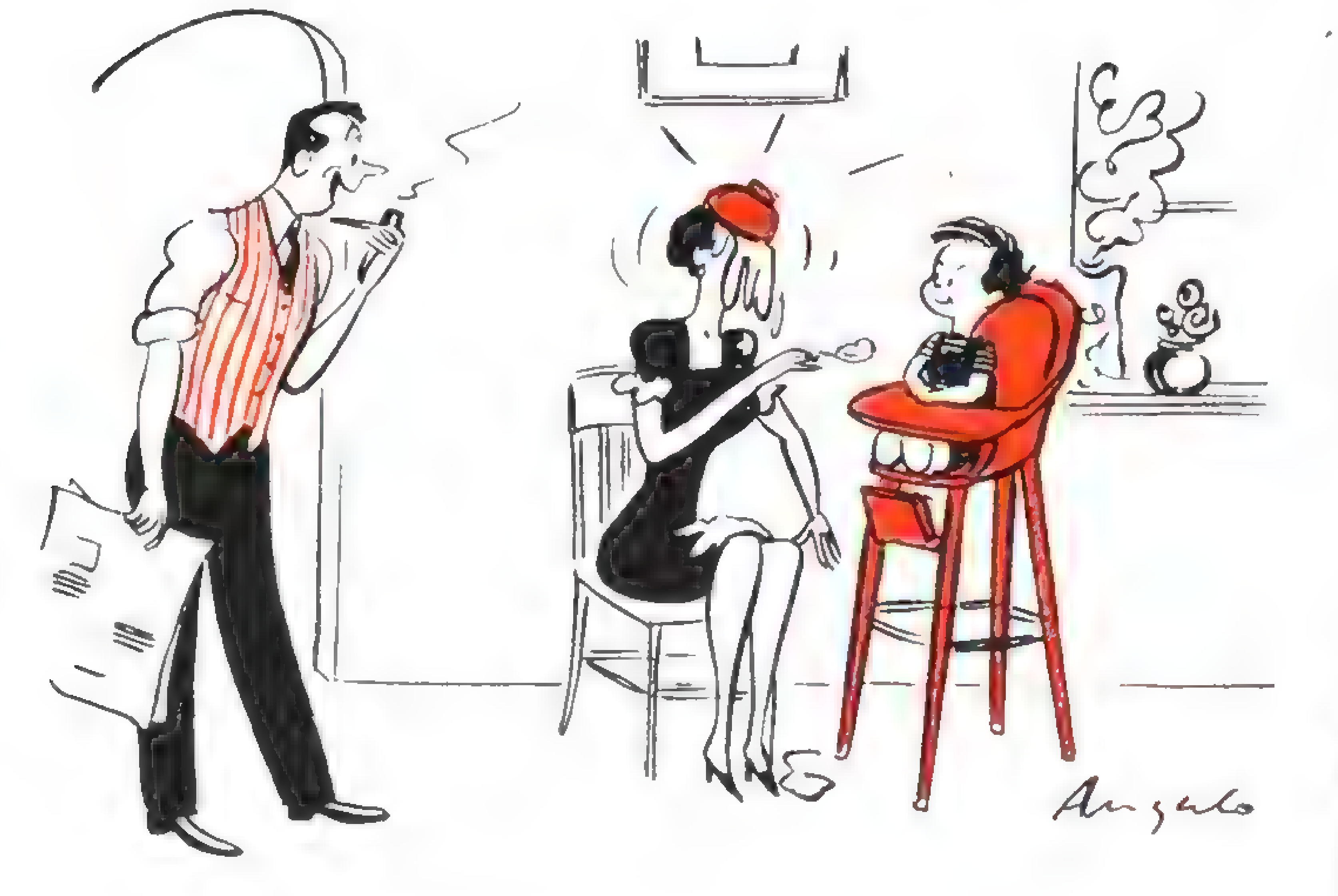
17. *Ulysses,* by James Joyce. A small library has grown up about Joyce and his books; for complete enjoyment the casual reader may need such a guide as Stuart Gilbert's *James Joyce's Ulysses: A Study.* Joyce's revolutionary novel breaks through tradition, carelessly destroys unity, telescopes description and conversation without the benefit of quotation marks, jams together broken thoughts in an unbroken "stream of consciousness." This monumental work has been hailed as "a triumph of free association" and attacked as "erudite gibberish." But, as Clifton Fadiman wrote, "You pay your money and you take your Joyce."

18. *The Rainbow,* by D. H. Lawrence. From his first groping novel, *The White Peacock,* to the strictly censored *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* Lawrence was a poet in everything he attempted, most of all in *The Rainbow.* Sex-fearful but sex-fascinated, he worshipped the dark subconscious and wrote with "the hot blood's blindfold art." *The Rainbow* is a book which probes with an intensity that is almost more than the reader can bear; it combines all the senses with a spirit pitched between torment and ecstasy.

19. *A Passage to India,* by E. M. Forster. There are several reasons why this should be included among the fifty "musts" for the modern man. For one thing, it is the most searching and best balanced study of conflicting points of view focused in India. For another, it is a work of delicate implication rather than heavy-footed statement. Chiefly, however, it is sharply stimulating, breathing vitality on every page.

20. *Mortal Coils,* by Aldous Huxley. Grandson of the scientist Thomas Huxley, Aldous Huxley analyzes a sick society with a scientist's precision. The cynicism

Continued on page 122



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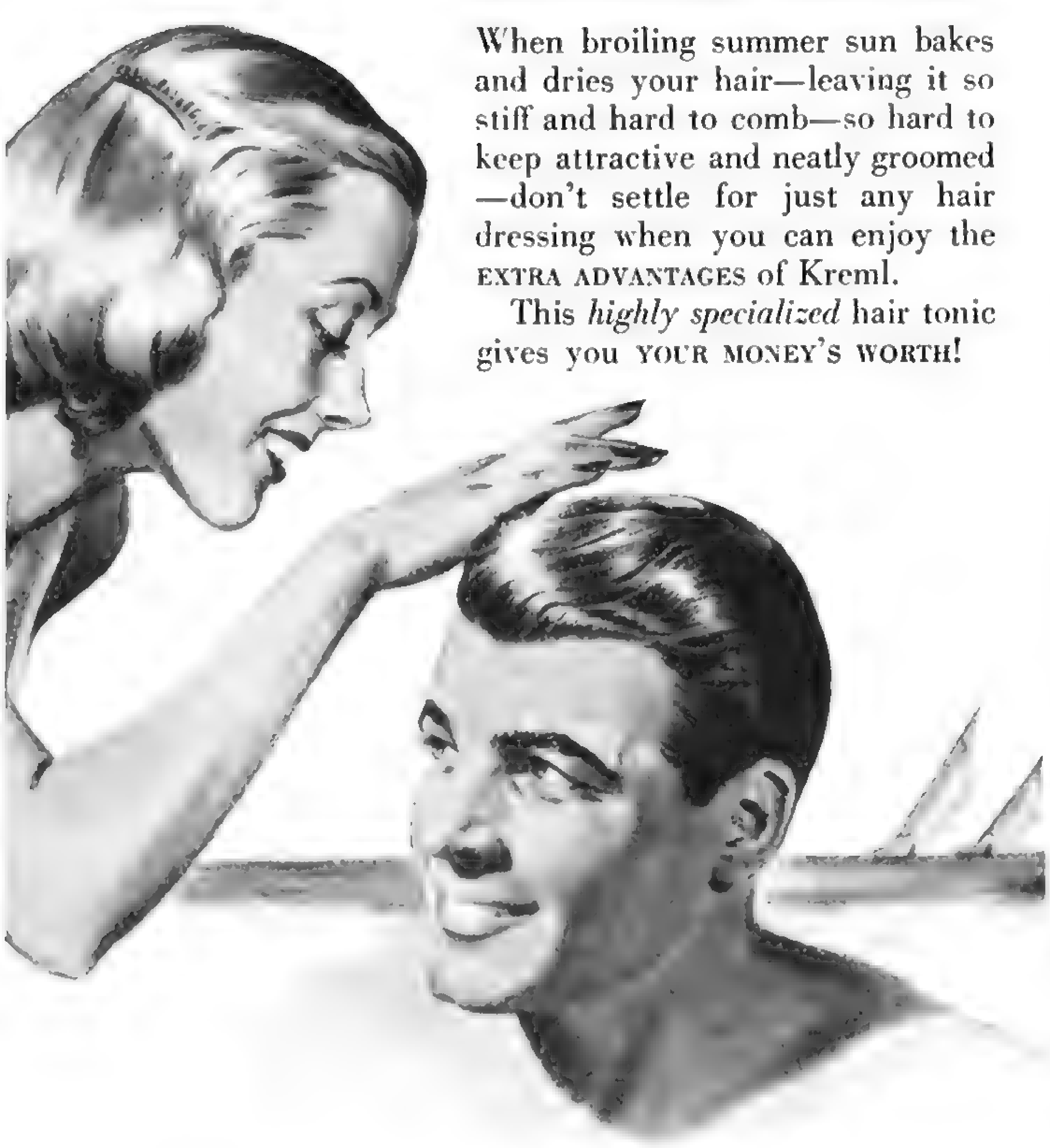

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My Own Five-Foot Shelf

Continued from page 121

of his early work is overcompensated by a recent retreat into mysticism; Huxley regards the modern world with a mixture of desperation and frustration. *Mortal Coils* contains five long short stories. The first, *The Gioconda Smile*, is a psychological study which turns a satirical comedy of manners into a shocking melodrama; the last, *Nuns at Luncheon*, is a picture of an evil world which begins with badinage and ends in horror.

Fiction: European

21. *Crime and Punishment*, by Feodor Dostoievsky. A forerunner of modern psychological fiction, *Crime and Punishment*, written eighty-one years ago, followed by *The Idiot*, broke through the pattern of the novel. Striking into unexplored terrain, it exposed depths and darknesses of the hidden self. Opposed to complacency, Dostoievsky's impact is a shattering but reshaping experience.

22. *War and Peace*, by Leo Tolstoy. This greatest of all historical novels started out to be simply a story of Russian family life. After reading the memoirs of one of Napoleon's aides, Tolstoy determined to enlarge the scope and pit two warring heroes, Alexander and Napoleon, against each other. By the time the book was finished, Tolstoy's sweeping vision had fused all the elements into a book which combines a living gallery of people with a whole philosophy of history.

23. *Remembrances of Time Past*, by Marcel Proust. Immured in a cork-lined ivory tower, a slowly dying man cheated death with the power of almost total recall. Mixing minute sensations with curious sexuality, Proust recreated and elaborated an aristocracy which he affected to despise. The book, or rather the series of books, is slow reading, but it gives a not-to-be-forgotten picture of a gilded and shoddy society.

24. *The Magic Mountain*, by Thomas Mann. With the possible exception of *Buddenbrooks*, also by Mann, this is undoubtedly the greatest novel to come out of modern Germany. Placed against the background of a sanatorium, the book depicts not only the author and his age, but an entire civilization in decay. Although the setting is European, *The Magic Mountain* has a true magic for anyone anywhere.

25. *Man's Hope*, by André Malraux. An earlier volume, *Man's Fate*, which won the Goncourt Prize and placed its author in the front rank of contemporary French writers, was a stripped novel centering about two bitter days during the Chinese Revolution of 1927. *Man's Hope* carries the revolutionary surge across the world. Like its predecessor, it is vividly graphic and yet intensely imaginative; unlike it, *Man's Hope*, reflecting its title, lifts the spirit beyond its suffering.

26. *Thieves in the Night*, by Arthur Koestler. The most brilliant of the younger novelists, Arthur Koestler has never written an uninteresting or even an unimportant book. His admirers have disputed whether *Darkness at Noon* or *Arrival and Departure* are the more dramatic and significant. Both deal with the vital issues of impersonal values and personal morality. But I prefer the more recent *Thieves in the Night* which, placed in Palestine, a small strip of land constantly in the daily headlines, dramatizes one of the fiercest problems of our day. It is a serious, eloquent, almost impartial presentation, and it makes a magnificent novel.

History

Since there is no room on my five-foot shelf for a series of histories, and since I haven't the time to specialize in several periods, I choose two volumes which are the best of their kind: one classic and one modern.

27. *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, by Edward Gibbon. Thucydides, Tacitus, and Livy are ancient historians whose great works we respect, even revere, but leave unread. With *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, the greatest historical work in English literature, Gibbon took his place as a lucid stylist, and a superb wit with a genius for reconstructing the past. "I have," Gibbon wrote ironically, "described the triumph of barbarism and religion," thus connecting antiquity with modernity.

28. *The Frontier in American History*, by Frederick Jackson Turner. Charles A. Beard began an article in a book entitled *Books That Changed Our Minds* with this sentence: "One July day in 1893 members of a learned society heard a young man in Chicago read a paper which was destined to have a more profound influence on thought about American history than any other essay or volume ever written on the subject." The young man was Frederick Jackson Turner, and his paper was incorporated into a volume which traced the spread of the New England frontier through the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys to the far West. More graphically than any of his colleagues, Turner showed how the frontier developed essential American traits, energy and inventiveness, transformed ideals into social forces.

Economics

29. *The Communist Manifesto*, by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. This compact polemic, in size little larger than a brochure, is perhaps the most important of all philosophical treatises. Written in the nineteenth century, reinforced by *Das Kapital*, it is an attack on the capitalistic system which has profoundly affected millions who are unconscious of it.

30. *The Folk-Lore of Capital-*

ism, by Thurman Arnold. An examination of contemporary economics which is temperate but penetrating, unprejudiced but undeviating. A complement as well as a contrast to the work of Marx and Engels.

Philosophy

31. *Walden*, by Henry David Thoreau. This immortal celebration of the simple life ranges from whimsical descriptions of moles and pickerel to a credo of individualism which is close to anarchy. Each man, declared Thoreau, "should find out his own way of living, not his neighbors' or his parents'. Live deep and suck out all the marrow of life."

32. *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, by William James. This profusely documented study divides institutional religion ("an external art of ritual acts") from the inner personal religion, "the feelings, acts, and experiences of individual men in their solitude" which help them to find "a way of accepting the universe." It is a description of "man's religious constitution" which can be enjoyed even by the irreligious.

33. *The Meeting of East and West*, by F. S. C. Northrop. The author's subtitle is *An Inquiry Concerning World Understanding*, which gives little indication of its phenomenal range. This enormously informative book analyzes the economic, religious, artistic, and ideological doctrines of the major powers and reveals how conflicting national ideals can be amalgamated into a philosophy of culture. Specifically he shows the basic differences and possible relations between the intuitive ("feminine") East and the rational ("masculine") West.

Self-Analysis

34. *The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud*. Practically unknown in America until 1908, Freud has changed the course of modern literature and put his stamp on our times as indelibly as Marx. Freud's examination of human behavior has brought to light the buried emotional forces which govern human life and society. Six of his most important works are in the one volume recently published in The Modern Library.

Creative Criticism

35. *Main Currents in American Thought*, by Vernon Louis Parrington. This interpretation of American literature from its beginnings to 1920 is divided into three large books, running to more than thirteen hundred pages. The three parts are entitled *The Colonial Mind, The Romantic Revolution in America*, and *The Beginnings of Critical Realism*. Parrington considered American literature American *thought*, and identified native writing with its living background, the growing adventure of American liberalism.

Art

36. *Modern American Painting*, by Peyton Boswell, Jr. This is a richly documented reproof to those who like to belittle American art. The running commentary is accompanied by eighty-six large reproductions in color of the significant moderns, prefaced by eighteen reproductions of America's "Old Masters." From the "Hudson Valley School" through the Pennsylvania primitives to the "Ash-can School" of realists, we get the full drive of vitality and vigor of American painting.

Jazz

37. *Jazzmen*, by Smith and Ramsey. Jazz, that nervous and dynamic hybrid, is America's own contribution to music. In the past, we borrowed our idioms from Europe; today jazz rhythms have influenced composers all over the world. This volume covers the subject simply but thoroughly. Those interested in a more advanced course in jazz appreciation should look at *Jazz: From the Congo to the Metropolitan*, by Robert Goffin.

Language

38. *The American Language*, by H. L. Mencken. Critic, journalist, and *enfant terrible*, H. L. Mencken turned scholar with *The American Language*. First published in 1919, revised three times, with an additional supplement, this enjoyable work humorously but sound-

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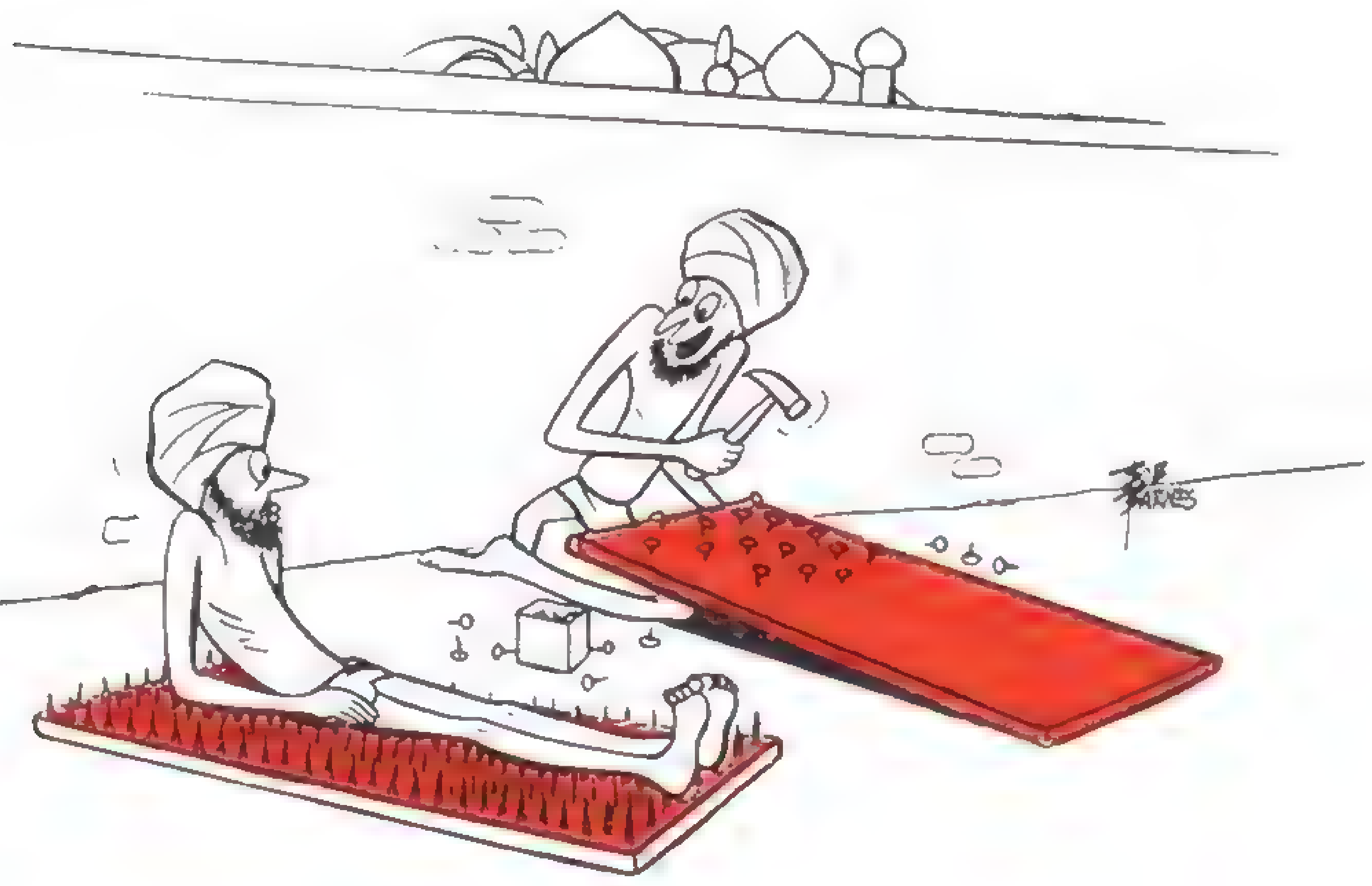
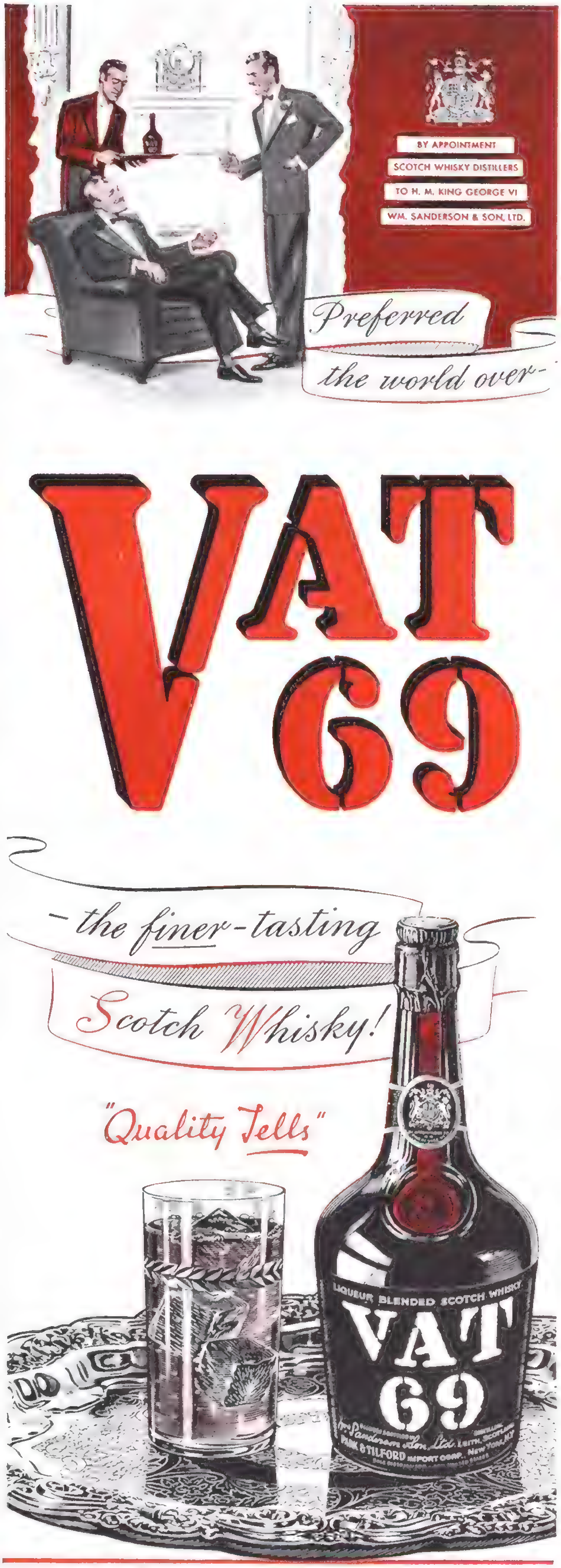


"I can't understand why no one thought of this before!"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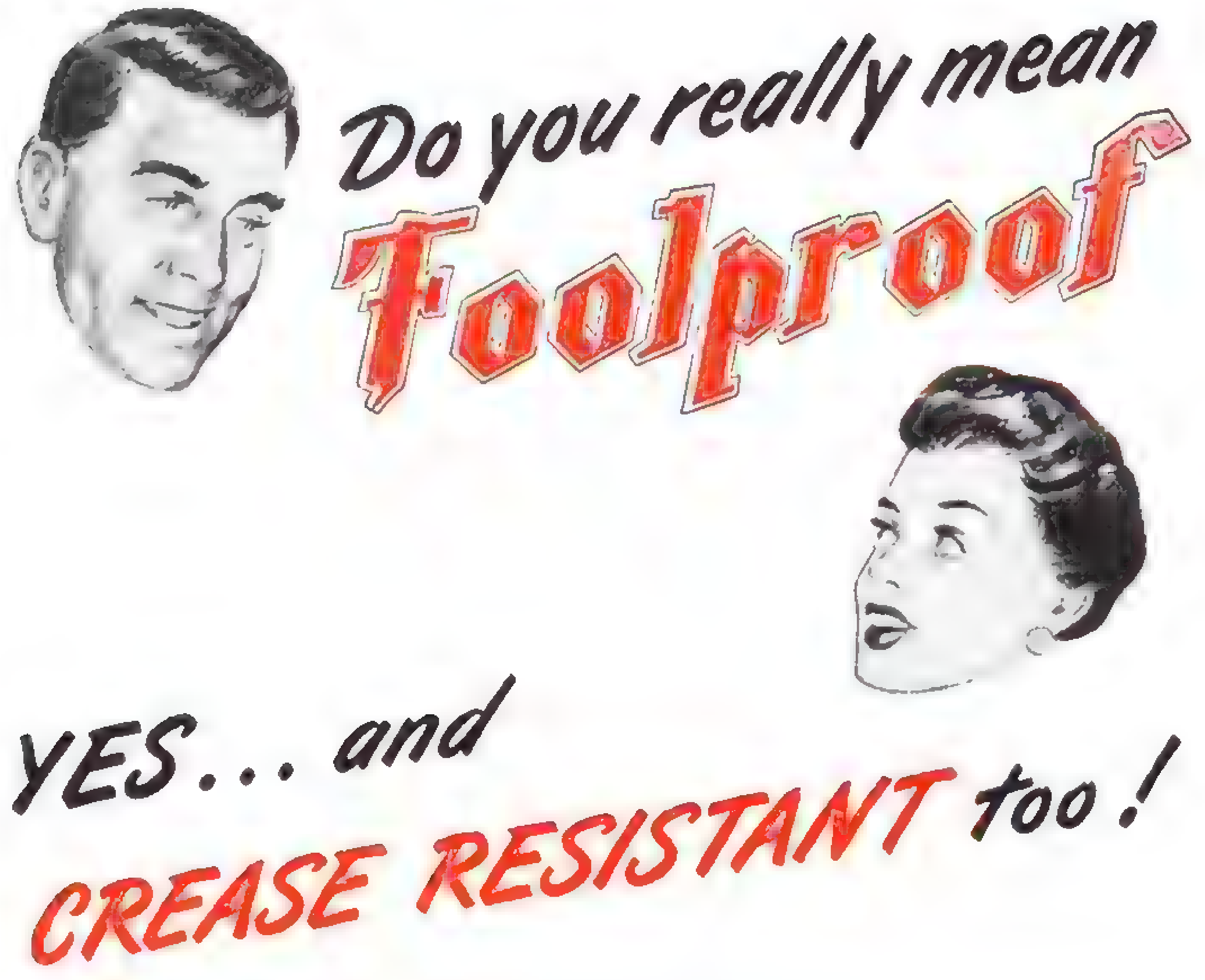

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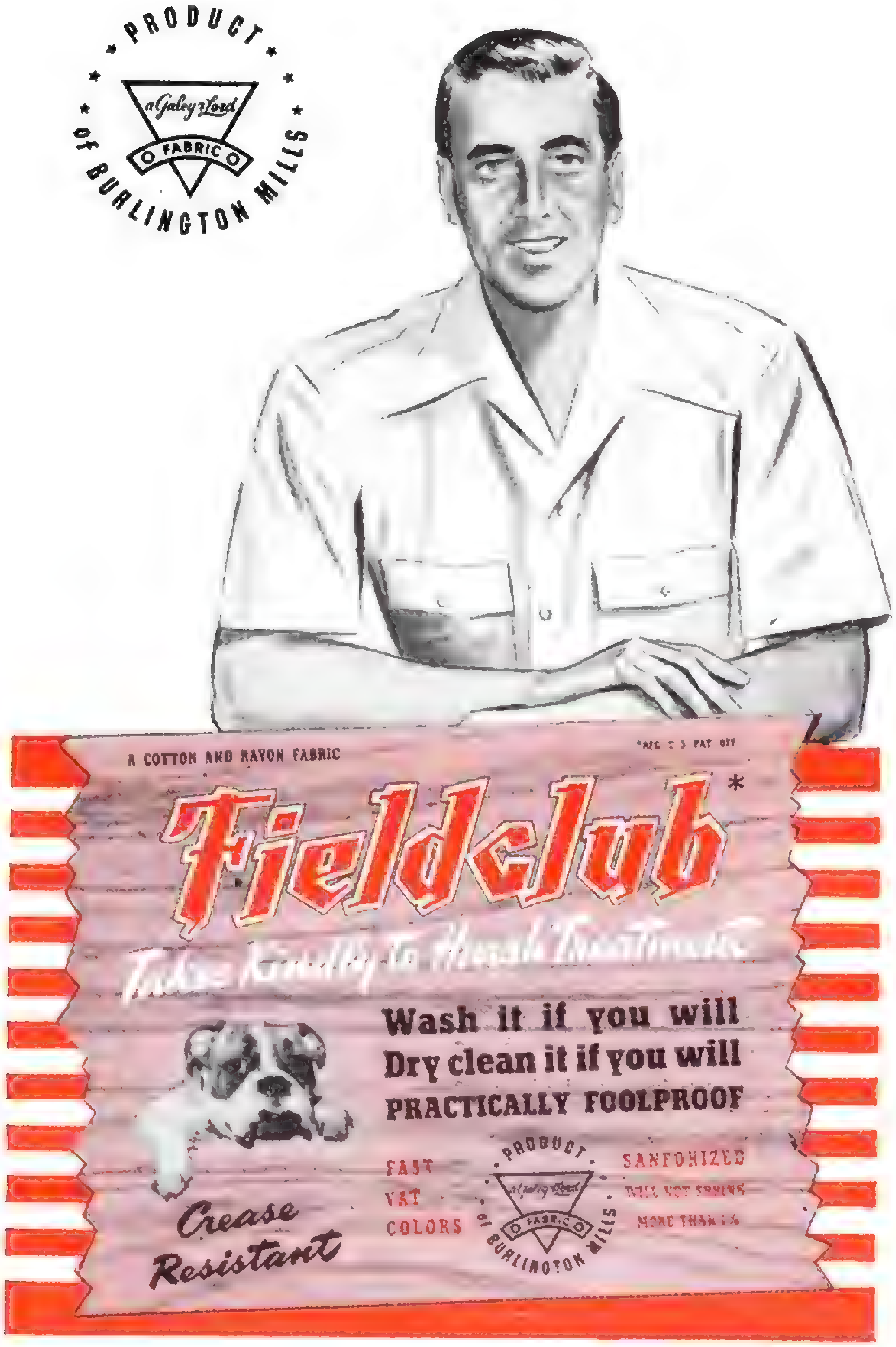
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My Own Five-Foot Shelf

Continued from page 123

ly squares off American against English—to the ultimate triumph of our native tongue.

Biography and Autobiography

39. *The Education of Henry Adams.* Son of a man who was to become a famous diplomat, grandson of one president, and great-grandson of another, Henry Adams was born of a political aristocracy which he spent most of his life trying to repudiate. His two most famous books, *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* and *The Education of Henry Adams* were both privately printed; his fame was posthumous. A modern medievalist, he wrote in a style that was severely intellectual yet highly stimulating. A world traveler with a widely roaming mind, he foresaw the decay of Europe, the decline of England, and the conflict between the idealistic spirit and the mechanical drive of the twentieth century, a struggle presented by two contrasting symbols: the Virgin and the Dynamo.

40. *Abraham Lincoln,* by Carl Sandburg. This colossal but carefully wrought work is in six volumes, the first two devoted to *The Prairie Years,* the last four to *The War Years.* A poet who is a folklorist and an historian, Sandburg had the further advantage of being a Midwesterner particularly qualified to interpret the backwoodsman who hacked his way to greatness. The Pulitzer Prize was awarded to this biography in 1940, but, because the terms prohibit giving the biography prize to books about Washington and Lincoln, the committee awarded Sandburg the prize in history.

41. *R. E. Lee,* by Douglas Southall Freeman. This definitive biography of the great Confederate leader is an excellent companion to the Sandburg saga. It is in four volumes and received the Pulitzer Prize in biography in 1935. It was followed by an almost equally detailed study of men and military operations: *Lee's Lieutenants.*

42. *Seven Pillars of Wisdom,* by T. E. Lawrence. The first manuscript of this massive book was lost in a railway station. All the notes had been destroyed, and the second version had to be written entirely from memory. It ran to four hundred thousand words and, after it was finished, Lawrence used it as the basis for his third version. A fourth and final version was circulated in a limited edition, and the public did not know the work until a condensation of it appeared, entitled *Revolt in the Desert.* Combining an account of fantastic intrigue in the Middle East with a fierce self-examination of the enigma that was Lawrence, the book is as strange as it is incontestably great.

Science

43. *You and the Universe,* by John J. O'Neill. A panoramic view of that small but clever animal, Man, and his struggles in an alarmingly changing world. O'Neill is the science editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*; among his categories are: Lords of Creation (Anthropology), The Old Adam (Archaeology), The Universe Within (Physiology), Mind Over Mind (Psychology), Mind Over Matter (Physics), The Heavens Proclaim (Astronomy).

Folklore

44. *The Golden Bough,* by Sir James George Frazer. Now available in a one-volume edition of some seven hundred pages, this is one of the world's great seminal books. Subtitled *A Study in Magic and Religion,* it begins by explaining the killing of kings and martyrs and develops into a survey of all rituals. Although it is an anthropological treatise, it is learned without being labored, a product of the imagination as well as the intellect.

45. *A Treasury of American Folklore,* by B. A. Botkin. The sky's the limit in this brawling, swaggering, free-swinging and far-stretching compilation. Tall tales, lusty ballads, rough horseplay, and pioneer humor crowd upon each other in this roaring slice of Americana. Here are the legends which have made new mythology, all the way from Dan'l Boone and Davy Crockett to Paul Bunyan, John Henry, and Mike Fink.

Sports

46. *Farewell To Sport,* by Paul Gallico. Although I am not a specialist in the field, this seems to me one of the best as well as the most comprehensive books on modern sports. Being an all-round athlete, an expert fencer, a sports announcer, and a top-flight writer of fiction, Gallico never bores you—even if you don't care a hoot about hockey, baseball or boxing. As a second choice I nominate John Kieran's *The American Sporting Scene,* a fine general book, not as informative as Gallico's, but enriched with illuminating water colors.

Drama

47. *Saint Joan,* by George Bernard Shaw. Unlike some of Shaw's tours de force, *Saint Joan* is not a play which is merely a dramatization of an extended preface. It is the most brilliant and most beautiful chronicle play of our time. In it the English wit and the Irish mystic, the laughing rationalist and the ascetic moralist, are united. For supplementary reading, I suggest any of the larger collections, especially *Three Plays for Puritans.* This includes *Caesar and Cleopatra,* in which Shaw rewrites Shakespeare and improves upon everything in *Antony and Cleopatra* except the poetry.

Poetry

As a poet I would like to recommend a dozen or more volumes of original verse. Since there is no room for such a number, as an anthologist I advise two anthologies. The first is one which, although it was collected almost half a century ago, still stands the test of time; the second anthology is immodestly nominated because it rounds out the last hundred years of poetry.

48. *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, edited by A. T. Quiller-Couch. A far more inclusive compilation than Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, this covers the field from the thirteenth century to the end of the nineteenth. Although the emphasis is on lyrical poetry, many narratives and ballads are included. The chief defect of *The Oxford Book of English Verse* is that it omits practically all American poetry.

49. *Modern American Poetry and Modern British Poetry*, edited by Louis Untermeyer. Running to more than twelve hundred pages, this double volume includes not only the best poetry of our time, but biographical and critical introductions to each poet. The American section begins with twenty poems by Whitman and thirty-seven by Emily Dickinson; it also includes wide selections from Frost, Robinson, Sandburg, Lindsay, Elinor Wylie, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Stephen Vincent Benét, Archibald MacLeish, T. S. Eliot, and others. The British section opens with thirty poems by Thomas Hardy, and contains the most representative poems of A. E. Housman, Gerard Manley Hopkins, William Butler Yeats, Rudyard Kipling, Walter de la Mare, the Sitwells, Stephen Spender, W. H. Auden, etc.

Humor

50. *A Sub-Treasury of American Humor*, edited by E. B. White and Katharine S. White. Skillfully assembled and provocatively arranged, this 800-page volume is, as the blurb writers so often (and usually so falsely) say, "a classic of its kind." It ranges the entire field of American humor, from broad burlesque and slapstick to the pointed satire of *The New Yorker*. Here you will find, among others, the choicest of Ring Lardner, James Thurber, S. J. Perelman, Frank Sullivan, Ludwig Bemelmans, Ogden Nash, Arthur Kober, and, of course, Dorothy Parker.

I am conscious of the fact that only one woman, Edith Wharton, has been represented in the foregoing list. This omission is not due to a lack of gallantry but to a painful conviction that, though there are dozens of highly articulate women writing on both sides of the Atlantic, none of them can stack up to the men represented in these columns. Nevertheless, there are two women who might well be added. They are the late Virginia Woolf, whose *Mrs. Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse*, although greatly indebted to Joyce and Proust, are two remarkable experiments in "time-sensation," and Elizabeth Madox Roberts, whose *The Time of Man* is one of the most beautiful first novels written in America. Mention should also be made of Gertrude Stein; but, though the late author of *Tender Buttons* and *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* influenced many writers by her insistent simplicity, her highly repetitious manner and childish echolalia rob her of permanent importance.

In a world where the scientists now make anything out of anything, a world in which—barring a war of total extermination—we will have more leisure than mankind has ever known, we must not only think seriously of recreation but of re-education. Reading these fifty books will help us to understand the forces of nature as well as the forces within us. They are only a beginning. The Manchester *Guardian* recently put it in this way: "The more we increase human power, the more important it is that we should understand human character and draw inspiration from the great civilizing writers and thinkers." But reading the books is not enough; reading will not make plain the purposes which animated the civilizing writers and thinkers of the past unless the reader links them with the world he knows and the life he lives. ###

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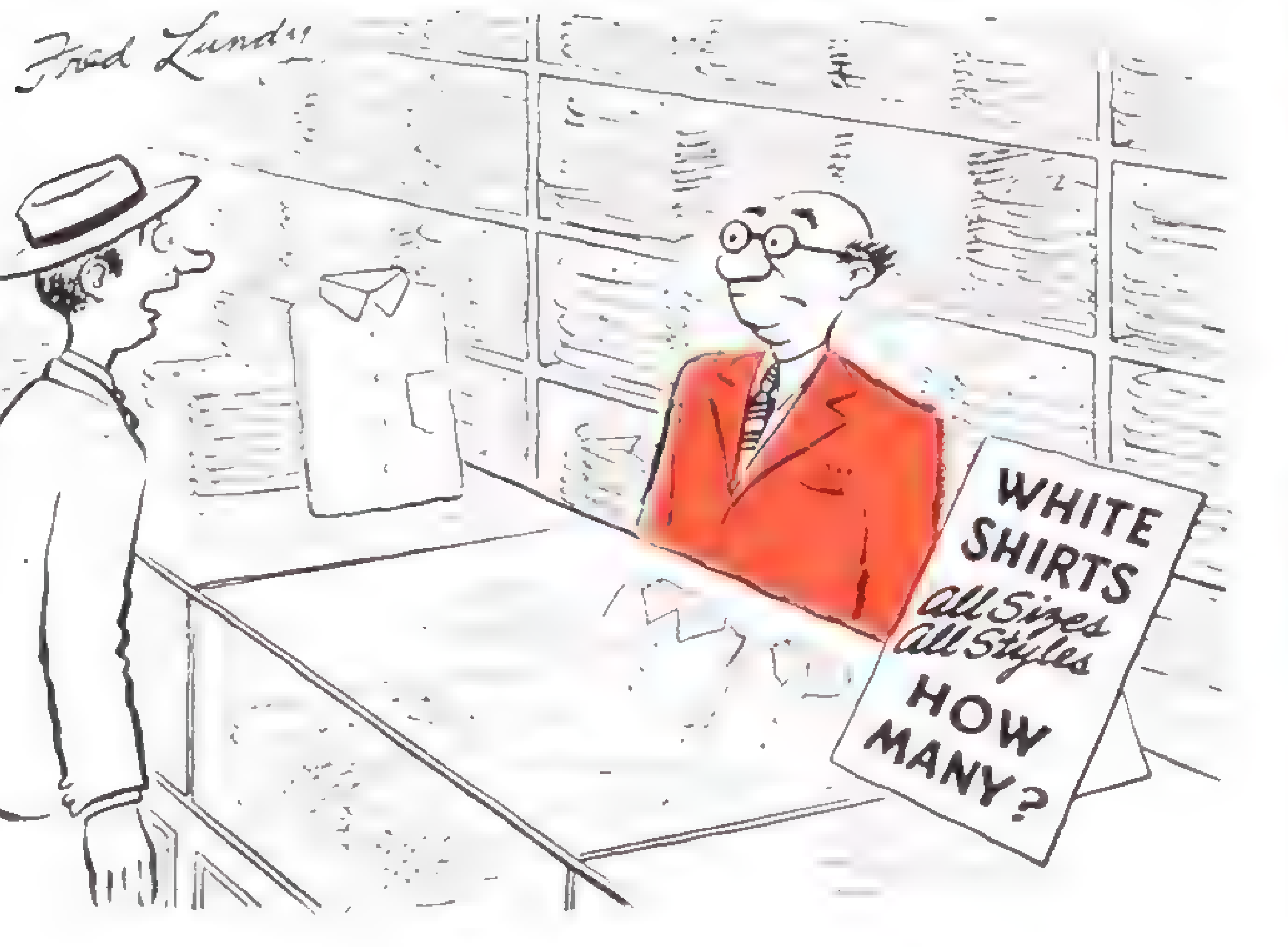

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The Big Bout

Continued from page 27

so fast nobody knew exactly what had happened, Dutch had smashed him on the cheekbone, knocked him into the ropes, and was standing over him swinging fists that traveled a foot and landed like clubs. MacLean tried to fight his way out, but he couldn't get set. He ducked, turning a shoulder toward Dutch. Dutch sledged him on the ear. MacLean skidded across the bottom rope and hung there, half in and half out of the ring. Dutch started for the neutral corner, watching MacLean over his shoulder. MacLean clambered back into the ring, his face very serious. He forgot about taking it easy. He tucked in his chin and went to meet Dutch. They leaned into each other and swung from the hips. MacLean's face was swelling and his mid-section was a dull red. Dutch's right eye was closed tight. Blood was running again in three jerky lines from his nose to his mouth. His head was humming and he was glad MacLean stayed close to him because he couldn't see very well. The referee stopped them again.

From there on it was bad for Dutch. MacLean got over his eagerness and started using his head. He stayed away from that toe-to-toe stuff and curved in those deadly left hooks. With his right eye closed, Dutch didn't see half of them coming. He had never got over that first terrific punch; something had come loose then, and these jarring blows against his head hurt the inside of his skull. He wanted to lie down. He would have given a million dollars to be able to lie down. So he carried the fight to MacLean, feeling nausea in his stomach every time MacLean hit him on the head.

At the end of the fifth round the humming was so loud in Dutch's head that he did not hear Amos speak to him and he did not see the frightened look Amos gave him. He breathed in short quick gasps and there was a bitter taste deep in his throat. A small spot pained sharply between his shoulder blades. His shoulders and arms ached dully and his hands felt swollen and heavy in his gloves. His face did not hurt. It felt huge and shapeless, but it did not hurt. All that could be expected, but the fluttery sensation at the back of his knees was something else. He knew by that that it was all over.

He came out for the sixth. He still fought the only fight he knew—heading straight into the other man and to hell with what happened to you in the process. But he fought it with a difference. He didn't throw anything. If he threw something now it had to be for keeps: what he had left wouldn't be with him long. He couldn't waste it. No more short hard ones. He followed MacLean, watching him; and that was fine for MacLean. All he had to do was hit this guy who kept coming in, move away, wait until Dutch came in range again, hit him and move away again. It was as simple as that.

And then MacLean, because he was young and because he had had nineteen straight knockouts and because there was so much blood on Dutch's face and because the fight had suddenly become so simple, but mostly because he couldn't understand how or why Dutch was still on his feet, made his mistake. He hit Dutch and moved away and was just a little careless about his guard. He carried his hands just a little low.

Dutch nailed him. It was his last good punch and he threw all his respect for Joey MacLean into an overhand right, straight down the middle. It hit MacLean's jaw with a crack like a line-drive single. MacLean came all apart. He broke at the knees, waist and neck. His knees hit the canvas first; he tipped over onto a shoulder, rolled flat on his back and lay still except for his heels pushing instinctively against the canvas.

Dutch walked to a neutral corner, rested his gloves on the ropes, and stared out and up at the cigarettes glowing away off there in the blackness like taillights in a truck driver's nightmare. Then he turned to watch the count that he knew was going all the way.

It almost didn't. For an awful moment Dutch thought MacLean was going to get up, but at ten he was still on one knee.

Dutch listened to the crowd. The tremendous roar was different from anything he had heard before. It seemed as though they were cheering him. It was so different from what he was used to that he pulled his top lip back tight across his teeth because it hurt his lip when he did that.

Amos ran over and threw the robe across his shoulders and they went down out of the ring and moved up the aisle, with Dutch listening to the crowd.

In the dressing room Dutch lay flat on the rubbing table. Amos started unlacing the gloves.

"Got luck," Dutch said. He had trouble with the words; his lips didn't want to move.

"Sure," Amos said in a queer voice. "That's it. Luck. You got all the luck in the world."

Dutch lay with his eyes closed. Funny, he thought, how I want to talk.

"Glad they don't count to eleven," he said.

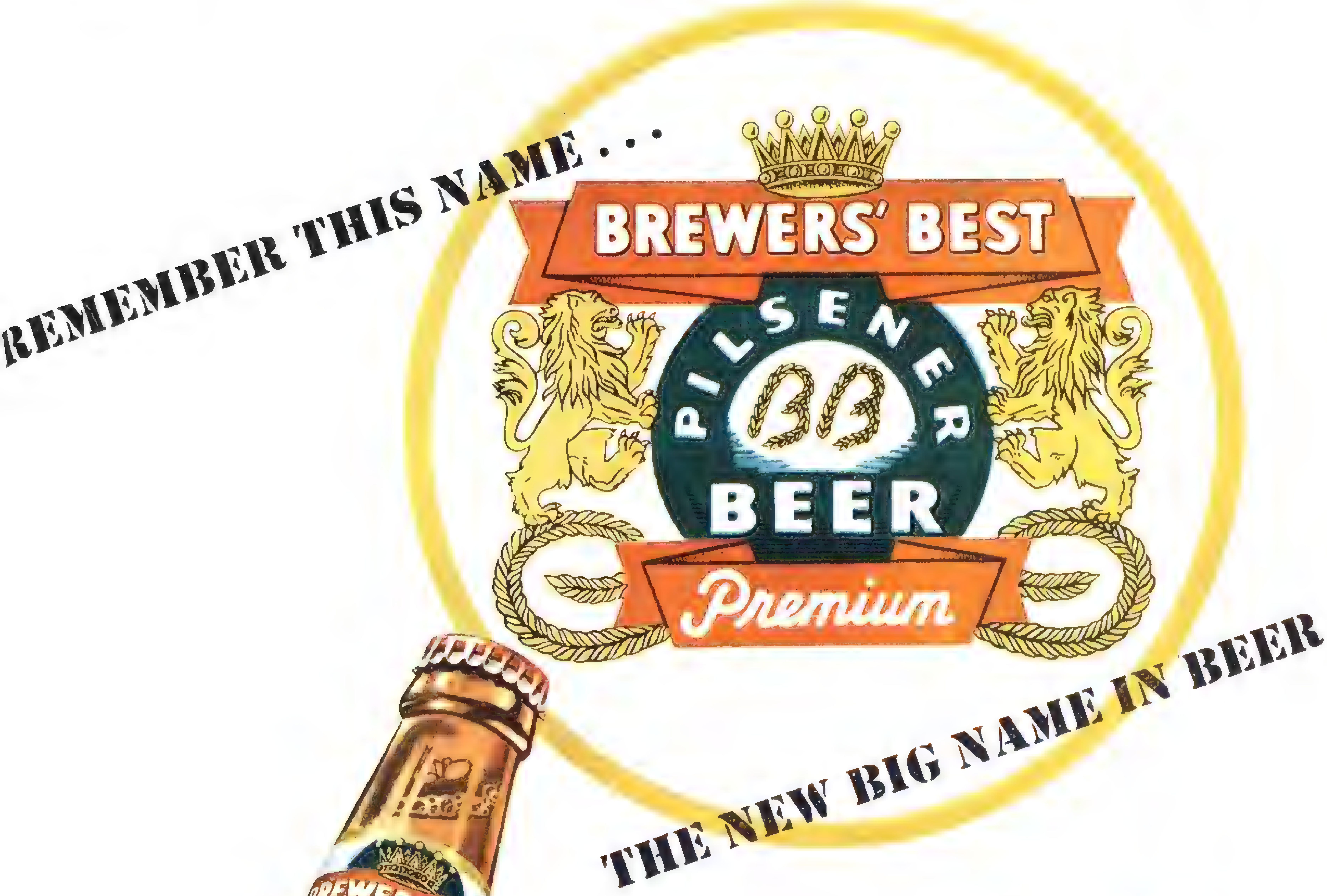
"Ten's enough," Amos said tiredly. "Ten is plenty."

Even lying down, the flutter was still there in Dutch's knees. He opened his eyes.

"We'll have to fight him again," he said. "I guess there's that."

"Shut up," Amos said roughly. "You just finished fighting him."

"Yes," Dutch said. "We'll fight him again. Good for us." ###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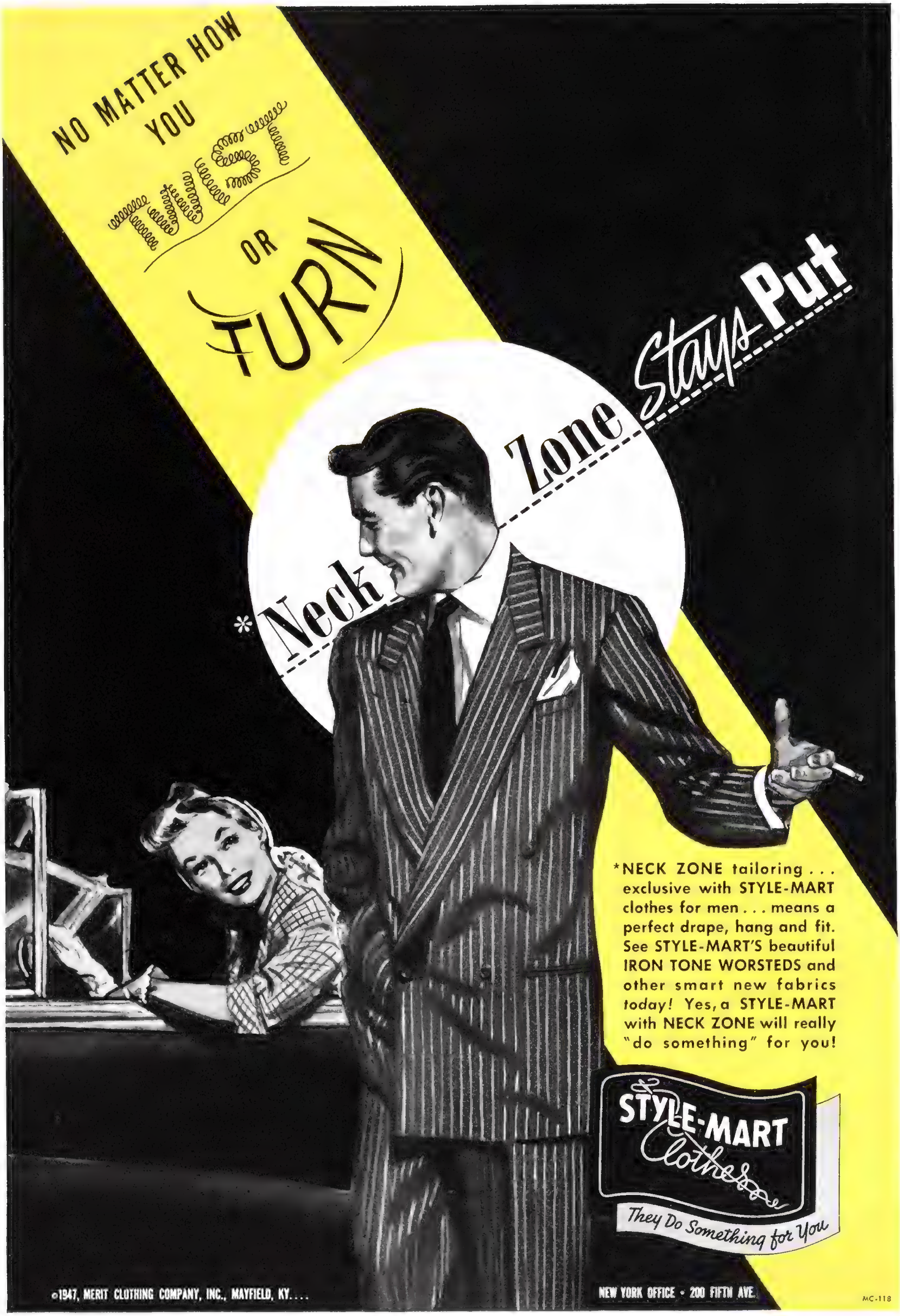
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MC-118

The Way to Play Edna

Continued from page 50

her relief. Then he frowned. "Only . . ." He paused.

"Yes?" she said. "Oh, you don't think it's wrong, do you?"

"No, it's eminently right. Only, you just *can't* stand there being stricken. *I* don't mind, Miss Ford, but Fred wrote the play and he might insist on the lines being read in that scene."

"Oh, but I would. I certainly—oh. You're joking, aren't you? No seriously, Mr. McGrath. What I mean is that it ought to be played softly, because everyone else is denouncing and carrying on, and Edna is the truly tragic figure in the scene and she ought to be quiet while she's suffering. Of course the lines—I'd read *them* in a sort of choked-up way. You know, underplaying it. Edna's voice has got to be—muted, so to speak, full of inflections."

"And nuances."

"Yes, nuances. That's a must."

For a moment he was silent, staring down at the table. Then he said, as if it had all been working out in his mind, "One more thing, Miss Ford. Tell me. How do you see Edna when it's finally disclosed that her name was forged to the letter by her mother? It means, of course, reunion with George. But remember, Edna has a strong mother loyalty too. There is no dialogue between the two women there. How should it be handled?"

Confidence freshened her tone. "Edna's face must register grief about her mother," she said. "But not for long. She must immediately harden her heart and cross to George and embrace him. A last look over her shoulder at her mother going offstage would do. Sort of a quick moment of heartbreak. But the important thing is to show absolutely her found love with George."

"I see. But don't you feel that after all that's happened she'll never again be able to get close to George? That that is her—uh—real tragedy?"

"Mr. McGrath," she said indulgently, "the final curtain is written with George and Edna in each other's arms—not speaking. I *do* know a happy ending. Really . . ." The amused arching of her brows indicated plainly that she was not to be betrayed.

Suddenly he tired of it. "I wonder what can be keeping Fred," he said. "Are you sure he said 8:30?"

"Mr. McGrath," she leaned forward, the sudden anxiety gathering up tiny lines at the corners of her eyes. "Mr. McGrath, what do you think about—I mean, about the show? Don't you think I have Edna pretty well conceived?"

"I think you've come a long way east, Miss Ford."

It took a moment for her eyes to narrow, but when they did they got very sharp and glittered like pieces of mica. The skin of her face went floury and loose.

"You've been having a pretty good time with me, haven't you?"

"I'm sorry you couldn't have joined me. Maybe," he added, "maybe if you could have, you'd have been able to play Edna."

"And what is that supposed to mean?" Her hand closed tight around the glass.

He shrugged.

"Mr. McGrath," she said, her voice flat with menace, "Fred as much as promised me. I satisfied him."

He sighed. "Of course you did. They all satisfy Fred. In every way, and one after another. For a man who is satisfied so often it's a wonder that he is never satisfied completely, once and for all, to end all satisfying."

"He only wrote the play, damn it."

"Please, Miss Ford, softly. And he *only* wrote the play. I produce it. Which means that I cast it."

"You superior dog. You died in Hollywood and now you're trying to get even."

"You're being foolish." He tried to keep his own voice from rising.

"It's true. You came out to bring your sacred Theatre to the movies and the tailors drove you back. And now you're so stinkingly superior—when it's easy."

He saw that she was honestly near tears. He hooked a finger at the waiter and the fresh glasses were brought. She needed the drink badly.

"You're probably right," he said. "And I'm probably sorry. Look. Go back to Hollywood. Take some good advice. You're not twenty-five, not even for the first thirty seconds. Play a few matrons. I'd give you Edna's mother only you can't act. But in Hollywood you've still got name enough . . ." His glance beyond her stopped him. "Here's Fred. You can tell him what you like."

For an instant he thought it would be nasty, but her face composed itself and when Fred got to the table she greeted him with animation.

"Freddie darling, we've worried!"

"Sorry, angel. I drove in and blew a tire. Hello, Doug, sorry. But you two shouldn't have missed me. How've you been coming?"

"Hello, Fred. What are you drinking?"

"Freddie . . ." she rose smoothly, "before you sit. Mr. McGrath is tired. He has a headache. Why don't we move on and let him get home."

"But the show. What . . . ?"

"Oh." She gave him her back for the cape. "Freddie, really you disappoint me. Mr. McGrath is so much more discerning. He showed me so very clearly. Edna's not really for me at all. No clothes, no abandon, no glamour at all."

"But Mona, I thought . . ."

"Freddie dear!" Her smile was brilliant. "I can't afford to play a plain, ordinary housewife. Really—what would my people think?" ⁜

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The Quest of the Old Conjur Tail

Continued from page 33

ly, he studied the opening, hesitated momentarily and then swung the boat up into the opening. They could see the almost black water from the "biyo" plainly, as it mixed with the blue water of the creek. "This mus' be it," Handy spoke. "Fer black water always mean standin' water, don' it?"

Big Boy answered in the affirmative. "Yeh, this it." He waited a moment, then spoke again. "Better stop and listen fer the ole Big Feller to spout off agin, I guess. No tellin' where he mought be by now, iffen he ain't got no hole up that biyo somers."

They both sat silent now, listening for some sound that might further lead them to their quarry. Suddenly it came. Much louder now, the roar of the big bull gator reverberated throughout the swamp. Handy grinned. "Soun' hongry, don't he?" he asked, half humorously. Big Boy stared for a minute, then answered in disapproval. "Boy, don' you'all go makin' no fun now. I jis ain't in no mood for it, not now." He was silent for a second, then, shoving the craft along with a heavy sweep, said, "I guess I jus' scared, tha's all. Jus' plain scared."

The further they progressed along the creek, the louder the roars of the bull sounded. Suddenly Handy jerked with a startled "Hssssst. Ain't that him?" Directly ahead of the boat, in the glare of the carbide lamp, they could see two fiery yellow reflections, each looking as big as a teacup, steady, blinking occasionally, yet never going completely out of sight. When the creature blinked, they knew that he just pulled the water shield down over his eyes. This was a thin, transparent cover of membrane, which slipped down and protected the eyes of the gator when he swam under water. When pulled over the eyes above water, it was similar to covering the light reflection with some translucent material, dimming the reflection, but not completely extinguishing it. Thus, the two men knew that they were looking at a gator. What gator it was, whether it was the one they were after or not, they couldn't tell.

All at once, they had the answer. From directly in front of them came a terrible roar. From the location, they knew within reason that the roar came from Ole Conjur Tail, for being swamp reared, they had both marked the location of the roar in their minds, and knew that he hadn't moved since they started out, over half an hour ago. Handy shook his head slowly as a signal. Having hunted together before, they knew how to signal without words, and what the signals meant. In this case, Handy meant that they would pass this one by. He knew that gators rarely were the first to attack and that if they were passed with ease and quiet, would probably be content to watch.

Following Handy's motioned signals, Big Boy eased the boat on past the watching eyes, noting that they swung to the boat as it passed, yet made no move. The boat passed the half-submerged gator without incident, and Big Boy ignored him to pay attention to Handy, in the front. After another two or three hundred feet of steady, quiet duck paddling, Big Boy got another startled "Hsssst" from Handy. Slowly Handy motioned the boat forward, directing a slight turn to the left. Big Boy, trying to paddle and watch at once, was hard pressed to make the turn in time. Handy motioned for the boat to stop. Big Boy immediately backed water with his paddle, stopping the boat. Taking the long, slender swamp cane which was an anchor he quietly pressed it into the mud under the surface of the water and bent it to a curve, fastening the upper and most limber end to the seat. This was a necessity, in case the boat was attacked, for there would be no time in which to undo any heavy anchor.

Sitting quietly, for he had not yet seen their quarry, Big Boy heard the click of the twelve gauge as Handy loaded it with buckshot. He knew that Handy had seen the creature, and had him spotted in a position for the one shot that they must get, the only shot that would leave a gator motionless—straight between the eyes, with a load of double-ought buckshot. Tense now, he waited and watched Handy, for the next very few minutes would tell the tale. Gripping the paddle firmly, ready for quick action, he heard a hiss from Handy, and knew that all was ready.

Watching now, Big Boy kept his eye on Handy's light. Slowly, as Handy turned in his seat, gun at "ready," the light swept across the surface of the water, thence to the bank and up, through the mud, and onto a sand shoal, deposited by last season's high water. Big Boy could not stifle a gasp as he saw the light play on the huge gator lying longways to the boat. Raised in and near the swamp, he had seen hundreds of gators, but never such a creature as this.

Fully twelve feet long from nose to tail tip, the great gator was gnarled and scarred with age. His hide seemed to be of a greenish hue, even under the yellow light, and one front leg was missing at the joint, a memento of some long forgotten battle with some other swamp giant. The great tail, covering fully five feet of the total length, was lined across the top with wicked, saw-toothlike projections, and was fully as thick at the base as a man's leg is at the hip. Big Boy was glad they were as far as they were from the animal, for he knew well the terrific destruction contained within that great mass of muscle. Without knowing consciously, he began to pray silently, praying that Handy would be lucky this time, even if never again. If that huge bulk were just wounded and not killed outright, may The Good Lord have mercy, for he knew that at least one, and probably both of them, would remain forever within the swamp.

Obviously they had slipped up on the huge gator, who had not paid any attention to the light. Having never before been hunted at night, he would find no connection between the light and the sound of the guns he so hated, and so he had rested as he was.

Slowly and carefully, Handy raised the gun. Directing the light to the gator's head, he made a sharp chirruping sound with his lips. The gator remained unmoved. Handy tried again, a little sharper this time, gun held carefully at ready. The gator stirred a little this time, annoyed by this strange and irritating noise. Still the great flat snout rested on the ground. As an afterthought, Handy moved his light around the area near the gator, up both sides, back and forth to the water.

Big Boy knew what this was for, for he sat with his hand on the heavy net of tar-soaked rope, which would be used to throw over the huge bulk after it was shot. They both knew that the great body would lie motionless for a few moments after being shot, allowing just enough time for throwing the net over the animal so that its thrashings, after recovery from the nerve shock, would be unable to work it off into the water where it would sink. Throwing the net was the most dangerous part of the whole venture, for if they were just a fraction too late, they might be killed, or else lose their prey. The net was a big thing, some fifteen feet square, with long "tie" ropes running from each corner, which were used to tie or hold the net as the death thrashings of the great animals took place.

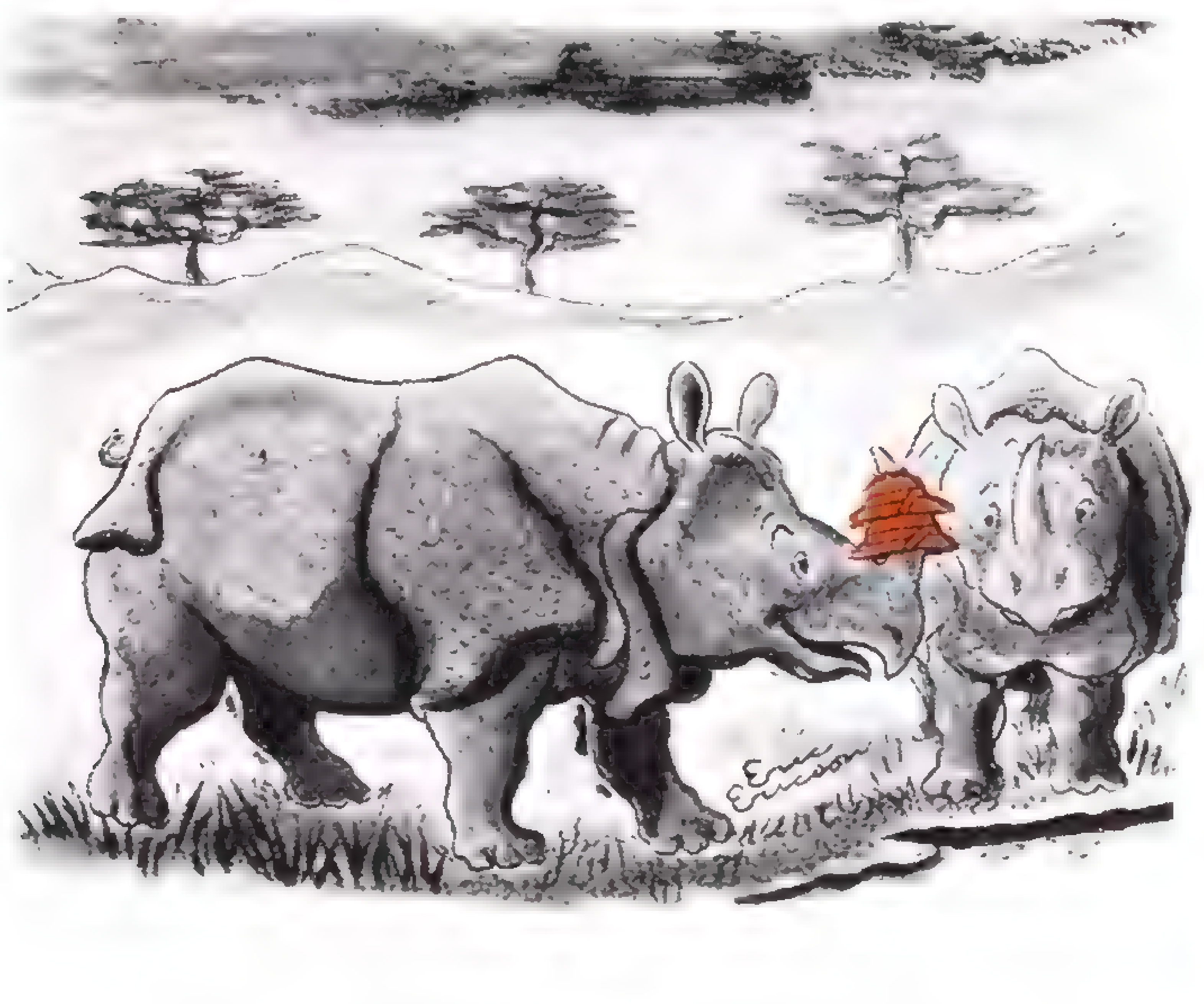
Evidently finding everything to his satisfaction, with all clear, no snakes or other obstructions, Handy raised his light to the beast's head again. The boat trembled as Big Boy tensed himself. Handy gave another sharp chirrup, aimed carefully, and waited. The great gator, annoyed beyond reason by this time, raised its head. Handy chirruped again, this time as loudly and sharply as possible. The gator jerked, opened its mouth, showed the long rows of double teeth in a yawn, and turned directly to face the boat.

Handy waited a moment until the great jaws closed with a wicked snap, watched the evil, yellow eyes for a fraction of a second, and feeling that he was right, fired.

For a few seconds Handy had the horrible feeling that he had missed, for even though he could see a gaping red hole between the eyes of the great brute, the head held steady, eyes open, without a tremor. Then it sank, slowly and steadily, till it rested on the dark, greasy mud. Sensing that this was the brief few seconds when the nerve shock was greatest, he snapped Big Boy out of his state of immobility and, grappling with the net, sprang to the bank. Big Boy followed suit, well away from the great tail, and they both threw the net, which unfolded perfectly over the huge body. Paying the lines out as they hurried up the bank, they both tied their ropes to small cypress knees, just as the great creature began to jerk and tremble.

Slowly, with increasing power, the carcass began to jerk and jump, move and thrash. The great body thrashed wildly, the huge jaws, full of teeth that could easily sever a man, snapped with horrible sounds. The great tail seemed almost to fight desperately for freedom, jumping this way and that way, up and down, slapping the ground with blows that made it tremble. The very swamp itself came to life, as the noise awoke the sleepers and startled the night life. Birds screamed in an ever-increasing chorus of fright. Somewhere a sleepy crow let forth with repeated squalls of indignation, an owl hooted repeatedly,

Continued on page 132



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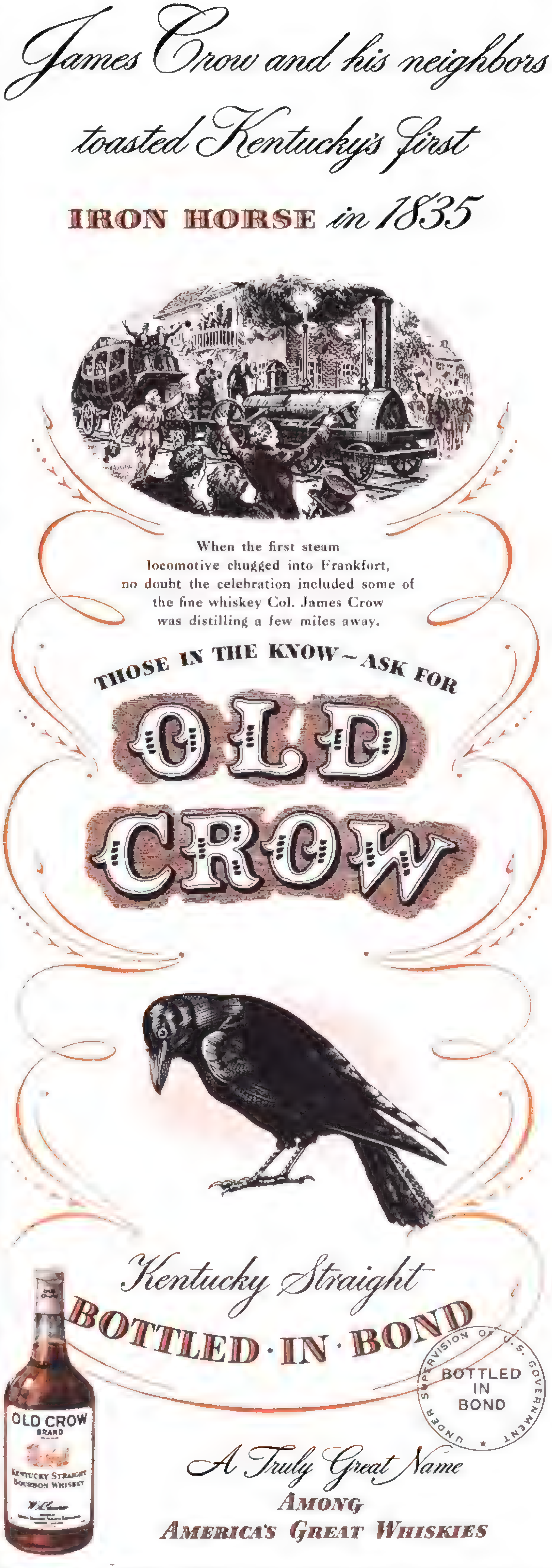
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The Quest of the Old Conjur Tail

Continued from page 131

and far back in the swamp a prowling bobcat screamed.

The two men just stood motionless, struck anew by the awful sight they witnessed, each pretending nonchalance, yet each of them immeasurably glad for the presence of the other. For fully forty-five minutes the great body thrashed and fought in its dying agonies, the men standing near one another, holding limply onto the ropes and watching. Finally, the movement of the body began to slow down, and, after an hour, was marked by only occasional jerks and spasmodic jumps of a few inches. Watching the great jaws, the men now felt free to approach the body, and did so, punching it with sticks and hitting it on sensitive portions in order to be sure. When no further movement could be caused, they made ready to take the body in to the landing.

Handy, taking a knife from his pocket, cut off a length of the net rope, and proceeded with much caution to tie the jaws together. Big Boy, in the meantime, had searched out the woods for two long sturdy saplings, green and of some three-inch thickness, with which he tied the legs, two to a pole on either side, and then lashing the whole thing to the great tail. Going down to the boat, Handy pulled an automobile tire pump from the floor. The pump was equipped with a tube some five feet in length, and this Handy proceeded to force through the teeth of the creature down the throat and into the stomach. Big Boy took the pump and began pumping air into the cavity. Slowly the great body began to swell around the middle, as the air was forced in. The purpose behind this unusual activity was to make the body lighter than the water upon which it must be floated to the landing, for otherwise it would sink.

Finally, the cavity had reached its full capacity, and Handy pulled the pump tube from the mouth of the gator and tossed the pump into the bottom of the boat. The net too was folded before it followed the pump into the skiff. For some few minutes the two men puttered here and there, as though deliberately putting off the necessary return through the long and dark waterway to the highway.

With a final look around, followed by a grunt of approval that all was well, Handy spoke.

"Guess that's all, ain't it? Don't see nothin' we lef' and ain' see no reason why we oughta stay hyar any longer, does you?" Without answer, Big Boy stooped and shoved at the great carcass, pushing it inch by inch into the water. Handy gave a hand at this, working from the opposite end, grunting and mumbling to himself as he worked. Finally the task was done. After one awful minute in which they both thought the body would sink, it had raised back to the surface, turned belly upward, and now floated in the water beside the skiff, rocking slowly in the gentle waves. Big Boy stepped into the boat first, so as to enable him to take his seat as paddler without having to step over Handy. Handy, following, shoved the now floating body to the back of the boat, where Big Boy took a piece of cord from his pocket and tied the ugly snout close behind his seat. Big Boy guided the boat in a slow, backing circle as Handy seated himself and trimmed his lamp for better light. Little by little the skiff eased into the flowing water, heading out to the main creek.

For better than an hour, Big Boy rowed and paddled, alternating the paddle from right to left, tired now in arms, body, and spirit. Both of the men were worn. The fact that they had been successful did not change matters. They were still tired, tired in a way that only departure from the swamp could cure. And so they hurried. Close to the highway now, they could hear the occasional sound of a truck or car as it whizzed by on the macadam, tires whining on the dew-soaked pavement.

After what seemed hours, they hove into sight of the blaze they had left some four hours before. They could hear the sound of singing as one of the boys fished the bank with a catfish pole, and could see the shadows of the others as they bustled here and there around the fire. Handy gave a loud halloo, calling to the boys that they were in and had the big gator. As Big Boy swung the nose in, Clay grabbed the line and tossed it to Peewee, who tied it to the stump.

"Good Gawd, looka there," came the excited sound of Clay's voice. The others crowded around the boat, anxious to see the fearsome creature so long hated by the swampers. Peewee, stayed more by fear and caution than by respect for his elders, retained his position on the bank, content to look from a safe distance. Beck, who up until this time had remained silent and aloof from the crowd, finally spoke up with a laconic, "Big un, ain't he? An so ole that he got whiskers."

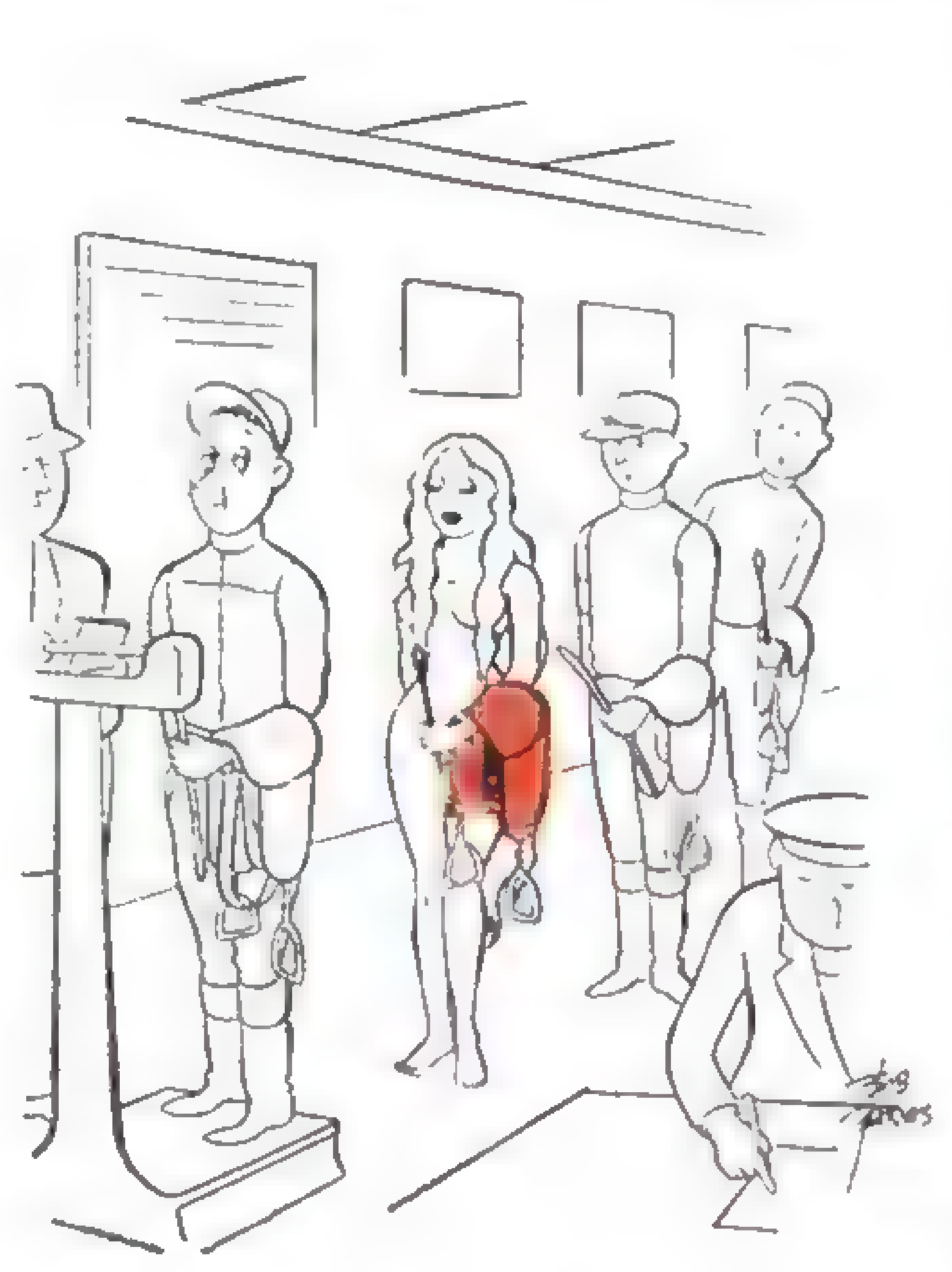
This brought a look of disapproval from both Handy and Big Boy, who were duly inflated by the magnitude of what they had done. But neither bothered to make any reply. They were content to bask in the reflected glory of their deed, and to accept the plaudits of the congregation come next church meetin'. They knew that it would come, that they and their deed, inflated to such points as would be desirable in placing greater danger upon the undertaking, would be the main points of conversation for the next few weeks.

After the preliminaries were

over, Handy and Big Boy stepped in grand manner from the boat, and walked to the fire with greatly exaggerated motions of extreme fatigue. Seating themselves, they proceeded to fill up with fresh river cats, caught and fried after they had gone, and huge pones of ash bread, cornmeal mixed into a dough and rolled into balls, and placed in the hot ashes raked aside from the fire.

Meanwhile, Clay and Beck, assisted somewhat gingerly by Peewee, dragged and rolled the great gator up on the sand, where, to the accompaniment of much grunting, whistling, cursing and shoving, they rolled the body to the fireside.

It was here that Clay took complete charge, firelight glistening in the deep scar that rolled across his face. Unrolling a burlap bag, he took forth several knives, one a great curved affair, the others small and short bladed, with heavy, thick steel edges. It was here that skill was necessary, for a slight mishap with the knife, some small turn of the blade, could cause the value of the hide to drop to one-half of its original worth. Stepping back out of Clay's way, after turning the gator belly upward, the others gave way before skill and knowledge.



Basking in his importance, and working with many unnecessary but appreciated flourishes of the knives, Clay sped rapidly to work. With one long and sure slice, he slit the skin from snout to anus, working carefully but surely, and with speed. Clay had been sure to slit only the skin, guiding the knife with experienced hands across the thin muscles that so poorly guarded the stomach of the great creature. Finished now, for the time being, he laid the knives aside, stretched in feigned boredom, and stooped again to his job.

Wiping his hands in the coarse white sand, Clay worked the slit skin away from the cut until he could get a grip. Grasping more sand so as to keep his hands from being too slippery to allow a hold, he quickly forced the skin sideways across the underjaw of the snout, working down toward the belly.

With deft, sure movements, Clay eased the skin from the membranes that attached it to the muscles, and completed working it loose from the chest. Reaching far up under the loose folds of hide, and tugging the bone and muscle downward at the same time, Clay pulled the entire leg from the skin like a glove. He repeated the action on the other front leg and the back legs. He now had the whole belly bare of skin, excepting the base of the thick, muscular tail. This he proceeded to slice up the bottom for some three feet, working his hand under and around the flesh and bone until the white, crisp meat lay steaming in the night air. Now needing the help of the others, he twisted the body over on its back, after puncturing the stomach with his knife to allow the air to escape and the stomach to flatten. Working from the front of the ugly snout, he retraced his steps, until the hide was completely off, excepting the last two or three feet of the tail.

Knowing what was expected now, Handy and Big Boy got up and took a position standing on the back of the great hulk. Peewee, Clay, and Beck seized the heavy hide and, straining with all their might, pulled it from the last section of tail, exactly in the same manner as one might finish skinning a large squirrel. Turning the heavy skin right side out, for it had reversed in peeling off, they bundled the great, bloody mess into a roll, and sent Peewee to the car with it, staggering under the load.

The job was done now, excepting one more thing—the alligator-tail steaks. Long known as a delicacy among both whites and blacks of the coast-line country, the meat from the base of the great tails was of the highest quality. Fine and white, resembling the meat of the big river cats, the ready-to-cook steaks looked somewhat like white pineapple.

Eventually, all was over. The meat was cut and divided according to proper shares, the remains of the skinned creature confined to the depths of the creek to feed the catfish, the boat tied up, and the fire carefully scattered and stomped. Gathering their respective belongings and shares of steaks, the men headed for their car. The night was almost over now, the moon slipping behind the tall cypress trees far back in the swamp as the car drove off.

From far out in the swamp came the bellow of a great alligator, disturbed as he sat in the water. Millions of bullfrogs croaked a good night to the sinking moon, and a lonely duck gave out with a few startled honks as some prowler of the night disturbed her nest.

Another day was aborning, and on the morrow the Delta would scent the odor of fresh gator steaks afrying, while exaggerated tongues embellished and added a thousand impossibilities of danger to the hunt.

It was a good country, a happy country, and the Geechees knew it. ⧺

Continued from page 33

P&T
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P&T
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RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
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"the finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America!"

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Here's luggage you'll use all year 'round—the HORN Camp Trunk!

Stylish and spacious and strong, it's perfect for *any* vacation . . . from a trip 'round the world to a trip to the country. Then, when you're home again, use it as a storage chest, for sports and hobby equipment, or for dozens of other uses.

A new manufacturing development makes this HORN Camp Trunk better than ever. It is covered *inside and out* with washable Fibertex, and enameled . . . making it more sanitary, scuff-proof and longer lasting. 12″ deep, 30½″ long, 16″ wide, designed to fit your car's luggage compartment. Sturdy steel corners and locks . . . roomy, rugged, removable tray.

The HORN Camp Trunk is available in brown, black, olive or blue. About $14.00 in most localities.

The HORN Luggage line is complete . . . includes all types of hand luggage and trunks for every travel need. At most good stores everywhere. We'll be glad to furnish the name of the nearest HORN dealer.

A PRODUCT OF RICE-STIX
Manufacturers
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

The Long Drop

Continued from page 59

saulted through the risers and torn them loose. The reserve bellied and filled and he looked down to see the roof of the grandstand right under his feet. That was one of the close ones.

Dully, as he bent over, his ribs began to ache on the right side. Kalamazoo that was—when a sudden wind twenty feet from the ground slammed him into the fence.

Slowly, with the care of years behind his fingers, he began to fold the panels, crisscrossing the suspension lines. Twenty-eight years, a thousand jumps. Sacramento, when a chute tore and he fought the risers until he was over a swimming pool, fought the harness until he slipped it, arching his body as he hit the water, missing the side wall by inches . . .

Wind came, stirring the elms; Frenchy looked up to see if there was any danger of the water showering his way.

It was dark by the time he put the chute pack in the locker. He stepped across the road for a coke and the juke box roared out at him. A kid in a cap with the wire out of it was telling two girls what it felt like to fly a B-29. A kid. How old—eighteen? He must be older if he was a pilot. But still a kid. Well—so were we.

It was late when Marlene came back. Frenchy was in bed, and she didn't turn on the light.

"What'd you see, kitten?"

"Oh. You awake? It was *Target Tokyo.* That was the main feature. And a musical I'd seen. I stayed to see it over, though."

He wondered how the kid ever managed to undress in the dark the way she did. After all, I've lived in this shack on wheels for eight years. But she's been here four months and has taken root. She's more at home here than I am. Kids learn quick.

She was beside him now; and suddenly an enormous lethargy took hold of him. It seemed to crawl up his arms and legs, to settle around his heart and draw a blanket over him. He slept.

When he awoke he heard Marlene rattling the coffeepot. Frenchy turned over and looked at the clock. Nine-thirty. Plenty of time. A bar of sun coming through the square window over the bed told him the weather. Ought to break out the reserve chute and check it. Then he found himself thinking of Ellen. It's always better when you think back on it. But at the time . . . how could it have been any better?

Then he recalled how he had fallen asleep last night. Damn it, why did I have to sleep until now? Why can't I ever beat the kid to it, getting up? Well, they say when you get old you need less sleep. I must be doing all right.

When he sat up his back ached. He twisted his trunk left and right; then the right ribs caught him and he doubled over.

He called to Marlene and she said, "Yeah, what do you want?"

"Coffee."

"Well, you just come in here and get it."

Frenchy pulled on his coveralls and slid into his seat at the table. The coffee had no taste.

The morning flew by. Every time he looked at the clock an hour had gone. Time, time, time.

Old Buster hobbled up, wagging weakly. He seemed to have aged since yesterday. "Hi, old hellion. You're an old hellion, ain't you? Bet you had fun in your day, huh?"

Buster cried with gratitude. But Frenchy had touched some sensitive spot in the dog's back and he yelped and hobbled away.

Marlene had on her white sharkskin suit. It was early for it, but she said she was dying to wear it, and besides we're part of the show and people always expect show people to be flashy. "Aw, it'll look all right, Frenchy."

"Sure, kid. Anything you put on—looks a million."

"Gee, Pops—you're sweet."

"Stick the kettle on, kitten—I got to shave."

In the mirror his face was enlarged, the bristles standing out stiff and pearly. Does a man's beard always turn white first?

He cut himself twice with the razor, and put the styptic pencil on the places. It was the first time he had ever needed it. Marlene used it when she cut herself shaving her legs.

The robins outside whistled like little steam calliopes.

And then as he paused, buttoning the black silk shirt which was halfway stuffed into his black whipcord breeches, he felt again the rush of the years, swifter than the rush of air past you while you count. "*. . . call your attention to his death-defying long drop—a mile, ladies and gents, before he pulls the rip cord . . .*"

No matter how fast you go, something's faster. He began to lace his boots.

Through the window he saw Marlene talking to Mrs. Borup—the straight, proud lift of her shoulders, the cute little keester in the white skirt.

He drew the rig from the locker. Ten years ago I wouldn't have gone up with chutes that old.

"Frenchy—come on! For crying out loud, do you know what time it is?" Marlene was sitting in the car. The kid wasn't always this fresh. She looked like she was about to cry. "*Frenchy!*"

He slung the chute rig into the back of the car and then stood, looking at the trailer with Virginia creeper growing up over its axles. Old Buster came panting out.

He patted the dog's head. "So long, you old hell-raiser."

"*Frenchy!!!*"

The leaves of the elm made a soft lace of light and shade on the stone wall.

"Okay, kitten. I'm on my way." ##

Bill Cunningham's Eight-Day Week

Continued from page 74

off as a reporter with the Dallas *Morning News*, Bill Cunningham has written enough words to fill 300 novels. His daily columns, which he writes in about two hours, run to 1300 words, his Sunday columns to about 3000. His Sunday broadcast adds another 2000 words, and when there is a major sports event to cover, his workload increases. During the World Series he wrote long daily accounts in addition to his regular assignments. Only once, when his mother died, has he missed a daily column, and the two Sunday broadcasts that he missed were only as a result of transmission difficulties.

This packed routine leaves him little time for other forms of writing, speaking or editing. He says he is on an eight-day week, and even for a wheel horse, that suffices. He wrote the script for Irene Dunne's first starring vehicle, *Consolation Marriage*, and has often been put on the Hollywood pay roll as a sports consultant. In addition to speaking tours, which have taken him to almost every state in the Union, he has also managed to find time to write a number of magazine articles.

Soon after Bill switched from the Boston *Post* to the *Herald* in March of 1941 at a salary of $26,000 a year, the circulation of the *Herald* increased by more than 7000 the first month. He was content with writing sizzling sports commentaries until World War II pushed sports into the background, and when the *Herald* gave him free rein to write on anything his fancy dictated he joined the ranks of those in the Lardner-Runyon-Gallico tradition. He was making $21,000 a year when he left the newspaper that once paid novelist Kenneth Roberts $35 a week.

In the syndication field Cunningham has fared far better in radio than in newspapers, for his dual role as sports warden and a political Mr. Anthony could scarcely expect to please most newspaper editors. Some wanted a slugging commentator of the Hugh Johnson-Westbrook Pegler type, others a supercharged Grantland Rice. The variety of Cunningham's topics, moreover, could not always be depended on to appeal as much to folks in Birmingham, Alabama, as in Bangor, Maine.

His fifteen-minute Sunday radio spot did not present the same difficulties. He has little to say about sports on Sundays, either on his radio program or in his column, which is written in a more restrained go-to-meetin' style, for it is intended for his more serious readers. Less than three years ago he was carried by only five New England stations. Today he is heard over approximately 150 stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System. His combined salary as columnist and radio commentator is now more than $50,000 a year. And there are fat fees waiting for him when he wants to serve as lecturer or act as master of ceremonies at various functions.

Cunningham has often used his column to promote worthy causes. Once, when he asked for contributions for a wooden leg for a cancer victim, more than $20,000 was sent in. He donated the surplus to the cancer clinic in the girl's home town. During the war he honored no end of unusual requests from servicemen. When the Navy was short of binoculars he collected hundreds of them, and he forwarded some 3000 coffee percolators, creamers and silver trays contributed by his readers for combat vessels. He wangled a complete public address system, later used as a bull horn on an LST, obliged a bluejacket by sending him a Red Sox baseball cap, and sent religious books and albums of hymns to ships that had no chaplains.

Cunningham's radio and columnar appeals have greatly helped such causes as the Community Fund and the March of Dimes. In 1945, when the Community Fund in Massachusetts was short of its goal, Cunning-

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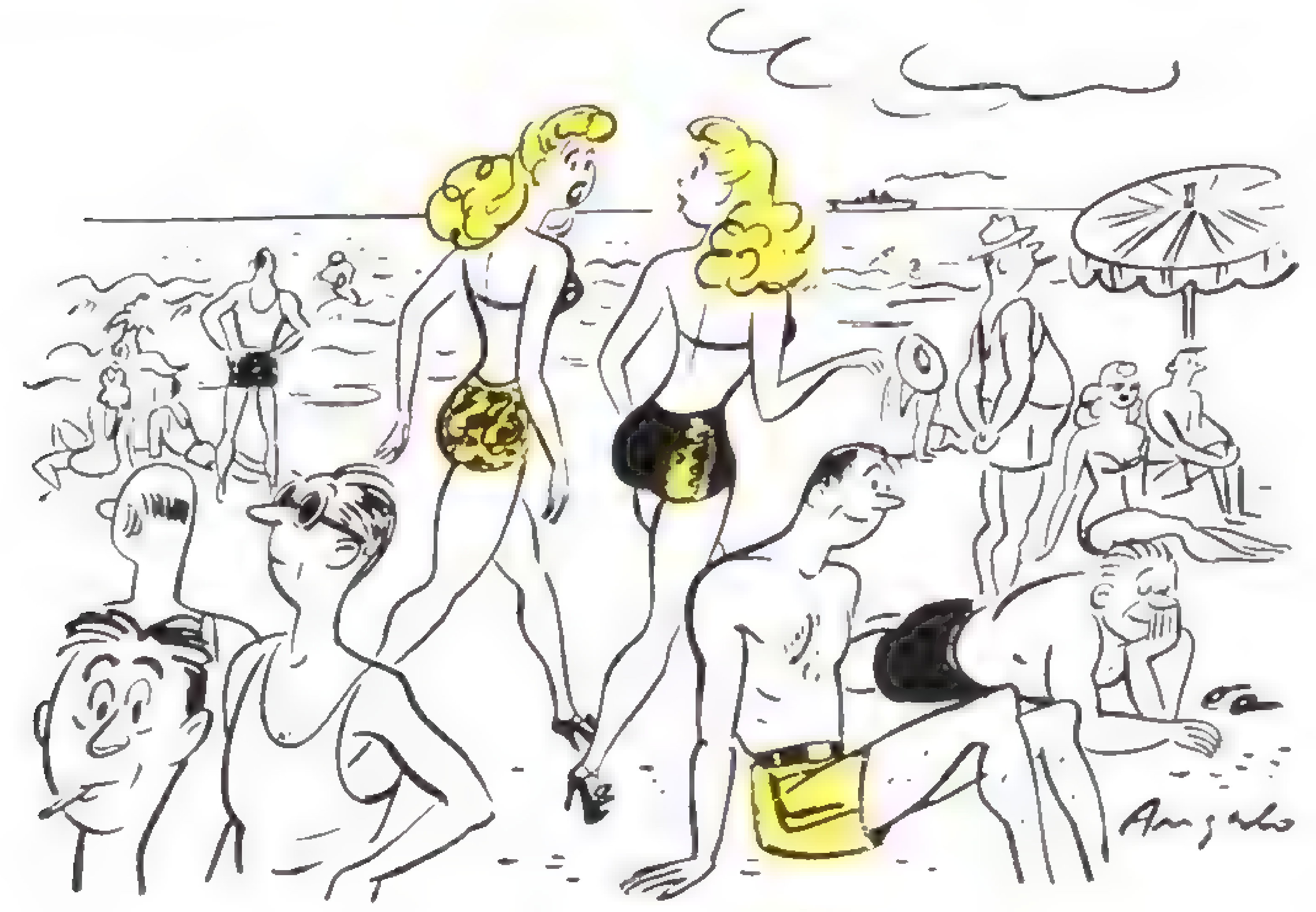
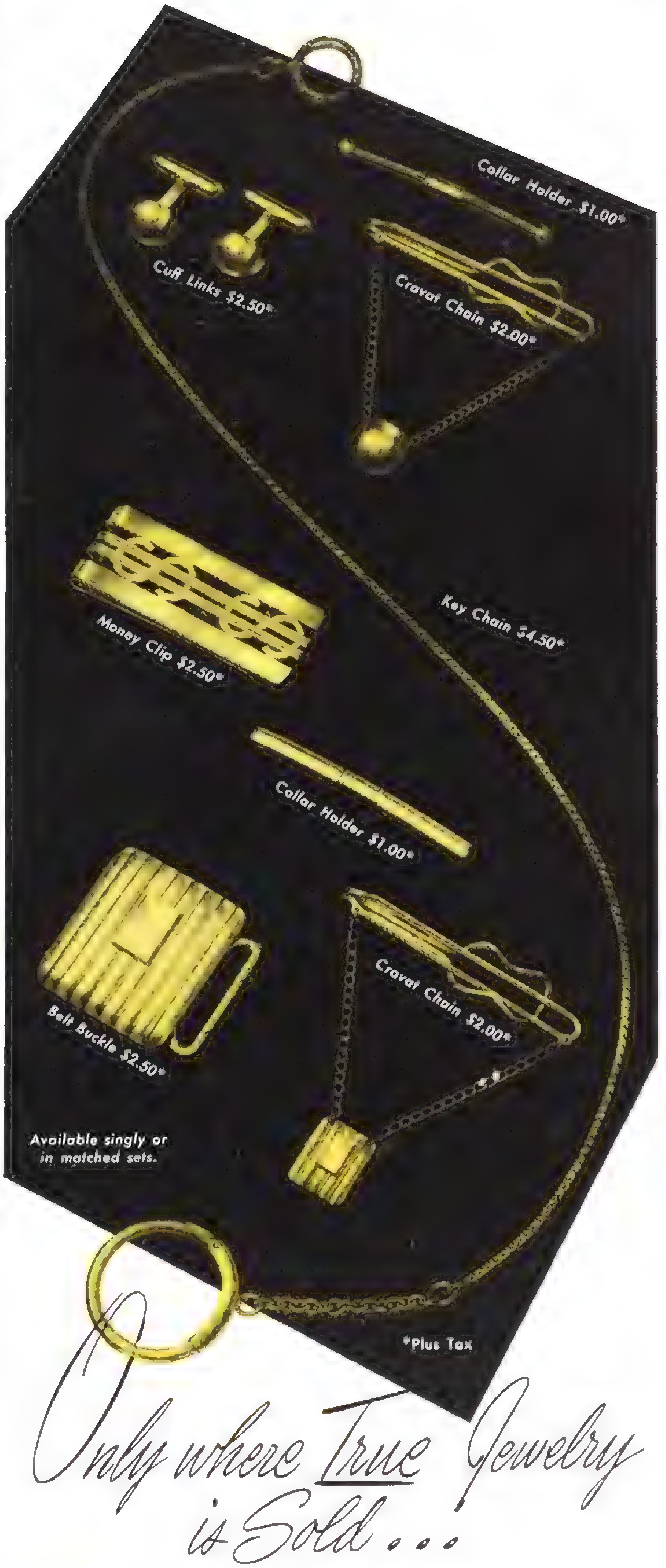


"Do you ever have the feeling you're being stared at by no one?"



You will find that Hadley Men's Jewelry is sold only through jewelry stores—where you'd naturally expect to find true jewelry. When you buy Hadley Men's Jewelry for yourself, or give it or receive it as a present, you know that you are giving or receiving items of intrinsic worth.

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Bill Cunningham's Eight-Day Week

Continued from page 135

ham, speaking on the Yankee Network, asked his listening audience to match the hundred dollars he was contributing to pull the drive over the top. In less than forty-eight hours over a million dollars was sent in. Greatly appreciated also is the lift he has given Red Cross drives, and at Christmas his pulpiteering has filled many a poor kid's stocking. As a do-gooder, William rates as a 1000% American.

Elijah William Cunningham, whose Scotch ancestors settled in the South in 1706, was reared in Dallas, Texas. Both his parents were schoolteachers. In high school he captained the football team and edited the school magazine. Besides being president of his class, he won top scholastic honors.

He attended Dartmouth College for a year and a half before serving as artilleryman in France. At war's end he was a captain. He returned to Dartmouth where he majored in English and became a big man on campus. In his senior year he made Walter Camp's second All-America team.

He was reporting for the Dallas *Morning News* when the Boston *Post* asked him to cover the Centre-Texas A & M game in Dallas on New Year's Day in 1922. Willyum wrote such a graphic description of the game he was invited to join the staff of the *Post*. He asked for $50 a week, found $75 in his pay envelope the first week. In 1928, when he wrote a heart-warming story about Babe Ruth, his publisher, completely overcome by the eloquence of his prize cow, immediately doubled his salary to $400 a week.

When Cunningham, in his first assignment, covered the Harvard-Yale boat race in 1922, he wasn't sure whether the skiffs were propelled by sails or outboard motors, but he has come a long way since then. Today, in addition to other distinctions, Bill is solidly established as one of the top sports scribes in the country. He is widely read by enemies who say he is swell-headed, by the shocked guests at banquets who call his jokes ribald, by the housewives who wish he would talk less about Bob Feller and Joe Louis, and by the high-school kids who can't understand why a nice guy like Bill Cunningham wastes so much time discombobulating about ginks like Stalin.

At fifty-one Bill has become a pipe-and-slipper suburban squire who actually prefers to play the piano or organ in the company of a few friends to sitting around sports plazas punishing the bottle. He went on the wagon this past year, intends to stay there until he reaches his three score and ten. He gets enough lift covering big news stories or such sport spectacles as an Army-Notre Dame game.

Nobody enjoys a Scotch-and-soda or six more than Willyum, and in an inspired paragraph written at the end of 1945 he explained why he no longer suffers from the aftagazivvies: "War is like a terrible and protracted drunk an otherwise reasonably decent man has managed to survive. When it's over he doesn't want to look back on it. He doesn't want to hear what he did, or said, to try to remember what he thought, how he felt, or even hear how he looked. All he wants to do is forget the whole business and get on with something else. And that's the way it is with war and the public."

Held up for final judgment, Bill probably isn't as nice as Jean Biel, the confidential secretary he calls "Ima Smack," thinks. Nor is he so nasty or dastardly as some of his critics say. He knows that underneath that jaunty, cocky veneer he is a country boy from Texas. He has had his fun, and now he wants to stay around the home pasture and try to break a hundred shooting left-handed golf. But he knows very well that if something hot breaks down in Memphis or Tallahassee his boss will tell him to put on his Homburg and send back a blow-by-blow account. ⧻

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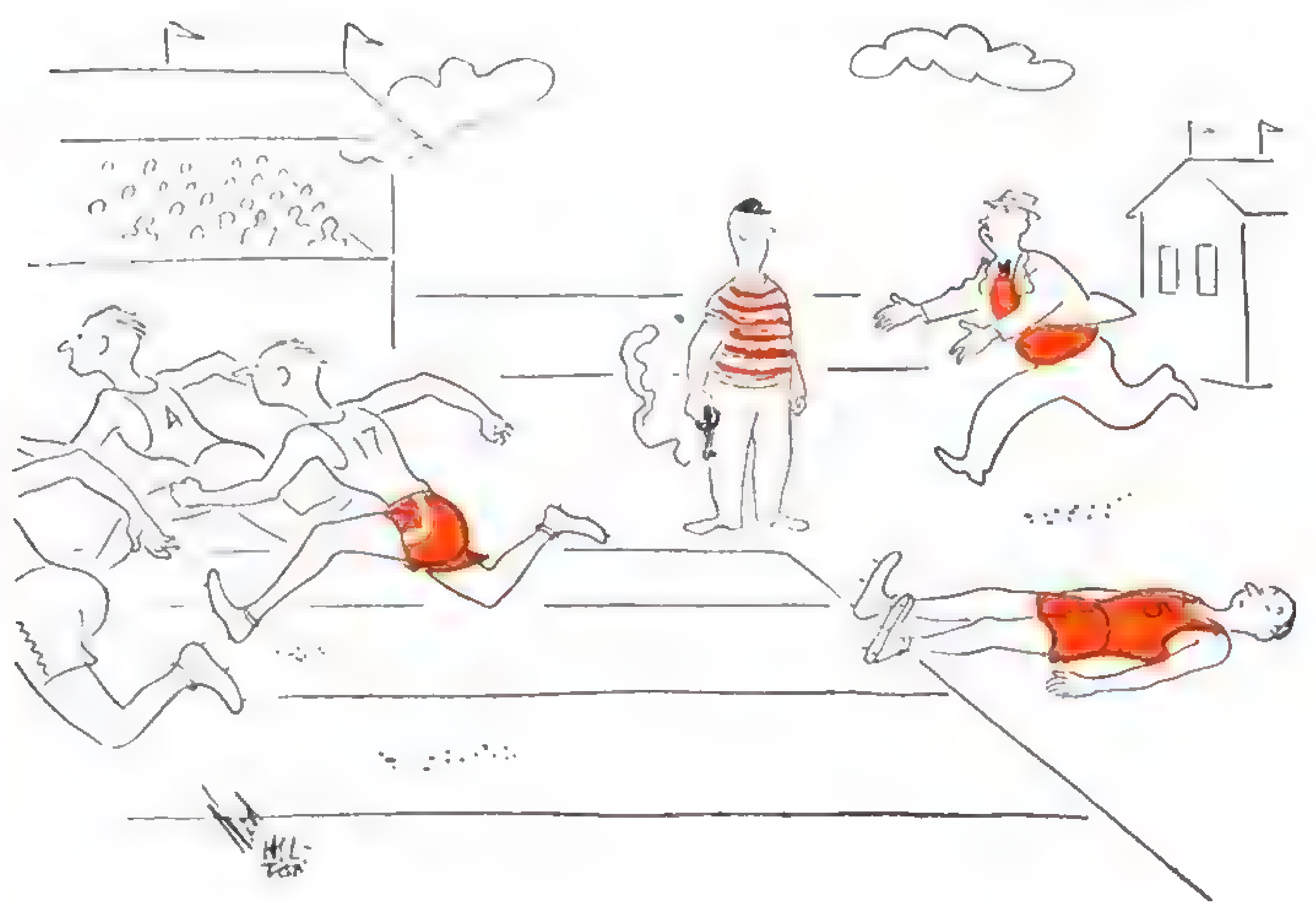

"Good heavens, Colby, you're supposed to fire it straight up in the air!"

This Man's World

Continued from page 25

five and the events that were to shape up later as such an important part of his life were taking place quite unbeknownst to him, except that probably his father considered him old enough to tell him the wonderful story of Babe Ruth and Johnny Sylvester that was played out in the newspapers in October, 1926.

A great story, the Johnny Sylvester yarn, and a lucky one, lucky for everyone concerned; lucky for Johnny who lay at the point of dying for want of the urge to live, lucky for Babe Ruth, the Yankees, the editor who dreamed it up, and the newspaper who first broke it. *And*—twenty-one years later—still a lucky story for the kid reporter, Eddie O'Neill.

Remember Johnny Sylvester? Come back with me twenty-one years, years that seem to have slipped by so quickly, and we will revive it together.

Johnny Sylvester was a little American boy of eleven who lay at death's door from a spinal infection. He had been thrown from a horse, the infection had spread and the doctors had about given up hope because the boy had nothing left with which to fight. Only a great and determined effort on his part, a strong, surging assertion of the will to live could pull him through. He needed a powerful spark to fan the dying flame of life.

Johnny Sylvester, like so many boys of his age and era back in 1926, had one love in his life, one interest, one hero, and that was George Herman Ruth. The Babe to him was very close to God. In the hierarchy of the great and the important, he sat at the very least at His right hand.

And, dying, he thought and babbled of the great Bambino and his deeds and longed to see him hit a home run and yearned to hold a smooth, white, hemstitched horsehide sphere bearing the precious signature of Babe Ruth.

His desperate father, Horace C. Sylvester, Jr., a vice president of the National City Bank, ready to grasp at any straw that might win him a victory over the Grim One with whom he was wrestling for the life of his son, made some contacts, and letters were written. And, shortly after, the first miracle happened. From St. Louis, where the Yankees were playing the Cardinals in the 1926 World Series, there arrived by air mail two autographed baseballs, one from the Cards, wishing that Johnny would soon bat 1.000 in health, the other signed by Babe Ruth, and near the signature the magic words, "I'll knock a homer for you in Wednesday's game."

Who but Babe Ruth, in simple faith and complete belief in his own ability, would have dared make such a promise to a dying child? Who but the Great Man would have the courage and the superb effrontery to call his shots? And who but the one and only George Herman Ruth could have delivered so Gargantuanly?

For on that Wednesday the second miracle took place. With the flame of his ebbing life, ignited by Babe's spark, now beginning to glow and revive, Johnny Sylvester lay in bed with his wan, boy's face turned to the radio. And that was the day that the Babe sailed not one, but three home runs out of the park, all for Johnny Sylvester. Could a child die once Divinity had thundered so gloriously for him and him alone? Life once more pulsed joyously through the veins of Johnny Sylvester.

Later, when the World Series was won, occurred the final miracle. Babe Ruth appeared unheralded in Johnny Sylvester's sickroom, in camel's-hair polo coat and cap, large as life and a thousand times as wonderful. He sat at Johnny's bedside and barbered with him about baseball and the Yankees and hitting home runs, as fan to fan, and when he left Johnny, they say that Death, the Grim One, made a low bow, owned himself defeated, asked Babe Ruth for his autograph and departed, because he no longer had any power over Johnny Sylvester.

And if Babe Ruth in all his wonderful years had never done another thing but give life to this boy, he had not lived in vain.

Now those things happened as I have related them, but not quite, because I left out the man who helped to bring them about, somebody who was wise and kind and knew the ropes and what strings to pull and how. They *might* have happened without him, but a good newspaperman does not take chances, and McHugh was all of that—a humdinger. He still is.

It was Gene who heard about Johnny Sylvester's plight from Horace, the father—McHugh was then on the night desk of the *News*—Gene who dispatched letters and wires, Gene who made contact with Babe's manager, Christy Walsh, who saw to it that Babe sent the baseballs and the message, Gene who arranged and set up the visit that Babe paid to Johnny when he came back to New York.

But never forget that it was Babe who clouted those three homers, and it was Babe's big, friendly paw that went out to Johnny and held his hand and helped him wrestle against the Other Visitor in the sickroom.

And now we come to the success story of Eddie O'Neill. Eddie grew up in New York like Johnny Sylvester and so many thousands of others, loving and hero-worshiping Babe Ruth. He lived close to the great Ruthian legend.

He wanted to be a newspaperman, and when he finished high school, he started—at the bottom. He got a job as office boy at the *Daily News*. He was a good office boy—too good, and it sidetracked him temporarily, for he became the office boy of the late Joe Patterson, owner, editor and pub-

Continued on page 138

Soak up Sun this Summer
. . . in Cooler
Coopers Sportswear

Nonchalant *yet* neat . . . here's a cooler-comfort combination of trim T-Shirt styling in a variety of colorful, porous fabrics. Knit to let the sun rays and cooling breezes in . . . to let body heat waves out, it's perfect for action-packed or lazy days. It's Fashion-Tested, too, which means it's color-fast and washable. It's made by Coopers, originators and manufacturers of the famous Jockey underwear.

Dan River's famous "Spun-Ray" fabric in Amber, Tan, Blue and Silver.

Galey & Lord's "Field-Club" in Natural, Chamois, Bark and Stone Green.

. . . meet the Sun-Mates

These high-fashion sport shirts of luxurious woven rayon-cotton mixes are Fashion-Tested—colorfast, Sanforized, crease resistant and washable.

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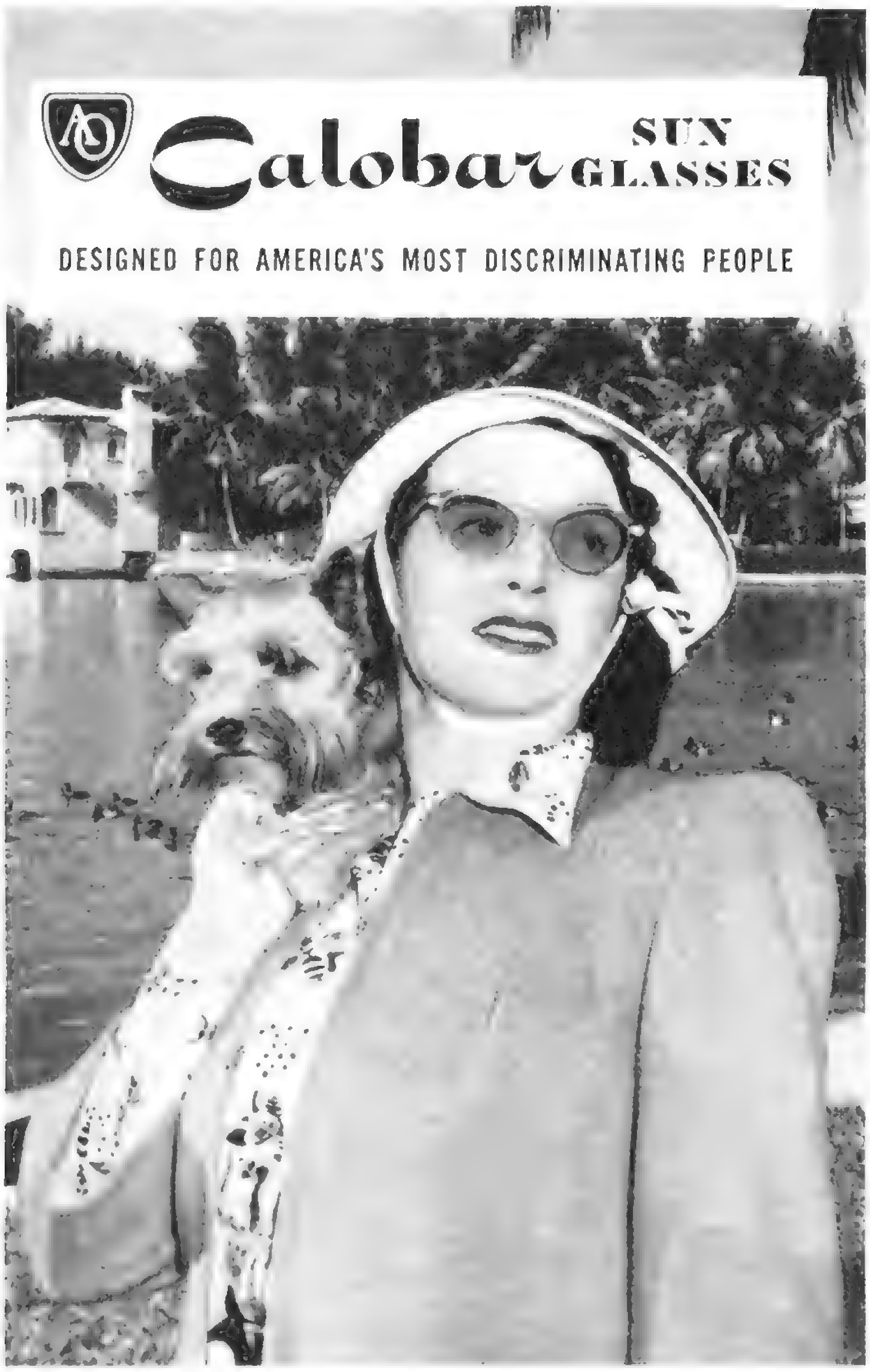

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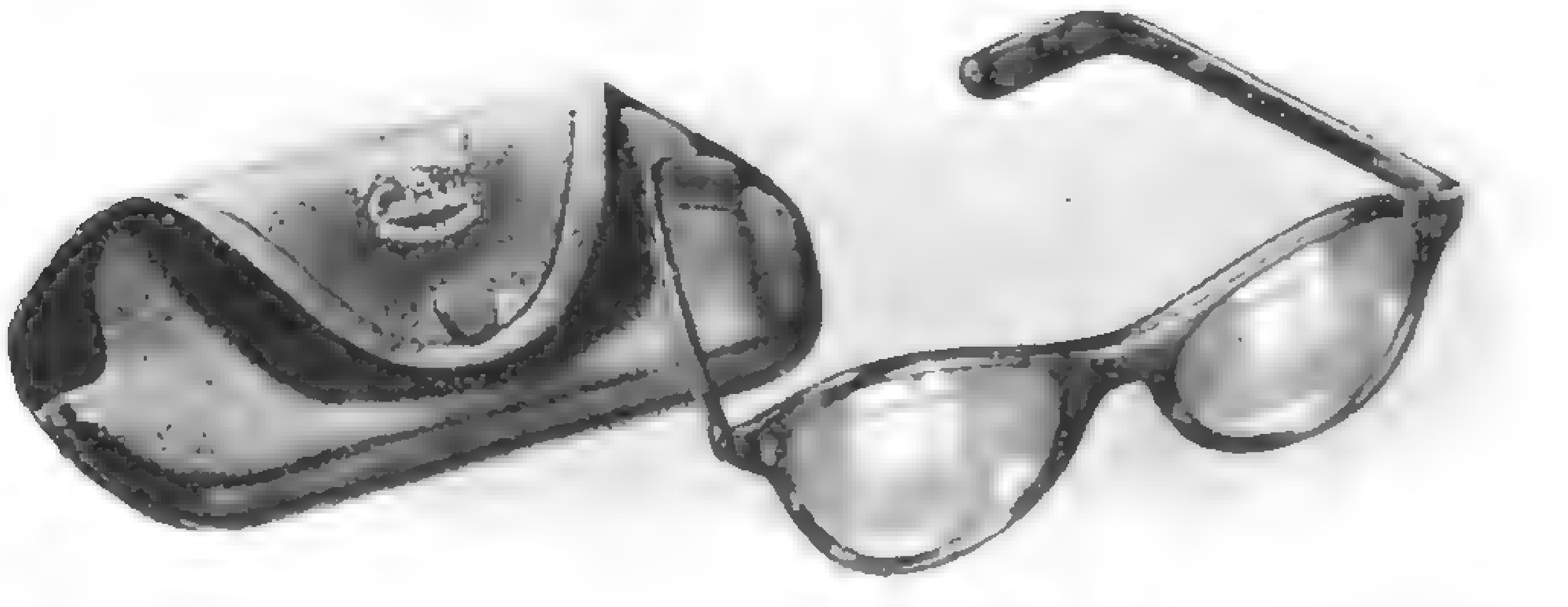
Sportswoman and Big Game Hunter of Westbury, L. I. and Palm Beach, chooses AO Calobar Sun Glasses for outdoor activities during the Palm Beach Season.

Designed for those who value correct style and optical perfection, AO Calobar Sun Glasses are made under the highest ophthalmic standards developed over a period of one hundred and fourteen years. Optically ground and polished they are specially formulated to guard eyes against harmful ultraviolet (sunburn) and infrared (heat) rays.

AO Calobar Sun Glasses are available through those who render professional eye service, in these new styles and frame colors: *Face Form, Upsweep, Bow Tie* and *Harlequin* . . . in pink crystal, red, blue, demi-amber and demi-blonde frames. *Metal Face Form* in white metal or pink gold filled.



Illustrated, the Up-sweep in demi-blonde

American Optical
COMPANY

IF IT'S MARKED IT'S SMARTLY STYLED . . . OPTICALLY CORRECT

This Man's World

Continued from page 137

lisher of the fabulous tabloid.

When the war came, Eddie O'Neill enlisted in the Air Forces. And you know that he had the goods when you hear that without a college education he became a commissioned navigator on a B-17, flew his missions over Germany, was twice shot down out of the sky, was captured the second time and spent the last six months of the war in a German prisoner-of-war camp. The war over, he returned to work on the *News*.

Patterson was still living and had arranged that Eddie O'Neill should have his chance as a reporter, at the far bottom of the heap, first banished to Brooklyn headquarters for seasoning, then further broken in as a leg-man at Manhattan police headquarters. You think that's good, eh? I've known men who stayed police reporters, hanging about the dingy headquarters for twenty years, and never had a sniff of a by-line.

But Fate and Babe Ruth and Gene McHugh, and the wonderful warmth and golden luck of the Johnny Sylvester story was at work again.

It began last April because Gene McHugh, now greying and managing editor of the *News* and still one hell of a smart and sweet newspaperman, scented an exclusive repeat on his once famous beat—the Johnny Sylvester story.

The Babe was having a "Day"—Sunday, April 27—when his recovery from a near-fatal illness was celebrated in ball parks all over the country and particularly in the Yankee Stadium where the show was graced by Babe's presence. And all that smart McHugh did was guarantee an exclusive feature heart story for the *News* for the Sunday paper by digging up Johnny Sylvester, now aged 32 and a married man, and arranging for him to pay Babe Ruth a return visit in the Babe's apartment on Saturday afternoon.

That, my friends, is journalism. And it also was a piparoo of a story. For the life that Babe Ruth had saved back in 1926 had served its country well. For two years Johnny Sylvester, a Princeton graduate, had been a lieutenant in command of a sub-chaser in the Pacific.

BUS STOP
Angelo

It was a tough one to set up and the only catch was that when word finally reached McHugh that the visit would take place, Gene's staff was depleted. Saturday afternoon most of the reporters are off or go home early. All the high-powered sports writers were out at the ball yards covering games. There was no one to send up but young Eddie O'Neill.

McHugh ordered O'Neill to go up to the Babe's apartment and cover the story and then added the words that have broken many a youngster's heart. "Come back to the office and write out a memo for Dick Young (the *News*' best sports writer). I'll send a wire out to Ebbets Field for Dick to come in after the game and write the Ruth Story."

So young O'Neill got out the clips on Babe Ruth and Johnny Sylvester and studied them. Then he went up to the Babe's apartment for the meeting and came back to the city room, threaded paper through a typewriter, slugged the sheet "Memo to Dick Young—Ruth—Sylvester–O'Neill," and began to clack away.

Clackety, clackety, clack-clack went the typewriter as the sheets piled up and Eddie O'Neill whipped out the memo which was to enable an older and established writer to turn out a heart-touching story. People on the morrow would be saying, "Boy, did you see Dick Young's piece on the Babe and Johnny Sylvester?"

After awhile the office got very quiet as the pink edition went to press and about the only noise was the unceasing banging of O'Neill's typewriter keys. And Gene McHugh, with the first edition off his mind, strolled around behind Eddie and read the first sheet:

"The *News* brought a legend to life yesterday, when it reintroduced Babe Ruth to Johnny Sylvester, 32, of 365 Stewart Ave., Garden City, L. I., a man who owes his life to the Babe's big bat and bigger heart. Theirs is a story of a baseball miracle, when the Babe called his shot by hitting three home runs in the fourth game of the 1926 World Series and saved the life of a hero-worshiping kid who was at the point of death."

Under his breath McHugh murmured, "Oh-oh," and skipped on: "The meeting of the Babe and Johnny yesterday in the Babe's apartment at 110 Riverside Drive was not unlike their first meeting 21 years ago. Of course, Johnny is now 32, an executive of a machine-making firm in Long Island City, and his appearance—robust, healthy—has changed from that of an ailing youngster of eleven. Then too the Babe is older and greyer than he was when he was smashing homers for the Yankees. But it was still the same situation, the Babe was the hero and Johnny his rabid fan."

McHugh looked over Eddie's shoulder to the page in the machine and caught the words spreading out hot on the copy paper: "Johnny then took out two of the baseballs the Babe had sent him in

1926. 'I thought you'd like to see these, sir,' he suggested.

"'Let's see 'em,' said Ruth, examining them closely. 'Oh, yes. Look at some of the names, Gehrig, Meusel, Koenig—' the Babe shook his head sadly. 'They were great boys,' he murmured.

"'When you sent me these baseballs, you were really making dents in them, Babe,' Johnny laughed. Again the Babe shook his head sadly—'Yes,' he muttered, half to himself, 'Those were great days.'"

McHugh leaned over. He took a big, fat, black copy pencil from behind his ear. O'Neill, lost in his story, looked up startled. Had he done something wrong?

But McHugh merely crossed out the slug-mark at the top of the page and penciled in, "Ruth-Sylvester-O'Neill," and then on the first page over the beginning of the story he scribbled, "2 cols 10 pt. caps," and underneath that he wrote, "BY EDWARD O'NEILL."

Then he restored the fat black pencil to its place behind his ear while O'Neill stared. "Keep on writing, kid," said McHugh. "You've got yourself a by-line. I'll send a wire to Dick Young not to bother to come in. That's good enough for me. Let it run."

Well, it does happen. It did happen. Guys do get breaks. And I still get a hell of a kick out of it when it comes off, because that is the America I know and love, the one that gave *me* my chance many years ago. You will find Eddie O'Neill's by-line in the *News* now up front from time to time, another kid who was in there trying and made the grade strictly on performance.

What's-the-Matter-with-the-Movies Department

Without wishing to infringe upon the territory of brother Jack Moffitt, but always willing to open a controversy to be carried on at a high intellectual level, the other evening I saw a preview of another English picture, a little whodunit called *Green for Danger*, and while it will not stop all the clocks in Hollywood, it was enchantingly done and high adult entertainment.

And sitting there in the darkness, enjoying it and knowing how it was done, I thought I would write you a little piece on why the British are making better pictures than Hollywood, and will continue to do so until the boys out on the West Coast catch on.

What I realized as I watched the picture unwind was that I was seeing the phantasy of a writer and storyteller just as he had seen it originally in his own imagination. A fellow had had an idea about a screwball detective and a screwball way of telling a story, and he had got it onto celluloid just the way he had seen it because of the way the English handle pictures; namely, a tight little collaboration between writer and director, with producer confined to his proper role of picking up the tabs and arguing with electricians, costumers and property men.

In Hollywood everybody wants to get into the act—and does. The story as originally conceived by the writer gets a terrific kicking around and rarely reaches the screen in anything approaching its original form—the idea, the *feeling* that some writer had about something. How silly. The moving picture is just another form of storytelling. The moving-picture industry must always begin by buying a story, something dreamed up by a writer, a highly specialized individual, a crackpot, if you will, but one who has the unique ability to make people feel the way he feels, and like it.

But having acquired this unique and delicate piece of property, every kind of nonprofessional, that is to say, nonwriting, noncreative nitwit, is permitted to tamper with it or change it, or add to it or subtract from it. Even permitting another *writer* to get his hands on the piece is just plain crazy because no two writers feel alike on a subject. Two writers can collaborate on an original idea and work it out to a product which will contain the best of both. But once a story exists as a finished piece, another writer can only injure it, not to mention the damage that results from the muddling of producers, their relatives, technicians, secretaries and office boys. The ideal way to achieve a good picture is to have less and not more people involved in it. The perfect setup is that rarity, the chap who can both create, write and direct. The British come as close as they can to this idea by teaming up the only two creative artists that matter in a picture—the writer and the director.

If the Hollywood method were applied to the publishing business it would work out something like this. A novelist would be summoned to the sanctum of the publisher to be addressed as follows: "We have read your novel and decided to publish it. Great idea. Great novel, beautifully written, and it's going to be a sensation, except my wife, who read it, thinks the hero should be an architect from New York instead of a farm boy from Oswego. My wife never did like the country. And look. My son is nuts about baseball. Everybody is interested in baseball today. We want to get a big baseball scene in at the end of the book, right after the big night-club scene set in the Stork Club, which my daughter thinks ought to be in to interest the young people. Now don't you worry. We've got writers here who are great on that kind of thing. Anyway, we never publish a manuscript the way it comes in. We'll have a half dozen of our writers on our list go over it and make changes, zing it up until it's got something in it to please everybody, after the technical department has decided how long it is going to be because of type and paper requirements. Then we'll give it to a fellow we have on our staff who isn't a writer at all, but who knows what

Continued on page 140

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This Man's World

Continued from page 139

people want. He'll go over it and take out anything he thinks people don't want. Oh, yes, I almost forgot. The trend right now is for stories about psychiatry. We'll have yours made into one of those, only we'll set it in the 17th century in Tripoli because my cousin says costume stuff is coming back."

The picture producers would be horrified if they were offered for sale a novel created and published under those conditions. They wouldn't buy it. But it is only a slight exaggeration of the conditions under which most pictures are made in Hollywood and which are then sold to the public, which buys them because there is so little else on sale.

This may be an oversimplification of the problem, but in the main I am convinced that this is the chief trouble with American pictures when they are in competition with the foreign product. And the real danger that Hollywood runs with this competition is not so much the loss of American markets as the foreign markets. For as soon as Europe and South America can get writer-written moving pictures, they will abandon the slick American machine-made omelette, and the loss of these markets might very well collapse the entire Hollywood industry. You might say, ". . . and not a bad idea," but I am just chauvinistic enough to like to see my country lead in this field as well as every other. The talent is here. The country is loaded with its writers and directors of phantasy, imagination and true creative ability. But as long as the Hollywood system prevails and the present incumbents continue to sit on top of the industry, so long will we continue to turn out an endless stream of turkeys from our film factories.

The Vanishing Gam, or Farewell to Cheesecake?

This item would seem to belong strictly speaking to our new Boudoir Department, which is our old Ladies' Corner, renovated and redecorated, except it likewise concerns an old and honored profession practiced by hard-boiled gents. I refer to the news photographer and his stand-by, the cheesecake picture.

For the benefit of those unfamiliar with the term, when the prominent actress, diseuse, stripteaser, authoress, or husband killer returns from Europe aboard that big luxury liner, the photographer perches her up on the railing of the ship, or on a lifeboat, gets her to cross her legs so that enough knee is showing to convince the editor it will interest more clients than the side view of Whatsis University's new cyclotron, which is likewise resting on his desk. He then levels his little black box and pulls the trigger. That, my friends, is a cheesecake picture. There are many variations of this: the crossed legs on the witness stand, the uncrossed legs on the windy corner of Madison and Michigan in March, but it is all still cheesecake and a good living for a lot of guys.

I would not have realized that this fine article of Americana was in danger if it hadn't been for the missus, who one night looked up from her tatting and remarked, "If that row you are kicking up on your typewriter is your piece for Esquire, I wish you would say something about the new fashion in women's skirts. They have added four inches to them and they are getting longer. What are we supposed to do now? It took years to condition us to show our legs and knees when we sit down. In these new styles we look as though we had been caught in a sack race. Do we haul them up around the knees when we sit down, or what?"

I must say that I did not at once respond to the dangers imminent in this situation, so engrossed was I in the preparation of the little essay on the English and American motion picture, and the beauty of my own prose. I may even have remarked, "Well, what of it?" when I got the bad news.

"You won't say what of it when you get the bill for my new clothes. You can take a long dress and make a short one out of it, but you can't take a short one and make it long when styles change. You go out and buy new ones."

It was at this point that it seemed to become an Item of Concern For All of Us. We will skip the vulgar financial aspect, the whipsaw angle of the ladies' fashion racket and consider the more alarming prospect of the loss to civilization of the great American gam. Who the devil got the idea of covering *that* up?

For almost twenty-five years the female leg has been visible from ankle to the carpal joint, which is a hell of a way to talk about a knee. For nigh on to twenty-five years, the trim ankle, the shapely calf, the dimpled knee has been a part of the American scene and a delight to the eye, not to mention the practical aspect. A guy had only to drop his eyes to skirt level and he knew what he was getting. What was it old Chamberlain said years ago, "The lights are going out all over the world . . .?" Damme, this is worse. The shades are being lowered. Dresses are coming down. From now on it's guesswork again. And cheesecake . . . cheesecake is out, with the vanishing gam. No more trips down the bay to greet incoming celebrities and French movie actresses, no more tabloid newspapers, no more wholly inadvertent revelation of the tantalizing territory at the stocking line by ladies, which in the past resulted in so many happy marriages, no more nuthin'.

And what do *you* intend to do about it brother? ⌗

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A Critique on the Jukes Family

Continued from page 71

on to become immensely popular.

The point is that, as someone has remarked, what is one man's fish is another man's poison. Some worthy citizens didn't approve the popular *No, No, Nanette* because, after all, Nanette was a gold digger.

The judgment of the New York critics is demonstrably full of holes. They went overboard for Saroyan, but never convinced the public that he was great stuff. Saroyan has unique talent; *My Heart's in the Highlands* was a delightful novelty. But the critics apparently never discovered that his later plays were largely rewrites of *Highlands*.

Most critics rang all the bells for *The Voice of the Turtle* as the grandest comedy of young love ever put on the boards, and it remained for George Jean Nathan to tell his colleagues *Turtle* was the story of a week-end seduction with the girl almost a pushover.

The New York critics shouted huzzas for *On the Town* and *Are You With It?*, both mediocre musicals, very short on comedy. But they hated *Park Avenue*, a sprightly piece with a lot of merit.

I believe New York critics take themselves too seriously to know whether anything is funny or not. They said of *Park Avenue* that it had only one joke; they meant that it had only one theme, which is plenty for any show. It fairly sparked with jokes. They resented *They Should Have Stood in Bed* on the ground that everybody in it was a heel. What of it? It was farce, which doesn't require halos.

Mary Chase's play, *The Next Half Hour*, did capacity business in Washington last season. It died after a few performances in New York. One critic protested that the action consisted mainly in going up and down stairs. Physical action is not particularly important in the theatre; there was much dramatic action, of surprise, suspense, the essentials of drama.

Woman Bites Dog was an amusing satire, despite its title, and, as a Baltimore critic commented, if it didn't reflect the antics of a nationally known newspaper family, then indeed truth is stranger than fiction. It rated about 50-50 with critics, and was withdrawn.

My own gripe about the Jukes rests largely on their slaughter of two considerably-better-than-average plays. One of these, *Temper the Wind*, was a well-knit and effective play dealing with today's Germany and written by men who knew subject and dramatic composition. But it didn't have a chance. A few critics liked it; the rest dismissed it with a wisecrack.

The other was *Little A*, which built up splendidly in a week in Baltimore, by no means a good show town. It is the best melodrama I have seen since *Angel Street*—and presented much in the *Angel Street* manner, building up from the sober, sedate atmosphere of a middle-class home to tense and thrilling denouement. In the broadcast on this play its defenders made an excellent case against the critics, pointing out that what one critic liked another professed to detest, and vice versa.

Some plays are so bad no one could esteem them. A few spontaneous hits appeal to a wide public. The majority fall in a middle area; they represent conscientious work, and they tell a story. That story may have little appeal to an individual critic. But it seems to me that where a play has merit, a critic should shake off his personal prejudices and try to assay for what public it is written. Instead of saying "It stinks," he can tell something about it, so the reader will be able to judge for himself whether or not he wants to see it.

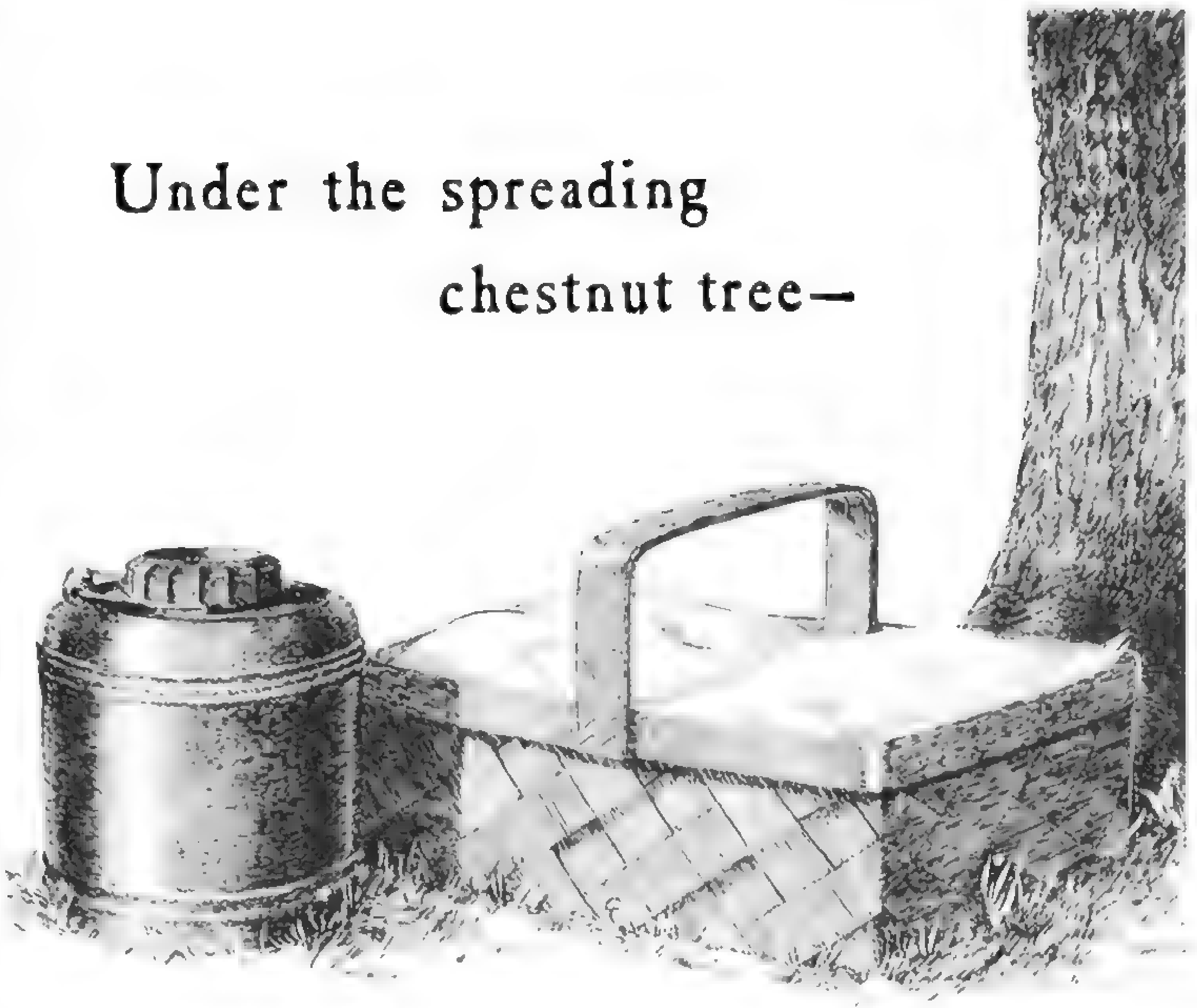
In a good many years as a drama critic I came to the conclusion that the best pragmatic test of the value of a play is the memory test. If you remember a play vividly after a lapse of years, it was probably a good play.

The critics have left a record of their likes and dislikes in their awards for the year's best plays, set up because they didn't like the Pulitzer awards. You may argue that Pulitzer prize plays are lacking in social significance, but over the years they have been pretty good. They include *Beyond the Horizon, Miss Lulu Bett, Anna Christie, Craig's Wife, Strange Interlude, Street Scene, The Green Pastures, Of Thee I Sing, Men in White, The Old Maid, Idiot's Delight, You Can't Take It with You, Our Town, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, There Shall Be No Night, The Skin of Our Teeth, Harvey*, and *State of the Union*.

In the 1935-36 season, the critics judged *Winterset* the best play of the year, but was it any better than *Idiot's Delight*? *High Tor*, their next selection, is a good play, comparable favorably to *You Can't Take It with You*, the Pulitzer winner of that year. But to my mind *Our Town* is a vastly better play than *Of Mice and Men*, its 1938 rival. In 1939 the critics found nothing worthy of their accolade. In 1940 both groups picked *The Time of Your Life*.

In 1941, the critics preferred *Watch on the Rhine* to *There Shall Be No Night*, a defensible choice, though not everyone would agree. Their selections of *The Patriots*, in 1943, and *The Glass Menagerie*, in 1945, are unlikely, I think, to have the vitality of the Pulitzer selections, *The Skin of Our Teeth* and *Harvey*. In another mood, the critics would have pounced all over *The Glass Menagerie* which, after all, is the story of three maladjusted people whose problems could have been solved by a competent psychiatric social worker.

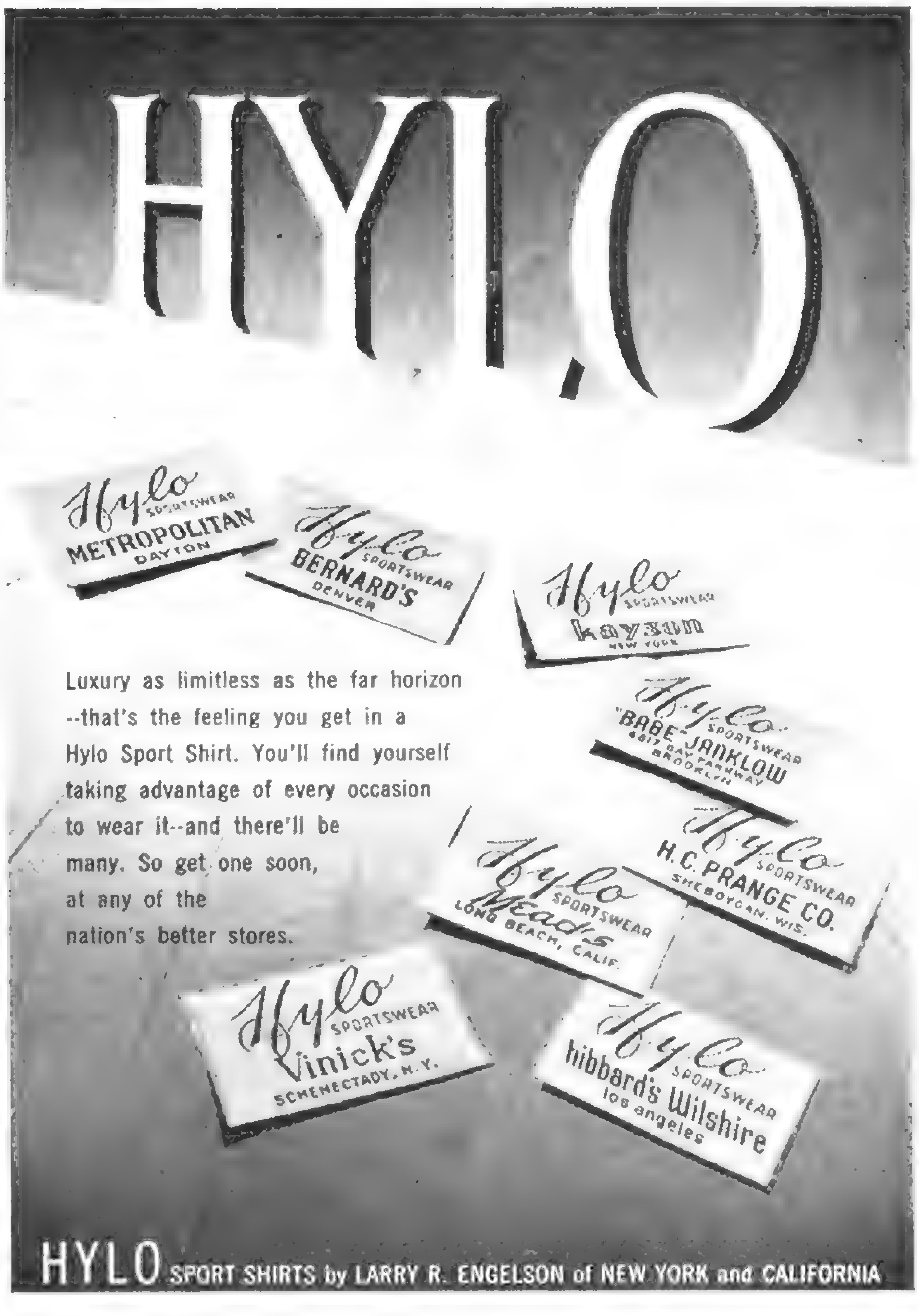
Two Pulitzer selections have had successful revivals on Broadway this season. Except possibly for *Winterset* and *High Tor*, one may doubt that any of the critics' choices will see Broadway again. ⌗



Under the spreading
chestnut tree—

While the women tidy up after the picnic lunch and the children race off to the swings, then's a time to seek the shade of a quiet tree, relax and really do justice to a fine cigar—Dutch Masters.

DUTCH MASTERS CIGARS



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Everything He Wanted

Continued from page 45

them, these steady little people.

"Thirty seconds," Tony said quietly. "Get ready."

Joe heard them moving with small jerks, settling the .45s under their coats, and Sam buttoned his topcoat and adjusted the stockless tommy gun hanging under his right arm. As the last seconds ticked off he was afraid, not for himself, but for the others. If anything happened to them, he was sunk.

"Time," Tony said. "Let's go."

The back door next to the sidewalk opened first, and Sam and Fred got out, laughing and talking for effect, and walked up the street. Mike was out then, and Tony got out as a large lady passed, and leaned, with all the time in the world, against the car door, looking at him.

"I'll get a paper," Tony said loudly. "Need cigarettes, Joe?"

He said, "No, thanks," and Tony turned and smiled at the fat lady as he walked casually toward the bank.

He looked at his wrist watch, timed in with theirs; it was fifteen seconds of two-twenty. He slid the newspaper higher on the wheel and dropped his right hand on the .45; it was there, solid and dependable, the only thing he could use and understand. He looked at the time; it was two-twenty exactly. He sat up straight and put the motor in gear, holding the clutch pedal down and dropping the gear in low. He raced the motor gently and it responded with a smooth roar.

He heard the commotion and knew it was Pat Williams stalling in the center of Elizabeth and Eleventh. Nice street names they had in this town, he thought. What was the name of the boulevard they turned on—Palm. And the street two blocks down from Elizabeth, that was Jefferson. These people were patriotic. He remembered how many Texas men were in his outfit, how they could shoot. He gripped the .45.

He noticed suddenly that the lights had gone out in the store across the street; and people were coming from the stores, talking excitedly. The noise from the main drag was louder now. He remembered Tony saying they would take about ten minutes to do the job. He saw a man coming along the sidewalk, a little tight the way he walked. Then he felt terror in his throat; the guy stopped beside the car and asked:

"Got a match?"

Joe fumbled with the paper, keeping it over the .45, flipped his lighter and held it out. The guy stuck his face and cigarette inside the car and drew on the flame. He wanted to smash the fat, red face and roll the bastard in the gutter. He looked at his watch; two-twenty-five and no trouble yet. The guy said, "Thanks, pal," and went on up the street. He passed his left hand over his forehead and it came away wet; he had the jumps now, bad. One more deal like that and they might get wise; then he thought, the guy saw my face and he'll remember the car.

He heard the shot-sound come dull and heavy from within the bank walls, and he jumped in the seat, holding the .45, and looked around at the rear bank doors.

He saw the cop then, standing on the corner, one hand on his pistol, staring at the closed doors of the bank and looking at his watch; and then Fred came from the rear door, walking easily and turning toward the car, and the cop stood there and looked at the closed doors.

Fred came abreast of the car, and Joe said, "Fred, cop watching from the corner."

Sam walked from the rear door, his overcoat unbuttoned, and Fred straightened, calm as ice, and lit a cigarette, half turning, throwing the match away and dropping his right hand on his coat lapel. "Get set, Joe," Fred said tightly.

Sam came to the car and got inside, breathing shrilly through his mouth, and Joe said, "Cop on the corner. Fred's watching."

"Damn," Sam said. "We had to plug some fool inside. You hear it?"

He said, "Little bit."

Tony walked from the rear door, the heavy sack under his arm. The cop'd see it sure.

"Sit tight," Fred said.

Through the rearview mirror Joe saw Mike come last from the bank, walking rapidly and holding his .45 against his chest. He saw the cop looking at Mike and then start toward them.

Mike was in back, and Tony was in front. Tony said, "He coming, Fred?"

"All the way," Fred said harshly.

"Hey!"

He heard the cop shout and start running, his feet making hollow thuds on the sidewalk.

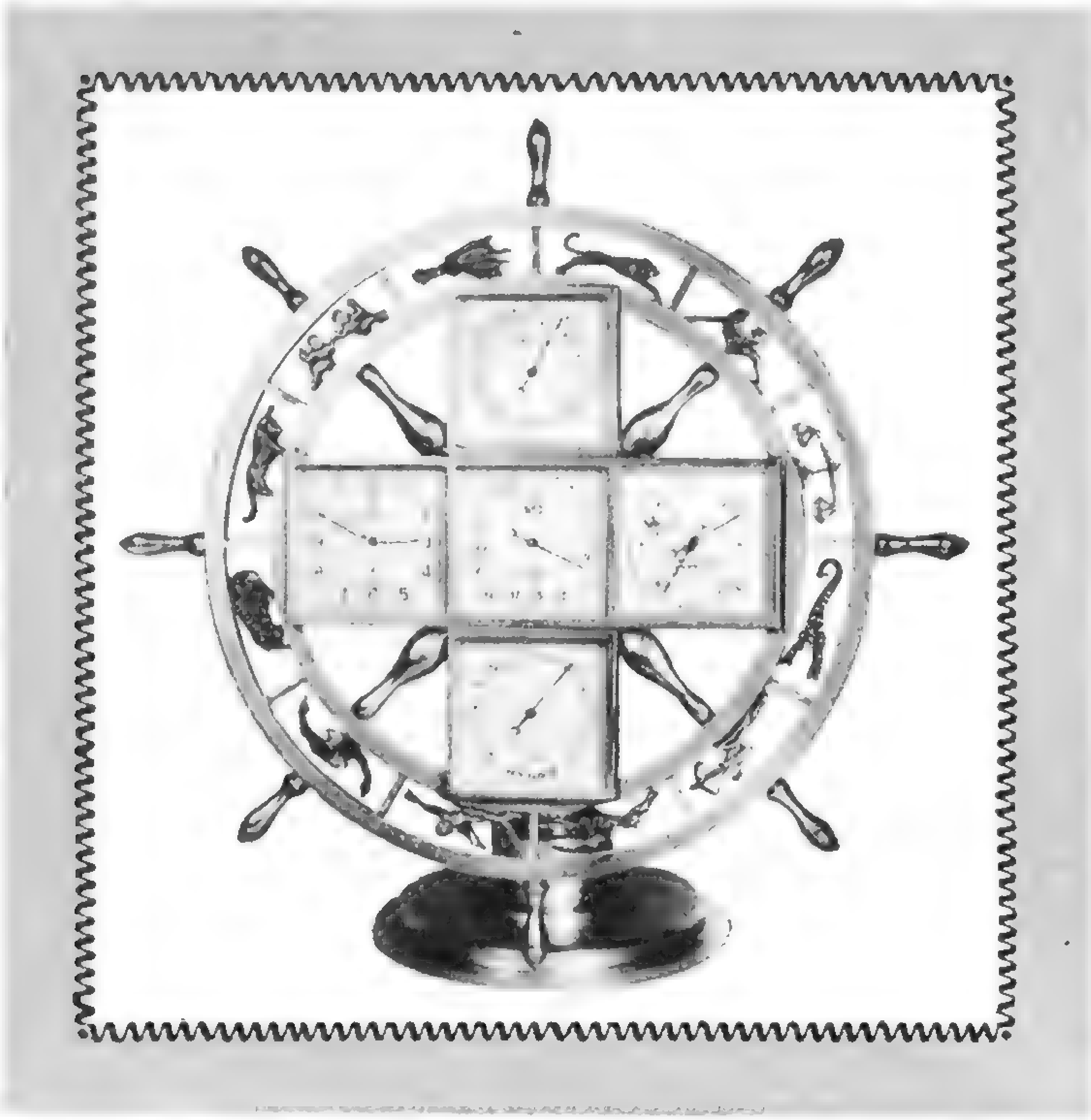
"Take him, Fred," Tony snapped.

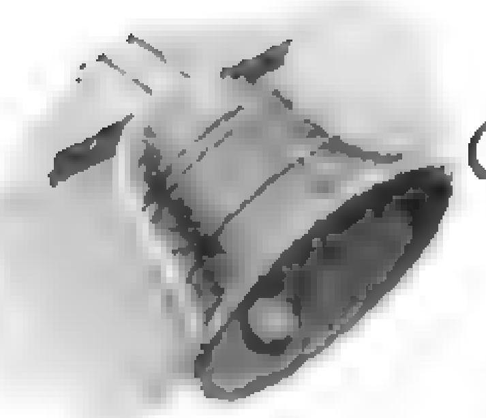
Fred shot twice and was in the car with the door slammed shut as Joe pulled from the curb into the street. Glancing at the rearview mirror he saw the cop stop, put both hands on his stomach and then roll to his knees and on his face. He was at the corner when he heard the shouts of the people running from the bank and he turned on Levee and straightened out for the long run.

"How fast, Mike?" he said, surprised at the calmness of his voice.

"Watch the cross streets," Mike said. They passed Eleventh, and Mike said, "Now, gun it!"

He pressed the foot feed and the car responded with a rush and roar, and they were doing thirty, then forty, down Levee; it was a rough street with chuckholes that threw them against each other. He counted the blocks, and when he heard a steam siren he gave the





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car more gas. They were doing fifty, and Mike said, "That's fast enough. Here comes the turn."

They were into Palm and swinging across Elizabeth and no one stopped them, and he drove the two blocks to Jefferson in second, pausing at the corner to check traffic before he swung left.

"Gun it," Mike said. "Watch the railroad tracks."

They bounced over the tracks and then they were abreast of a hospital and signs that said SLOW and Mike poked him again.

"Now gun it," Mike said harshly. "I mean, gun it."

He went down a low dip and up, passed two poking cars, and then they were out on the highway, hitting seventy-five.

"Hold it there," Mike said. "Okay, Tony?"

"Check," Tony said. "Good work."

"That bastard," Mike said tightly. "Why'd he have to make a break?"

"You always find one," Sam said heavily. "Did you hit him bad, Mike?"

"Finished," Mike said tersely. "Couldn't help it."

"The cop looked done," Fred said. "I had to get him."

"Well," Tony said. "That does it, boys. From now on, it don't make no difference whatsoever."

He passed a small airfield and rounded into a flat turn, and Mike said, "Slow it, Joe, this is one of those outside babies."

He came down to fifty and went around the turn carefully; still he heard no sirens. Tony said, "I think we get a few minutes leeway."

"Here's the road," Mike said. "Right, Joe."

He turned into the Port Isabel road, drove the two miles and went into the lane, and as they approached the house Mike jumped out and ran ahead to swing the garage doors back. The others piled out and Joe drove the sedan into the garage, shut off the motor and ran outside as Mike closed the doors and snapped the lock.

Tony had the coach around in front, and Mike said, "Take it, Joe," and they were inside. It had taken no more than a minute and there was no sound from the road.

"Right," Mike said.

The coach was lighter and drove differently, but Joe turned right and headed down the Port Isabel road, and felt the coach out and found it solid.

"Town up here," Mike said. "We may run into trouble."

They hit the town in a few minutes, driving a slow and easy thirty; no one stopped them or looked at them; and he went on across the intersection, got away from the town and gave the coach more gas.

"How fast?" he asked.

"Sixty," Tony said. "She's lighter, Joe; won't hold the road so good."

"That's true," he said. "Better to take it easy."

They were moving across a flat plain; the land was the same to him, and the sky had white clouds coming from the south. He didn't know whether he felt good or bad. They hit a curve and the port town was on them. Mike tapped him and said, "Around to the right . . . now left, to the boathouse."

He drove up to the boathouse and saw Mickey Clayton, wearing blue coveralls and chief's cap, holding a door open and waving him in. He drove into the boathouse, killed the motor and followed them down the dock to the cruiser.

"Okay?" Mickey said sharply.

"Fine," Tony grinned. "With you, Mick?"

"No trouble," Mick said. "Pile in, get inside."

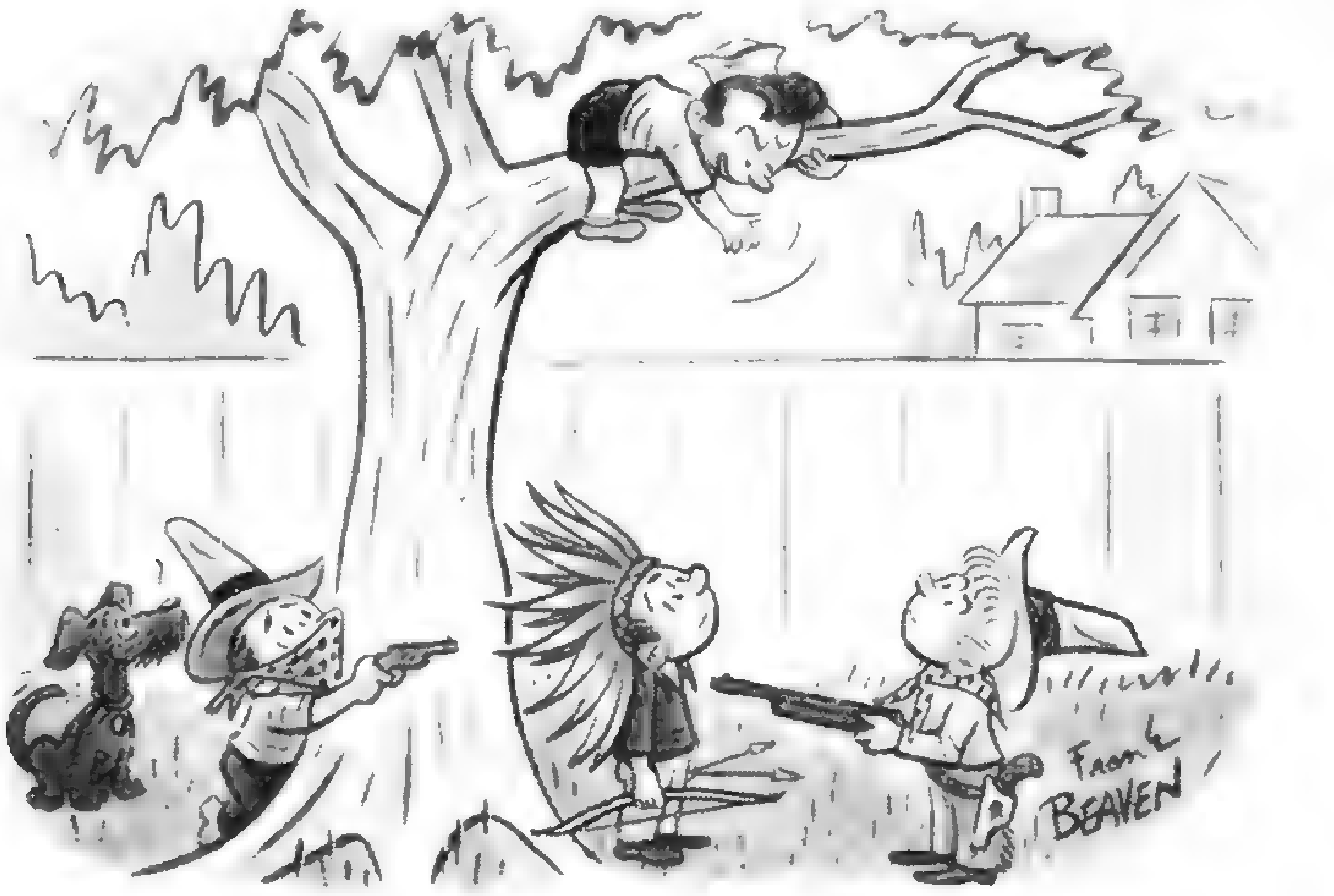
Joe passed Mickey, following Sam over the side onto the deck, and Mickey grinned and said, "Hi, Joe," and he said, "Hi, Mick," and stooped under the low door into the cabin.

The cruiser was a thirty-six-foot job, and when Mick cast off and pointed her toward the gulf, he heard the deep drum of the engine and knew they had something here that would really move. Tony lit a cigarette and leaned against the cushions of the seat across the cabin.

"Think they'll get out search planes?" Sam asked.

"Sure," Tony said. "They've

Continued on page 144



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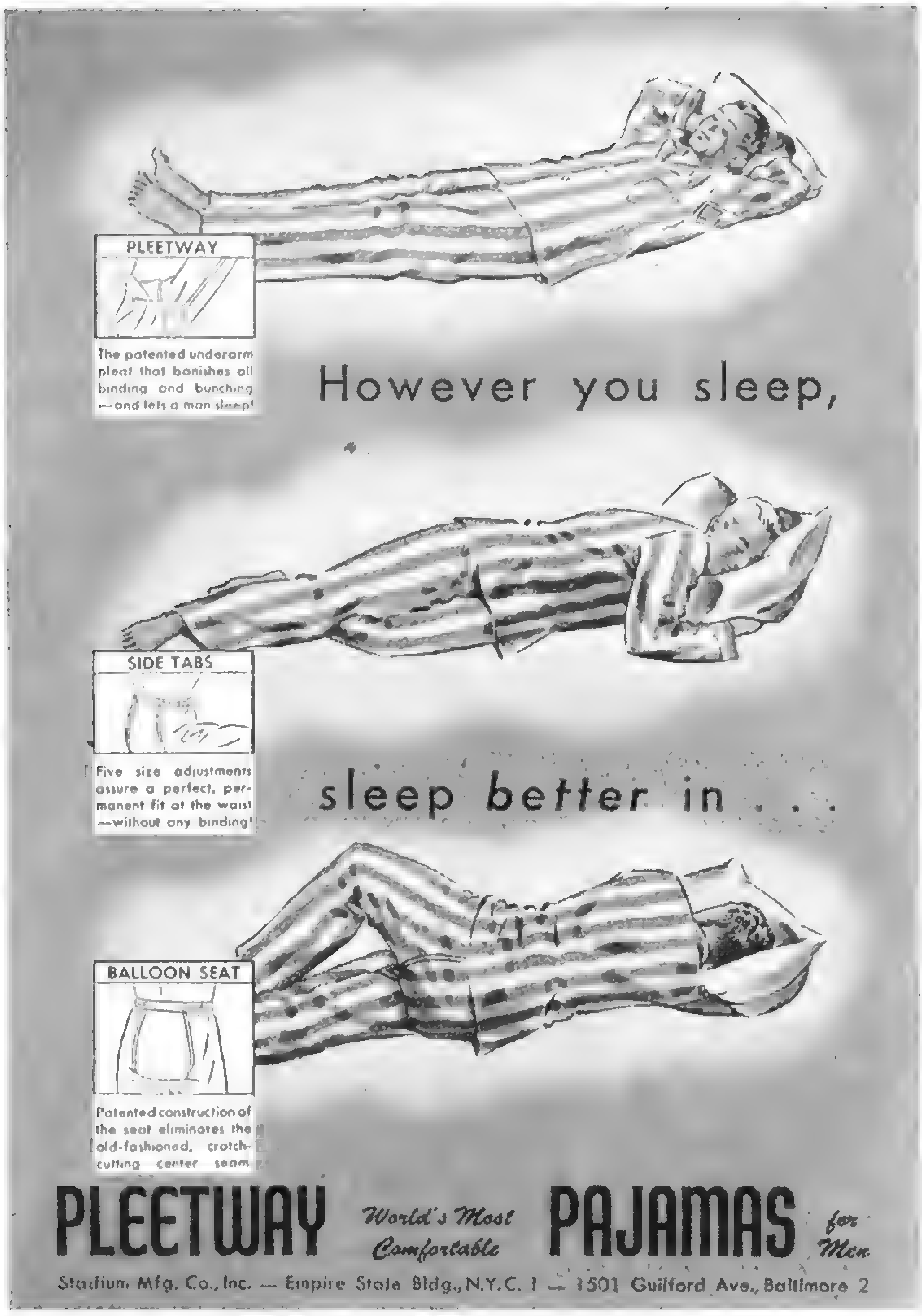

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Everything He Wanted

Continued from page 143

started now. I watched while we came to the cruiser. They weren't over us."

"They'll be watching the roads," Mike said. "Besides, they can't do nothing from a plane. The Army moved out and they don't have any guns in what they have got."

"How long does this take?" Fred asked.

"Not long," Mike said. "Relax, boys. We got it made."

Joe knew they had gotten away clean, and this was something he had believed in and yet, in the back of his mind, had doubted all through the time they planned and executed the job. Somehow or other he felt that it had been too tough, and he was something like a bystander to the entire business; and he looked at their faces, relaxing now and smoothing out, and it came to him how tight and nervous and frightened they had all been during the job. They had hidden it pretty well going into the bank and coming out, but now he saw that they hadn't hidden a thing. Their voices were different now, still strained, but free of that fiddlestring intensity that had made each word strike his ears like lead.

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"Nice driving, Joe," Tony said suddenly. "You're all right, boy."

"Yeah," Sam said. "You came through in the clutch, Joe. From now on, you're my boy."

He grinned and said, "Thanks, guys. You did all the work."

They were moving north along the coast, and Mickey called from the wheel to Tony, and Tony went out and under the awning beside Mickey. He heard them talking; then Tony stuck his head through the door and said, "Mike, get the sack fixed. We're coming in soon."

He watched Mike stuff the sack into a waterproof bag and zip it shut; then the motor eased off and he felt the surf fluffing against the sides of the boat. Tony said, "He's all ready to go. Good boy, Jim."

"Ready, Tony?" Mike called.

"Just a minute," Tony said. "All set, Mick?"

Joe felt the boat swing around and he thought then, as they came from the cabin and moved toward the stern, that he was noticing every little thing closer than he had ever felt or seen or smelled anything in his life. Even the smell of the motor was keen against his nose.

"Okay," Tony said. "Off the bow and head for the plane."

Joe saw the high-winged cabin plane on the beach, headed north, the propeller turning and Jim Marshall, standing beside the tail, staring at the sky and waving them in. They were about two hundred yards offshore and the surf was calm.

"Got her strapped," Tony said.

"All set," Mickey said. "Here we go. Jump, you guys."

Joe jumped from the stern beside Sam, hit the water, and came up; it was warm and he started swimming for shore, felt a wave come under him, and rode it for several yards. Behind him the motor roared loudly and he heard Mickey call, "She's gone," and he turned on his back and saw the cruiser headed straight for sea; then he swam fast and hard for the shore.

Sam was swimming beside him; as they saw each other's faces between strokes, Sam grinned and said, "I needed a bath."

Joe said, "Salty?"

"Sure is," Sam laughed. "Race you to the beach, Joe."

He wondered how Sam could be so calm, and then he swam hard and walked up on the sand two steps ahead of Sam, and ten yards down from the plane.

"Come on," Jim Marshall's voice was sharp and insistent. "Get inside and shag it up."

Joe ran to the door and got into the plane and went to a back seat, and Sam was behind him, dripping water and blowing his nose on his fingers. The others were inside in a minute and Tony came last, carrying the bag; Jim Marshall jumped up behind Tony, slammed the door and got into the left pilot seat. The plane held nine and they had plenty of room.

"Fasten your belts," Jim Marshall said. "Hold on."

Joe thought that at last he had everything he wanted. They had the money and they were out of it, and the next day they'd be in New Orleans, far from everything connected with the job. But he remembered the man shot in the bank, and the cop on the corner, and he wondered when the next job would come off; realized that he could never come again to this part of the country. He wondered how long it would be before he couldn't return to very many parts of the country; he had a funny feeling in his chest.

He was fastening his safety belt when Tony cried, "Hey!" and he heard the shrill anger and fear in Tony's voice.

Jim Marshall had advanced his throttle and the plane started down the beach, and now Jim Marshall swung it sharply, swearing loudly and bringing it completely around facing south on the beach. Tony was calling, "Can you take off down wind?"

"Got to," Jim Marshall said.

Joe couldn't see ahead because the tail was down and he was looking uphill through the cabin and the windshield at a blue oblong of sky; then Jim Marshall pulled the throttle all the way back and the plane settled.

"Both ways blocked," Jim Marshall called. "I thought you had this figured."

Jim Marshall's voice was loud and harsh in the sudden silence that followed the throttling of their engine. Above this silence Joe heard now a low and steady motor roar from front and rear, and he knew fear of a nameless kind. He said, "What is it?"

"Helos," Tony said hoarsely. "The border patrol. Blocking both ends of the beach. We got to fight them off. Come on."

Everything was a roar and confusion to him then. As they tumbled from the plane he missed the step and fell flat on his face. Scrambling to his feet he saw the helicopters hovering a few feet above the beach to north and south. A loud-speaker on the south helo roared out: "Drop your guns and put up your arms!"

Sam said, "Game's up, boys!"

"No!" Tony shouted. "Spread out. We can take these guys. There's only four of 'em."

"Drop your guns and put up your arms!" the loud-speaker roared again.

"Hell!" Tony said. "Half on each helo. Make 'em get in the air. Then we got a chance. Jim, stay in the plane and make your break."

"Get going," Jim Marshall said. "Make 'em get up high."

A rifle shot came from the north helo, a high-powered rifle report, and he saw Jim Marshall spin in that familiar way, and fall on his face in the wet sand. Jim Marshall didn't move.

He was dry-throated and stiff with fear. He heard another deeper, more distant roaring, and saw the two cruisers coming up from the south, cutting clean white bow waves and spreading with machine precision to circle and envelop the beach; and from the west, behind the dunes, he heard a signal shot and voices, thin but clear. He wondered how they had come so fast, and then Tony was yelling and rushing toward the south helo, with Sam and Mike on his heels, running spread out and firing as they dodged and ducked.

He had to do something and he turned for the north helo, coming around their plane, passing Jim Marshall's still body and moving out before the tail of their plane into the clear sunlight. He heard the tommy gun firing from this north helo and he called, "Hit the dirt!" and then tasted sand on his tongue. He tried to move but his legs were rubber, and his right arm had lost the .45 and lay at his side, with no feeling or mobility. He rolled over; the sand was mixed now with something salty and hot. Hearing a groan he turned his head and saw Fred flat on his back, trying to move. Firing was a curtain of brittle sound over his head and around him, and then the day was still. He heard a voice call, "That's enough, that's enough!" And feet thudded on the sand.

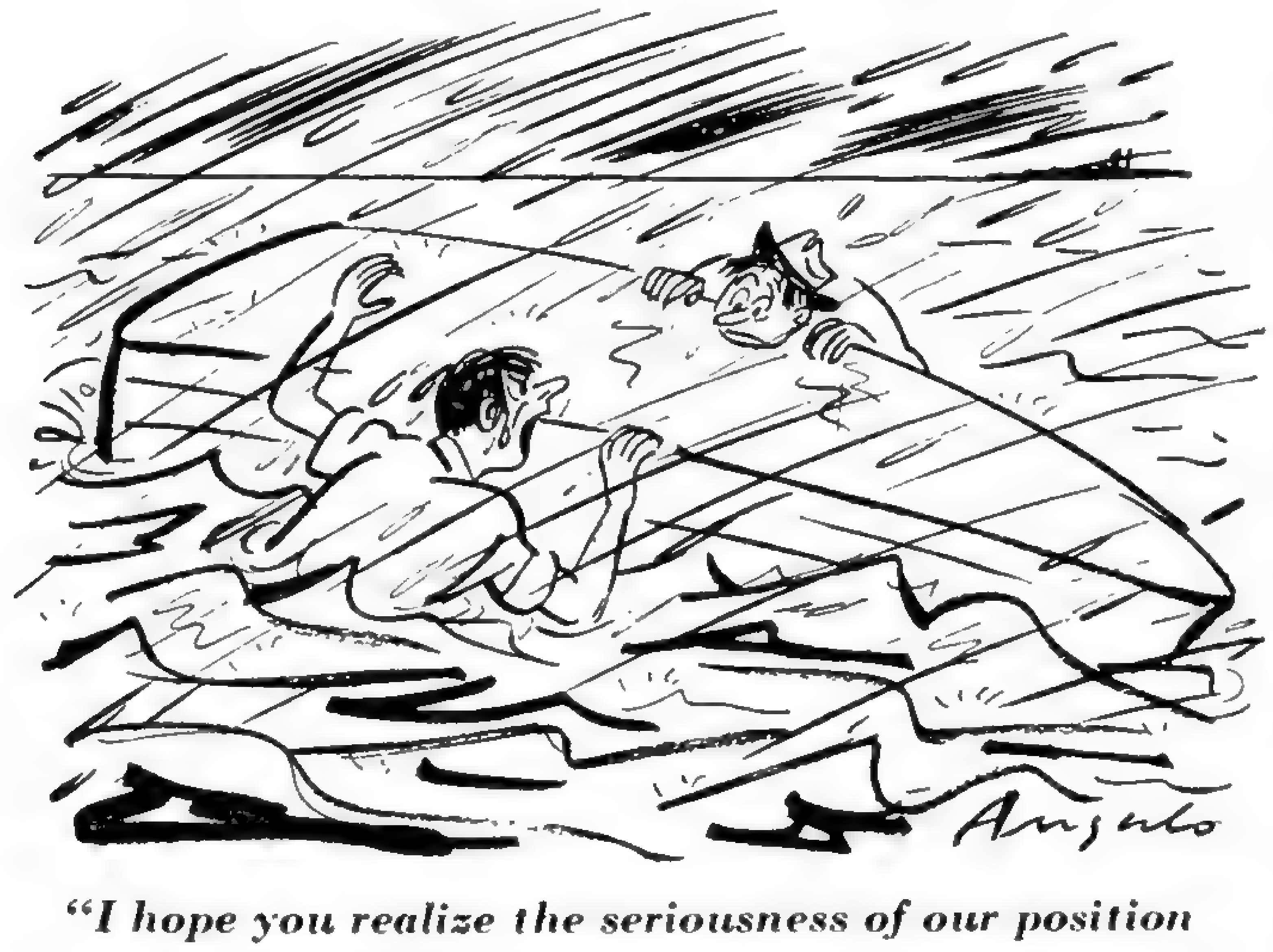
He was on his back when they bent over him. He heard voices from a great, hollow distance. He opened his eyes and saw a tall, deeply tanned man bending over him. He said, "All right, all right, Sam."

The big man knelt beside him and he felt thick fingers gently touching his chest and body. He heard the big man's voice, far away and soft, saying:

"Sorry, fellow. We sure fouled that one, didn't we?"

He had a moment of lucidity then, remembering what he had wanted to tell Sam; such a little thing, he thought in surprise. Going home on the bus that first day, reading the magazine article on the Border Patrol, about their new helos and how they knew all the getaway angles on the border. He had known it all the time, and he wondered why he hadn't told them before. Then, feeling the blackness coming again, he thought, "Maybe I didn't want to say anything after all. Maybe I wanted it this way." ⧺

Continued from page 45



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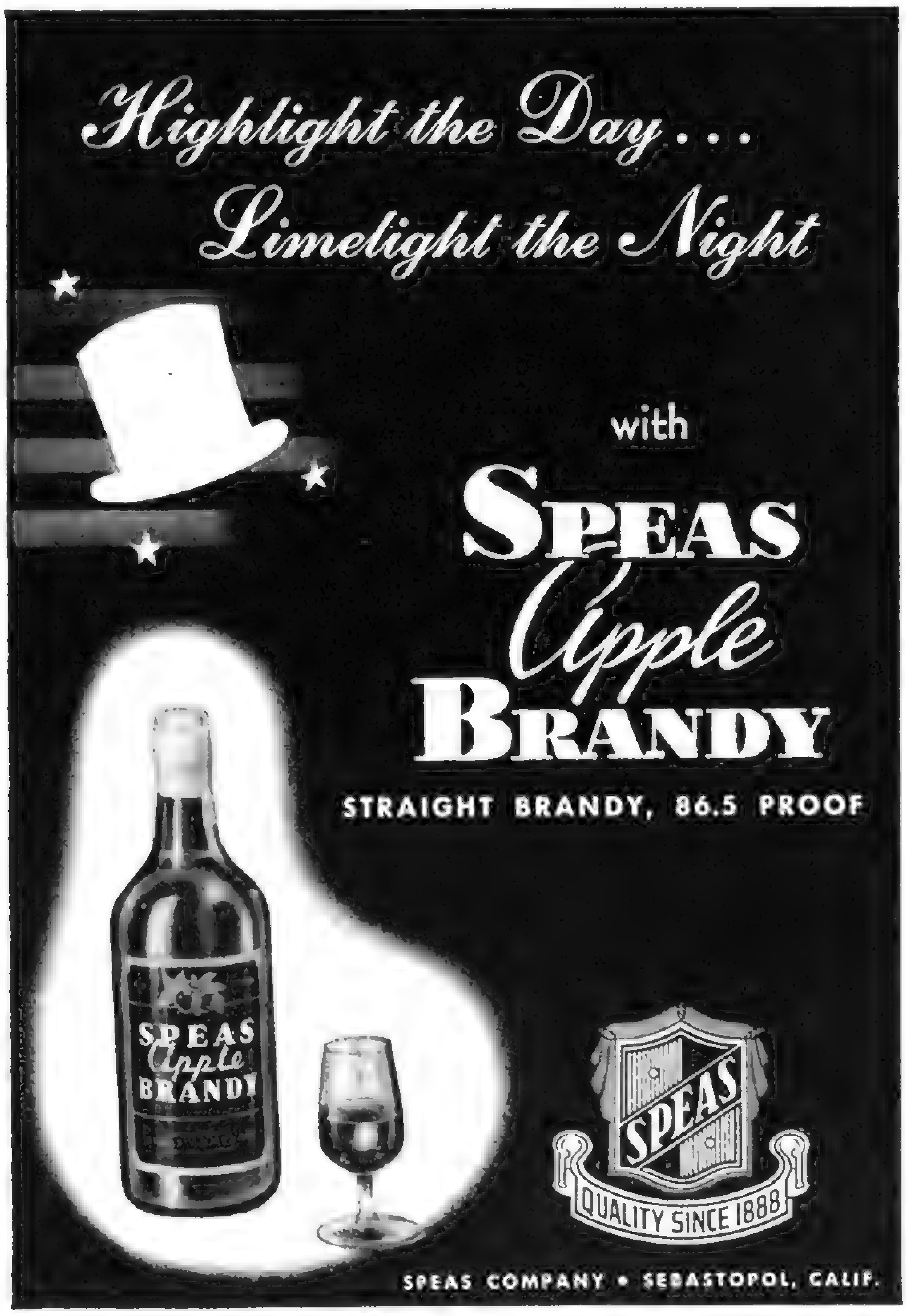


Bourbon: An American Gift to the Spirit

Continued from page 72

"if a larger proportion of corn is used, the resultant whiskey is lighter in body. The larger the proportions of small grains used (rye and barley), the heavier the body. For example, whiskey made with a sixty-five per cent mixture of corn would have a lighter body than that made with only fifty-five per cent. The term 'body' has no bearing on the actual weight or alcoholic content of a whiskey. A 'full-bodied, heavy whiskey' is one which possesses a pronounced flavor and bouquet. Deep charring and longer aging will produce a more mature whiskey, darker in color and richer in flavor and aroma."

Jean-Jacques Rousseau once said he could spot a country's character by its eating habits. It would have been interesting to have taken him into a house where bourbon was aging and let him smell and then proclaim upon our national kidney and character. Many men of varying imaginations have found many elements in the soft, persuasive odors which return, with the insistence of good music, long after the place is left. These odors may indeed have overcome the anonymous poet who, in something between a literary whoop and a hiccough of ecstasy, cried out immortally:

> *Kentucky, Oh Kentucky! I love thy classic shades,*
> *Where flit the fairy figures of dark-eyed Southern maids,*
> *Where the mocking birds are singing 'mid the flowers newly born,*
> *Where the corn is full of kernels and the colonels full of corn.*

In bourbon whiskey, corn is the strong foundation. But bourbon is never distilled at above 160 proof. Above such level it becomes "corn whiskey." Unfortunately, the reputation of "corn whiskey" suffered unjustly because of its abuses during Prohibition. Under competent handling, corn as a foundation for whiskey is what the violin is to the symphony—first tone and lingering impact.

There is one disturbing fault with bourbon whiskey these days: it is impossible in our complexity of shortages to get enough. Bourbon will become plentiful again, according to best guesses, in 1950.

This is well; America's estimated 35,000,000 drinkers are, in the view of close observers, taking their whiskey more calmly, are behaving better and are demanding finer and finer products. It is a happy note; a poet has called it a comforting thing when men are lonely; a great man, Saint Paul the Apostle, prescribed it for one's stomach's sake and man's often infirmities. Excepting the income tax, it is the most wholesome tonic the United States Treasury ever had. The Federal tax figure reached an all-time high of $1,701,392,988 in 1945 on distilled spirits alone. The average tax per 100-proof gallon is $10.21, of which the Federal Government takes $9: the state and local governments grab the $1.21 balance.

But taxes or not, Americans will continue to find a bottle for the conviviality and relaxation which is as typical of them as bourbon is typical of their land. They always have liked the marvelously absurd things which happen under a little character-building stimulation. What happened to Brillat-Savarin, the great epicure, in France in the godly year 1801 could have happened to Joseph Doe anywhere here in 1947 and have delighted everyone. "I saw my two companions arrive, freshly shaved, well powdered and combed," Brillat-Savarin recorded. "We had drinks . . . I showed them the original of a bust of my pretty cousin, Madame Récamier, and her portrait in miniature. They were so ravished that the Doctor kissed the portrait with his sensuous lips and the Captain permitted himself a license with the bust for which I beat him . . . Eight hours later they declared that they must go home, to which I had no objection."

It is a demonstrable fact, of course, that pure honest bourbon helped make bearable the physical hardships of our Westward trek to empire.

Wherever Americans have swarmed they have packed a pint or better of bourbon. A message from the Byrd expedition to the South Polar regions said that men who experimented with new swimming clothes in the cold Bay of Whales were revived by bourbon.

As a restorer for the suffering and the downcast, bourbon has wrought heroically. But few would associate it with misery and distress. Rather, bourbon is at its memorable best in the cool of evenings when the trees throw long shadows on the blue-green lawns and an occasional bird sings a restless good-by to the day.

Then, from somewhere back in the house, comes the sound of cracking ice, and somebody is singing low as he prepares mint juleps from the recipe of the famed Pendennis Club in Louisville: (There are as many ways of preparing mint juleps as there are variations in the distilling of bourbon.) ½ to 1 teaspoon of simple syrup is placed in the bottom of a 14-ounce silver julep cup and five or seven leaves of mint (*not* crushed) are added, the cup is filled with chopped ice to the brim, and over all is poured 1½ ounces of bonded bourbon whiskey. Ice, whiskey and syrup are swished well, then the cup is filled with ice again and another 1½ ounces of bourbon added. The ends are cut from five or six stalks of mint and mint is stuck down in the middle of ice so it will bleed and the aromatic flavor seep through. Two short straws are placed so that the nostrils will be in the mint on top, a white linen napkin is wrapped around the cup, and the tall drinks are brought to the porch and the day dissolves in a dream. #

Robert Fawcett: Modernist

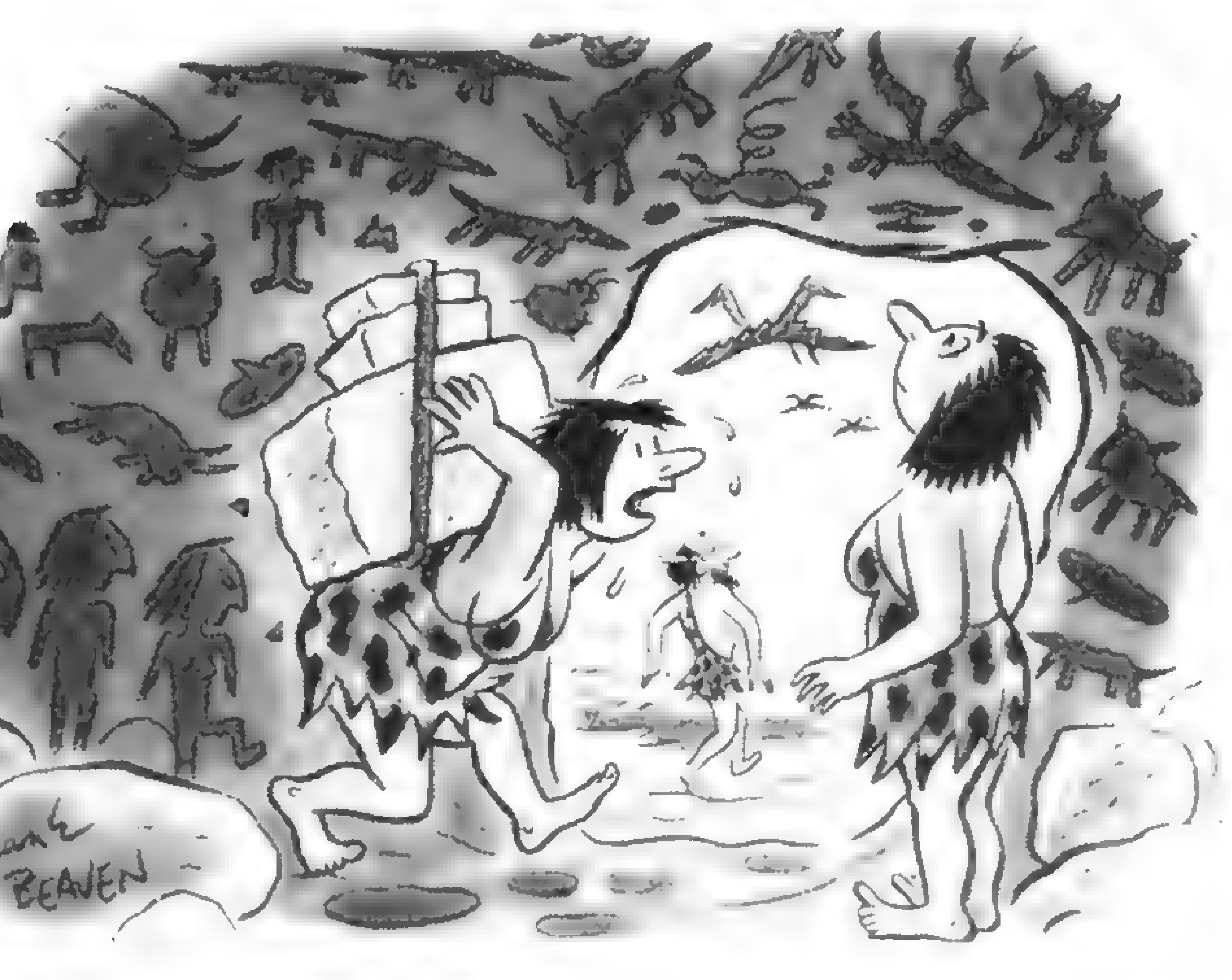
Continued from page 77

with the interpretation of objective forms on canvas, as in his conservative period, he is in the retooling stage where it is necessary to forge new implements to meet new demands. Principally the new demands are for the expression of driving inner impulses, for telegraphic symbols which will project the cryptic utterances of but semiconscious moods, the elucidation of self upon paper in a way that will speak directly to the self of the spectator without the interference of arbitrary systems of etiquette.

In his search for the kind of tools that will most proficiently serve his new ends, Fawcett, some time since, came upon the works of certain of the moderns, chief amongst whom were the British artists Stanley Hayter and Graham Sutherland. They opened a new vista for him, these artists of the unimpeded brush. Sutherland paints like a delighted, delightful, moody and uninhibited child; Hayter like a choreographer driven by a dynamo. Both men have found methods for letting the closed, impeded impulses of the psyche freely to flow on canvas. By forgetting rules, by holding in abeyance "accepted" aesthetic standards, always, at best, arbitrary, by giving free rein to the imagination and to the reflexes of the hand, they are attempting to tap in on the strange, magical, inexplicable behavior of the subconscious mind. They will leave it to the psychologists to explain. It is into this rarefied atmosphere that Bob Fawcett, long-time a darling of the academies, has elected to take his art. Briefly he sets a pen to paper and asks only that it keep moving. He wishes to permit it its way. But remember, behind the way his pen seems to choose, is a trained hand, and behind that hand a developed and highly conscious man, behind the man a will, and within that will a world of the experiential. What comes out on paper, once the conscious, academic road blocks are removed, will be . . . the very thing we started out to find . . . expression, as opposed to academic painting which expresses nothing but a formula.

Fawcett's dad was a painter. At home, in Canada, when Bob was only a boy, his father used to bribe him to draw. Art was his constant companion. When the time came for academic training he entered the Slade School in England. The method, as has been remarked, was Spartan. You were given a hard pencil, a sheet of hard paper, none of your soft, seductive textures. They put you in front of a model and kept you at it until, with photographic accuracy, you were able to transfer that model to paper. Also they taught you to distinguish the work of one minor Renaissance painter from another. But a wind was rising in the world. Picasso, Braque, Matisse, Rouault, young men then, now deans of modern painting, were showing in the little galleries of the urban centers. Fortunately, when the professors weren't looking, Bob skipped out to view, excitedly, amazedly, certainly with puzzlement not unmixed with a primitive form of recognition, the works of the so-called madmen of the modern aesthetic revolution. It was then, really, that the virus caught.

Now that the things he wants to say are beginning to come freely, now that the reservoir of secret inner thoughts, of hidden impulses, is tapped, more provocative things than he has ever done before may be expected. Because over it all, guiding the process of retooling, there is, let it be remembered, the thoroughly trained artist, the skilled craftsman, acute, perceptive, sensitive almost to a fault, capable of nuances of color, composition, line, contrast and harmony beyond the ken of many men who are working, at his elbow, the same fertile field. Here is a rich and courageous temperament, an intricate intellect, a very full personality which, when it freely expresses itself in paint, will be expressing something eminently worth meeting. #



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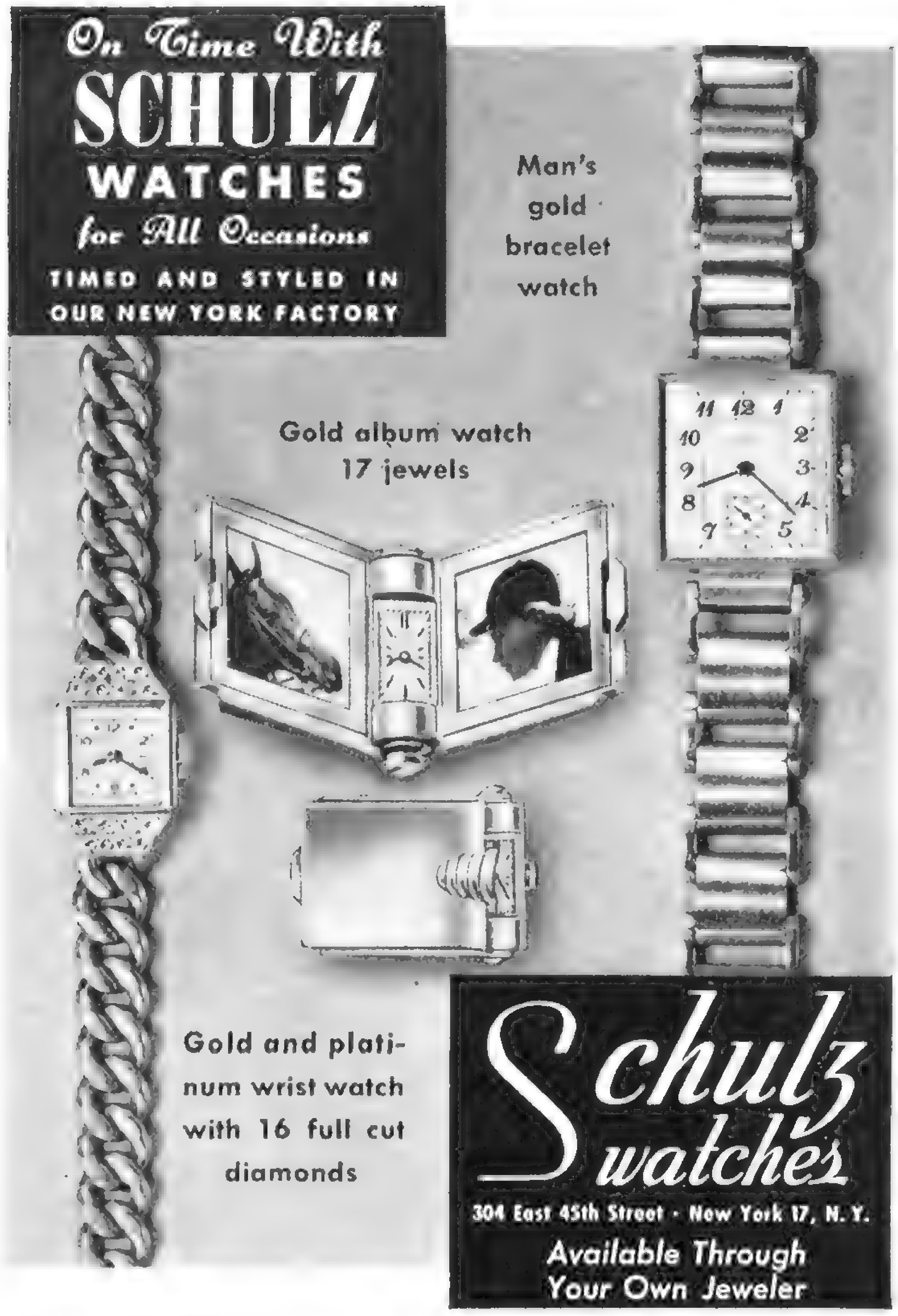

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Messieurs, Paris Vous Attends

Continued from page 68

bucket; it will cost 1800 to 2400 francs, which is $15 to $20 at the legal rate of exchange. A sandwich will run you about $3.50. What with tax, 15% tip, and one thing and another, the freight for you and a date for an evening at one of the representative Parisian night clubs will run you about 5000 francs, which is more than $40, or not hay.

Stand at the bar and you pay about $1.25 per shot of cognac, get nagged by hostesses to buy them a drink, and shoved around by the milling mob, mostly Americans, since the average Frenchman is too smart an apple to distribute his lettuce in this uneconomic manner.

This is pretty much the picture at most Paris night clubs. These include the Boeuf Sur Le Toît, Lido, Tyrol and Triomphe in the Champs-Elysées district, and the larger, flashier, neon-lighted spots in Montmartre. While in Montmartre you'll want to wander into a few little joints along the Rue Pigalle, the famous "pig alley"—happy hunting ground whose souvenirs will blush forever in the memories of thousands of GIs. Pigalle is much less gay since the soldiers have left; many boîtes have closed for lack of business.

One favorite recreational facility is no longer available, thanks to a piece of unpopular legislation which has managed to survive up to the time of writing. That is the prohibition of prostitution and the closing of the *maisons de tolérance.*

Nobody seems really to like the new law, yet it appears to be well enforced. You hear about the proscription of the *poules*, but knowing the French, you say, "Pooh! It won't mean a damn thing."

Then you get to Paris and look around. Something seems to be missing. At first you can't figure out what it is. Then it strikes you. Where are the *poules de luxe* of the Champs-Elysées with their blonde hair and silver-fox capes, their friendly smiles and their cleanly air of having been scrubbed carefully all over, then dropped into a bathtub of perfume? Where are the girls of the middle-class cafés, dressed more drably, yet as much a part of the café as the white-aproned *garçons*? Where are all those pleasant ladies who would sit and discuss the affairs of the day with other guests of the café, or keep a friendly eye on the café-keeper's kids while the *patronne* was squeezed in behind the cash register?

Remembering these gentle girls you realize that it hasn't been the police department that has driven them from the scene so much as the opprobrium of illegality. After generations of social acceptance in France, the ladies just couldn't stand the new stigma.

And so they retired, leaving the field to a few hardened sisters who go about their business with the same air of furtive wickedness you'll find among their counterparts in any American mill town.

Nobody seems to know who is responsible for this unseemly persecution of a hitherto accepted segment of the French population. Ask a Frenchman who is behind the prohibition of the *poules* and his answer will betray his political leanings. Your leftist will say the rightists are responsible, as part of their campaign to sabotage the leftist administration by making life under the present regime as unpleasant as possible. Your rightist will charge that the leftist administration banned the *maisons de tolérance* because their proprietors were mainly rightists who contributed heavily to political war chests. Your antifeminist will growl that that's what comes of having a lot of damned petticoats in politics.

Some Frenchmen blame it on the former hordes of GIs on leave in Paris who, they say, greeted the gals with such salacious enthusiasm that it made the whole business seem vaguely indecent. It was giving Paris a bad name, some people said; and the Frenchman, a highly moral man—despite the impressions of people who don't know any better—decided to call the whole thing out-of-bounds.

But perhaps by the time you read this, the law will have been abrogated. And after all, Paris is still Paris. Children still roll their wooden hoops in the Bois on Sunday, the finest art treasures are being returned to the Louvre, and you can buy French versions of *The Perfumed Garden* along the Seine.

Friendly Tip: Never get funny with a French gendarme, and don't expect any sympathy from a Paris crowd if you do get into a scrape with the police. When the Allied armies were approaching Paris, the gendarmes put aside their blue capes and white batons and donned the red, white and blue arm bands of the Résistance. The "flics" were in the front ranks of the Paris patriots who recaptured their city from the Germans, then stood cheering on sidewalks as the Allied army marched in. Ever since the liberation, there has been a rapport between Paris and its police which is respected even by the crooks.

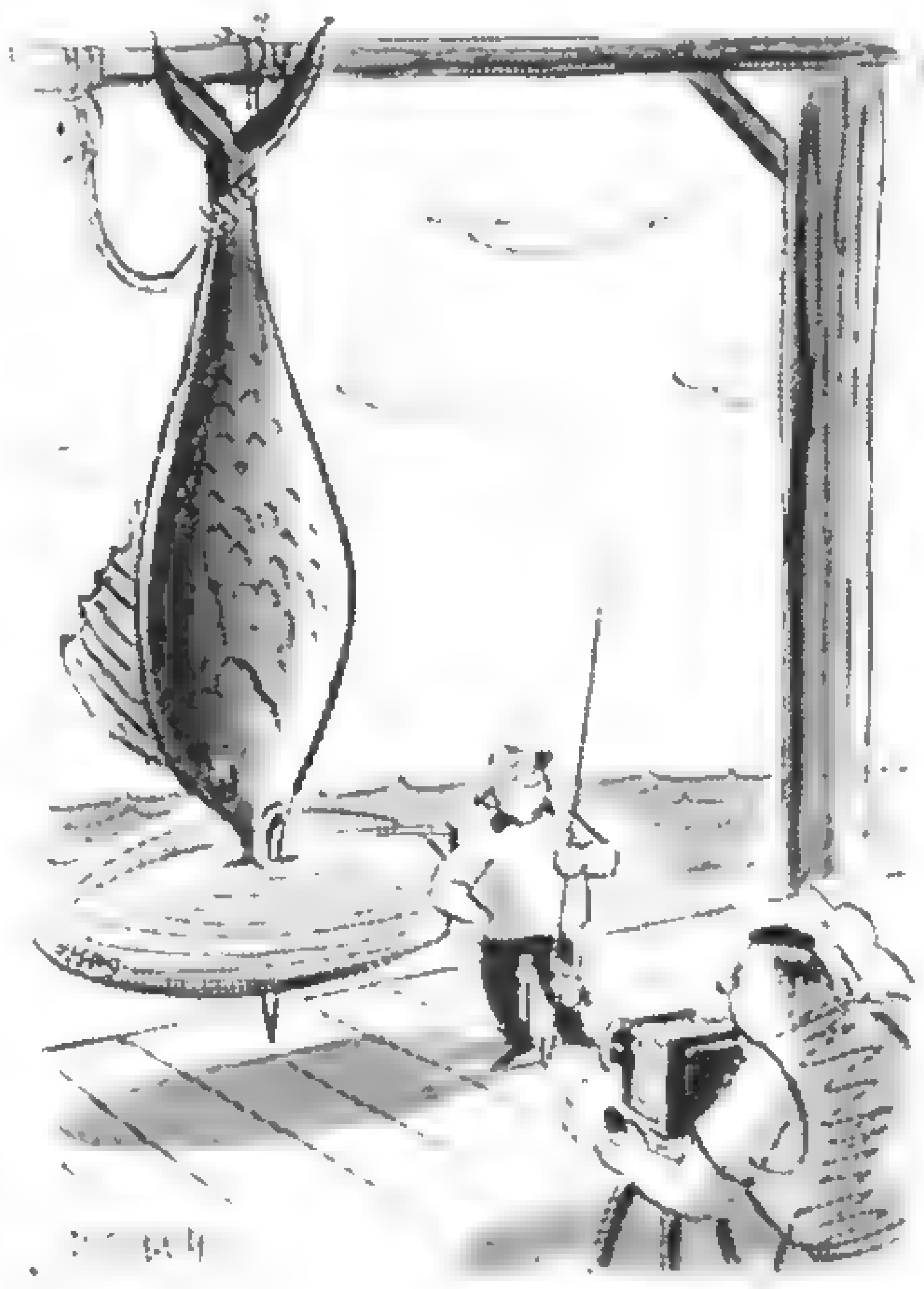
What it will cost: Paris remains a charming lady—but a damned expensive gal to play around with, especially if you're an American and know not from too much. Gone are the prewar days when living here was cheap.

In France, at the time of writing, food is about 25 times as expensive as it was in 1939. Eggs have gone up 35 times. A bottle of ordinary wine used to cost three francs; now it costs one hundred.

Now that is extremely rough on the Frenchman, whose wages have increased an average of only eight or nine times over what they were in 1939. But lo, the poor American! In 1939 he got about

40 francs for his dollar. Now the official rate is 119.20 francs for his fine steel engraving of Mr. Washington—and by the time they get through kicking things around at the bank, he ends up receiving only 117.50 francs to the dollar. That's an increase of less than 300%, compared with the Frenchman's raise of 800% or 900%—to meet prices that have risen about 3000%.

(Which is one reason why you see so many French civilians wearing parts of American uniforms. GIs, who got only 50 or 100 francs for their dollars—depending on when they arrived—had to sell their pants to pay for their Paris leaves.)



At the same time you find people who will gladly pay you twice the legal rate for your dollars, and buy you a drink so you'll come back again. Result? That's right, black market—a horrid phrase, but one that will haunt you in France, unless you clip coupons and don't care about where your next million comes from. It boils down to everything costing you at least twice as much if you exchange your money legally.

However, you're supposed to declare all your money on entering France. That information is entered in your passport, as is every legal exchange of money. When you leave the country, your passport must prove that the difference between what you brought in and what you take out was exchanged at a bank at legal rates.

We don't think it will surprise anyone to state that what many Americans do is to hide whatever dollars they think they'll need, declare the rest, then in Paris hunt up The Friendly Arab.

(Note To The Accounting Department: About that expense account. An honest soul, I declared all my money and exchanged my dollars at the legal rate. And damned lucky I did! After taking my declaration, the man beckoned me into a little room and searched me to the skin. French friends chuckled when I told them the story, said there was one chance in a million of it happening again. I should have made book on that. On re-entering France from Switzerland, I was the only person in a trainload of about 300 travelers who had to go with the man into the little room. So be careful. The French authorities will certainly confiscate your undeclared money, and can throw you into the pokey as well.)

Therefore, the following prices are based upon the legal rate of exchange. Cut the price in half for those who deal with The Friendly Arab, and you'll see that Paris is expensive for the honest American, comparatively cheap for the fast man with an angle.

Restaurant food is the most expensive item for the tourist, especially around the Champs-Elysées. Dinner with wine at one of the best restaurants, such as the Tour d'Argent, will set you back about $12. An ordinary lunch at an ordinary restaurant around the Champs-Elysées costs about $4.50. But you can start cutting out courses and thus bring your lunch down to about $2.50.

Once over the eating barrier, you'll find Paris prices less frightening, especially outside the usual tourist orbit bounded by the Opéra and the Champs-Elysées.

While we were there, the government was making a strong fight to lower prices by decree, thus lowering the price level about 10% on most items. (And after we got home they announced that luxury restaurant taxes were to be reduced from 60% to 23% of the tab.) Check with your travel bureau on general prices at the time you book your trip. You'll have to make hotel reservations before you can get your passport, so that will be one fixed item on your budget.

Where to stay: Paris has at least fifty good hotels, many of them unknown to visiting Americans. French hotels are officially divided into four categories: de luxe; and first, second and third class. We've found that the first-class hotels generally lack only a touch of added swank provided by the palaces. Rates in the de luxe hotels, for a single room with bath, run between $6.25 and $10, without meals. At the first-class hotels you'll pay between $4.25 and $5.85. (Note: These prices prevail at the time of writing; all prices in France change quite frequently!)

Among the best-known hotels are the George V, Plaza Athenée, Royal Monceau, and Claridge in the Champs-Elysées district; the Crillon at the Place de la Concorde; the Ritz; Meurice, Continental, and Grand Hôtel and Scribe in the Opéra district. The Lutetia has always been a favorite of left-bank cognescenti.

During the war the Hotel California, on the Rue de Berri, right opposite the Paris *Herald*, was requisitioned first for the U. S. Army, then for the *Stars and Stripes* staff, then as a Wac billet, and finally for U. S. civilians on official or semiofficial business. Thus it had coal when most other Paris hotels were cold. Americans got into the habit of staying there, and now it's a favorite among those who prefer a small hotel near the Champs-Elysées.

Tipping: Practically all hotels

Continued on page 150

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Messieurs, Paris Vous Attends

Continued from page 149

add a service charge of 10 to 15% of the bill. That takes care of such services as carrying your bags, cleaning your room, etc., and you are *not* expected to give any additional tips except for unusual individual services. Restaurants generally add a 10 to 15% service charge also. If in doubt, ask whether the check includes service. If not, tip 10 to 15% of the tab. Cab drivers are tipped at least 20% of the meter reading, as cabs are hard to find and the cabbies have trouble getting gas. They expect a tip of from 25 to 50% at night. Cabs are comparatively cheap, though, so you won't get hurt. Give the checkroom bandit 5 to 10 francs. Theatre and movie ushers are tipped—10 to 12% of the ticket price at theatres, 10 francs at the best movies.

What to wear: Paris is like the rest of European capitals in that it hasn't really started to dress again, so dinner jacket or white tie aren't required except at the most gala of galas, to which we, as friendless tourists, are not likely to be invited anyway. Therefore, unless luggage space and weight are no problems, it's wise to omit dinner clothes to make room for as many shirts, sox, handkerchiefs and suits of underwear as possible, since laundry service is slow.

The climate of Paris is somewhat like New York's, except that it is damper and does not have the extremes of heat and cold. Medium-weight business suits and sports jacket and slacks combinations are worn throughout the year. Always take some sort of rainy-weather coat with you. We found that a grey flannel suit was the most useful item in our wardrobe for a European trip. The suit was de rigueur for almost every occasion, and the trousers doubled as slacks with sports jackets. A double-breasted dark business suit filled in nicely for the evening.

What to buy: In normal times, Paris is one of the shopping centers of the western world—particularly for women's articles. By the time you read this, most of the luxury items will be back on the market. Most obvious gift suggestion is perfume. Buy it preferably at large department stores —Aux Galeries Lafayette, Au Printemps, Le Louvre, Aux Trois Quartiers. Second choice would be a store selling perfume and cosmetics only.

How to get there: At the time of writing, steamship people sob, scream and chew the telephone mouthpiece when anyone mentions reservations to them, so your best bet to get to France, if you haven't made steamship bookings far in advance, is to fly there.

Air France expects to run daily Constellation service New York to Paris. You leave La Guardia Field at 10 a.m. and arrive in Paris about 10 o'clock the following morning, Paris time, stopping en route at Gander (for luncheon) and Shannon. About an hour out of La Guardia the stewardess breaks out the champagne, and you're practically in France. Incidentally, the stewardesses are French and speak English, so you can brush up on your French conversation en route.

TWA also has a daily (except Friday) Constellation run to Paris. Air fare to Paris is $345 one way; $622 round trip.

In the steamship department, the United States Lines is running the *America*, queen of the U. S. Merchant Marine, to Cherbourg. The *America* leaves New York every third Wednesday and arrives in Cherbourg about a week later, after stopping at Cobh, Ireland. Minimum fares: first class $335, cabin class $217.50, tourist $165.

The French Line's *De Grasse* runs between New York and Le Havre, sailing from New York monthly and arriving at Le Havre about 9 days later. Minimum fares: first class $265, cabin class $180.

Cunard-White Star is running its crack *Mauretania* to Cherbourg, leaving New York about every three weeks, with fares for the three classes slightly lower than those of the *America*.

Another way to get to Paris is via England. You could fly BOAC, Pan American or American Overseas to London, and travel by boat, train or by air to Paris. Air fare to London is $325 ($586.70 round trip). British European Airways and Air France run several flights daily between London and Paris. The flight takes about an hour and a half and costs between $25 and $30. The *Queen Elizabeth* is flying the Cunard house flag to England, as will the *Queen Mary* and *Media*. Minimum fares on both *Queens*, $365 first class, $225 cabin class, $165 tourist class. Rates not yet set at time of writing on the one-class *Media*.

A third way would be from Holland. You could ride a KLM Royal Dutch Airlines Constellation from New York to Paris via Amsterdam for $360 one way or $649.70 round trip. If you prefer to make the trip from Amsterdam to Paris by train, it takes about 11 hours, and second-class fare is $10.95.

The Holland-America Line runs its one-class sister ships, the *Westerdam* and *Noordam* direct from New York to Rotterdam. Fare is $265. Fares on the larger *Veendam* which calls at Southampton and Rotterdam, $260 first class and $155 tourist class. Sailings are fortnightly; trip takes 10 days.

How you get there isn't so important. It's just getting there that matters. For despite war, invasion, occupation, conflict and crisis, Paris remains *toujours gai*, gentlemen, *toujours gai*. ╫

Continued from page 68

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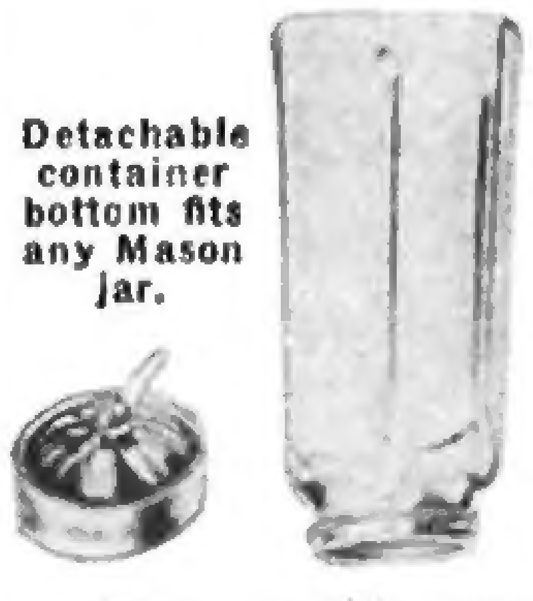
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by **MORRIS L. SIMON**

Editor, 21st Century Magazine
Dear Sir:

A friend of mine whom I respect highly for his discerning criticism of good literature has advised me to send you some of my stories. I enclose my latest, *Ole Tex Leaves the Range*. It is the heroic tale of a Texan who left his native land to fight in the war.

Humbly yours, S. Bouie

Dear Sir:

Your rejection slip has caused me some disappointment. At first I was inclined to view it as an inadvertence by some minor member of your staff. Since then, my friend has convinced me that perhaps the story was not suited to the style of your magazine.

I have decided to send a new work to you for publication. It is entitled *Ole Tex Returns to the Range*. It is the subtle portrayal of a man returning to his native land after serving in the Occupation Army. He understands why he had to return. He knows his roots are in the soil.

Humbly yours, S. H. Bouie

Dear Sir:

I was slightly perplexed by your refusal to accept my last manuscript. I believe the new story enclosed will be more to your liking. In its mood, style and dialogue it resembles the stories one reads in your excellent periodical.

The title is *To Tex the Range Was All*. In its sheer simplicity the scene in which Tex affectionately cares for his sick calf is comparable to much of the better work being published today.

Cordially yours, S.H.A. Bouie

Dear Sir:

When I had no word from you for three weeks, I surmised that at long last you had recognized the true literary value of the last manuscript I submitted. However, I have just received your rejection slip and my first reaction was one of indignation. That you could refuse this moving story is beyond comprehension.

Your persistent refusal to acknowledge real literary talent only tends to strengthen my perseverance. There is enclosed the revised edition of *To Tex the Range Was All*. Note change in title to *The Range Was All to Tex*.

Respectfully,
Sam. H. A. Bouie

Dear Sir:

I have always had a high regard for the critical judgment of the editors of 21st Century Magazine. The fourth rejection of the saga of Tex, just received, causes me to very seriously reconsider this.

Since I am writing this shortly after your most unjudicial rejection of my latest manuscript, I hesitate to subject you to my vitriolic temperament. Rather than have my remarks misinterpreted, I will let the matter rest.

I am enclosing my most recent literary endeavor, entitled *Ole Tex*. What Daniel Boone was to the frontier and Bill Cody to the Wild West, Ole Tex is to Texas.

Respectfully,
Samuel H. A. Bouie

Sir:

My manuscript *Ole Tex* was returned to me this morning.

It ill befits a man of my position to comment on your editorial policy. However, to remain silent is more criminal than to speak out against the tyranny you practice on unsuspecting souls. Though I do not have the written or the voiced consent of the thousands of writers who submit their handicraft to you, I feel I am speaking for them as well as for the people of Texas. Your terse three or four word rejection on a printed form is not only a gross injustice to the labor I have expended and the suffering I have endured in getting beneath the character of Tex to give life to these tales, but insults my intelligence and that of Tex, the symbol of the Texans.

However, I have decided to give your magazine one more chance to redeem itself. I am enclosing my latest opus entitled *Tex*.

Respectfully,
Samuel Houston A. Bouie

Gentlemen:

The most abominable and dishonorable act occurred today. *Tex* was returned to me, this time without a rejection slip. You have shown yourselves to be incapable of understanding the essence of the character, Tex.

This, then, is the end of our very cordial relationship. Hereafter I shall submit my manuscripts to worthier magazines.

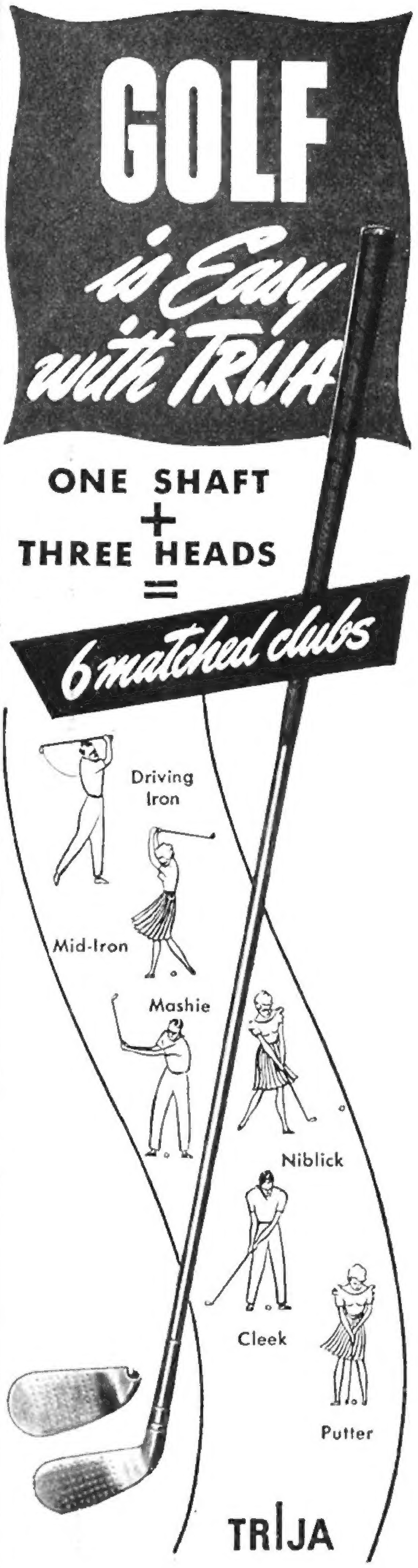
Yours to remember,
Samuel Houston Alamo Bouie

Circulation Manager
21st Century Magazine
Sir:

Today I received notice that my subscription to your magazine expires with this issue.

Due to a slight difference of opinion between your editor and myself as to the relative value of certain well-written stories, I shall not be renewing my subscription at this or any other time.

Very truly yours,
S. H. A. Bouie.



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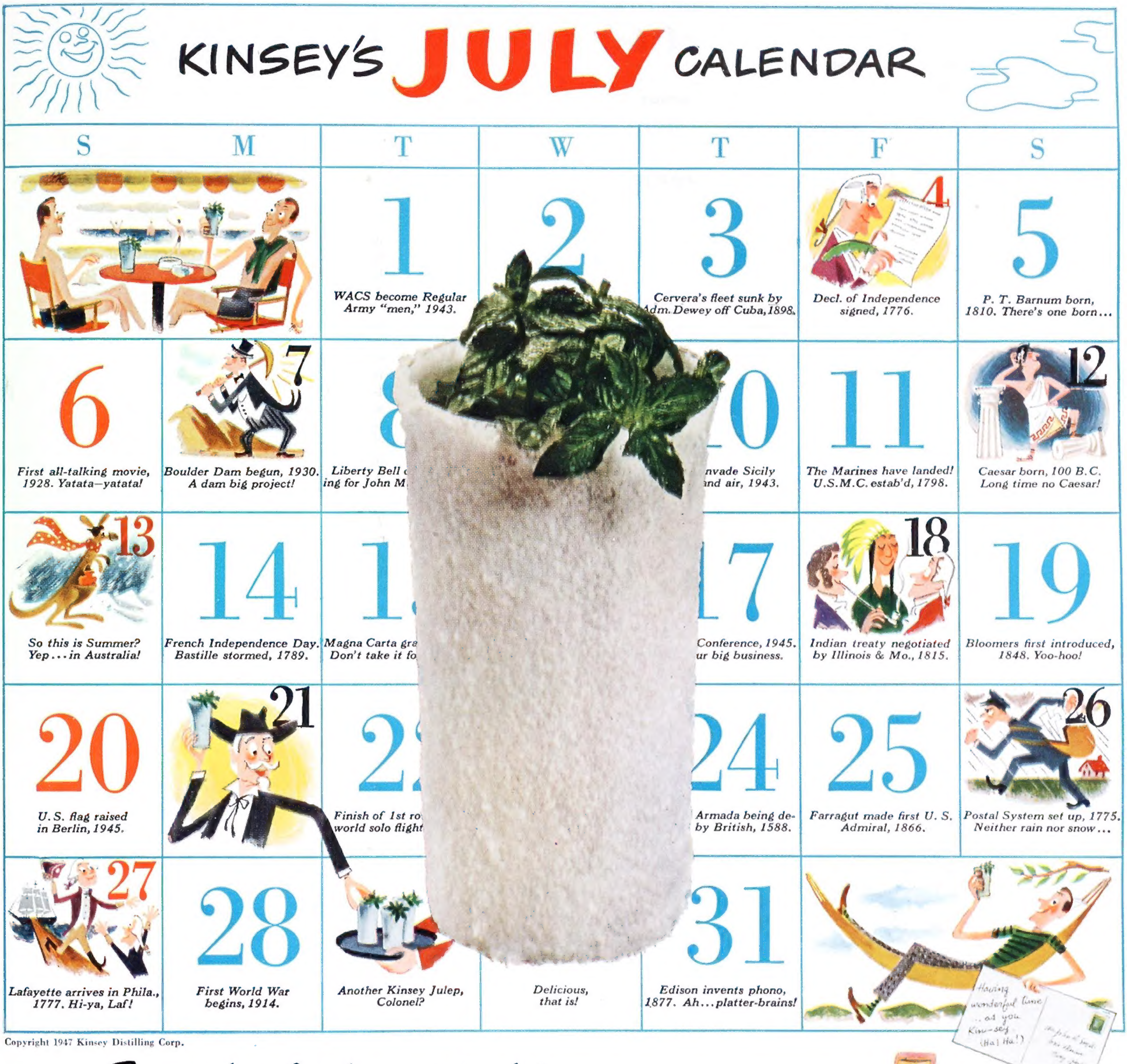
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

KINSEY'S JULY CALENDAR



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1 WACS become Regular Army "men," 1943.	2	3 Cervera's fleet sunk by Adm. Dewey off Cuba, 1898.	4 Decl. of Independence signed, 1776.	5 P. T. Barnum born, 1810. There's one born...
6 First all-talking movie, 1928. Yatata—yatata!	7 Boulder Dam begun, 1930. A dam big project!	8 Liberty Bell c ing for John M		0 nvade Sicily nd air, 1943.	11 The Marines have landed! U.S.M.C. estab'd, 1798.	12 Caesar born, 100 B.C. Long time no Caesar!
13 So this is Summer? Yep...in Australia!	14 French Independence Day. Bastille stormed, 1789.	1 Magna Carta gra Don't take it fo		7 Conference, 1945. ur big business.	18 Indian treaty negotiated by Illinois & Mo., 1815.	19 Bloomers first introduced, 1848. Yoo-hoo!
20 U. S. flag raised in Berlin, 1945.	21	2 Finish of 1st ro world solo flight		24 Armada being de- by British, 1588.	25 Farragut made first U. S. Admiral, 1866.	26 Postal System set up, 1775. Neither rain nor snow...
27 Lafayette arrives in Phila., 1777. Hi-ya, Laf!	28 First World War begins, 1914.	Another Kinsey Julep, Colonel?	Delicious, that is!	31 Edison invents phono, 1877. Ah...platter-brains!		

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For cool refresh*mint* in July...
Kinsey juleps you should try!

July's just the month to enjoy these delightful Mint Juleps made with superbly smooth, flavor-full Kinsey Whiskey. Here's how:

Bruise mint in bottom of tall glass. Add teaspoon of powdered sugar, two ounces of rich, full-bodied Kinsey. Fill glass with shaved ice, stir until frosted. Decorate with mint.

Man, that's really refreshing! But *whatever* your favorite summer drink, try it with Kinsey, the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments. You'll enjoy its fine flavor and bouquet immensely... *most* folks do!

KINSEY

BLENDED WHISKEY

the unhurried whiskey

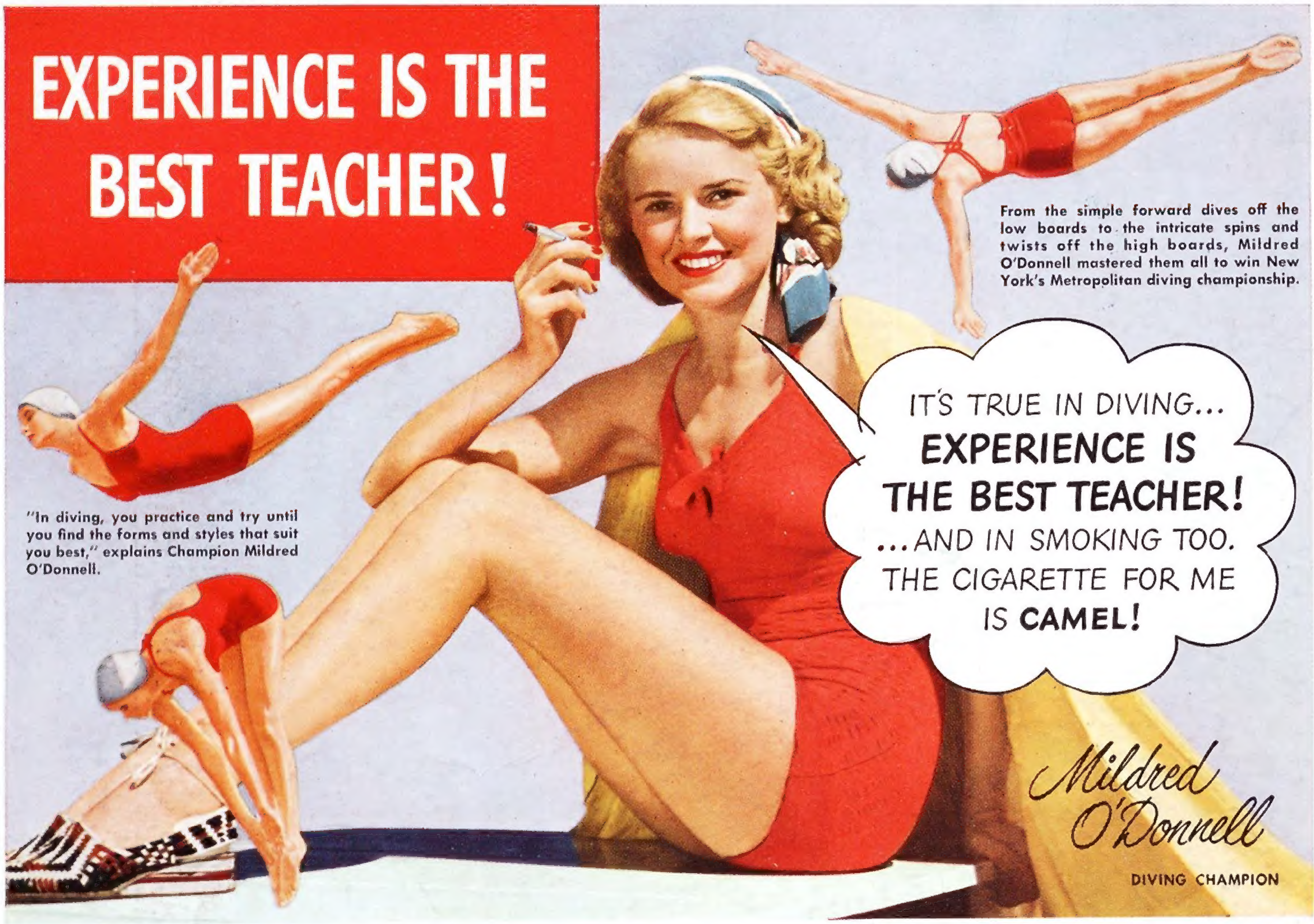
for unhurried moments

FREE! Recipe Book. Write Kinsey, E-3, P. O. Box 2016, Phila. 2, Pa.
86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

KINSEY
KINSEY Blended Whiskey
J. G. Kinsey

Since 1892

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!


IT'S TRUE IN DIVING...
EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!
...AND IN SMOKING TOO. THE CIGARETTE FOR ME IS CAMEL!

"In diving, you practice and try until you find the forms and styles that suit you best," explains Champion Mildred O'Donnell.

From the simple forward dives off the low boards to the intricate spins and twists off the high boards, Mildred O'Donnell mastered them all to win New York's Metropolitan diving championship.

Mildred O'Donnell

DIVING CHAMPION

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before in history!

YOUR 'T-ZONE' WILL TELL YOU...
T for Taste...
T for Throat...
That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your 'T-Zone' to a 'T'
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Yes, experience during the shortage taught millions the differences in cigarette quality!

DIVING Champion Mildred O'Donnell hasn't forgotten the war shortage of cigarettes. "I never realized there were such differences in cigarettes until the shortage," she recalls. "That's when I really learned what cigarette suits me best—Camel." Millions of others had the same experience, and reached the same conclusion—with the result that *today more Camels are being smoked than ever before in history.*

But, no matter how great the demand: ***We don't tamper with Camel quality. Only choice tobaccos, properly aged, and blended in the time-honored Camel way, are used in Camels.***

IT WAS NO FUN, the cigarette shortage; but it was a real experience, smoking a lot of different brands. That's when millions of smokers learned the meaning of the phrase, "Camels suit my 'T-Zone' to a 'T.'"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS than any other cigarette

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors—in every branch of medicine—to name the cigarette they smoked. *More doctors named Camel than any other brand.*